

NOVEMBER, 1907

FIFTEEN CENTS

WHY ROOSEVELT SHOULD RUN AGAIN

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

\$1,000.00 AWARD

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Particulars in This Magazine



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There's the tint of Youth in
the touch of
PEARS'



OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEAR'S OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST
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Photo by Chickering, Boston, Mass.

"IN THE SPIRIT OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST"

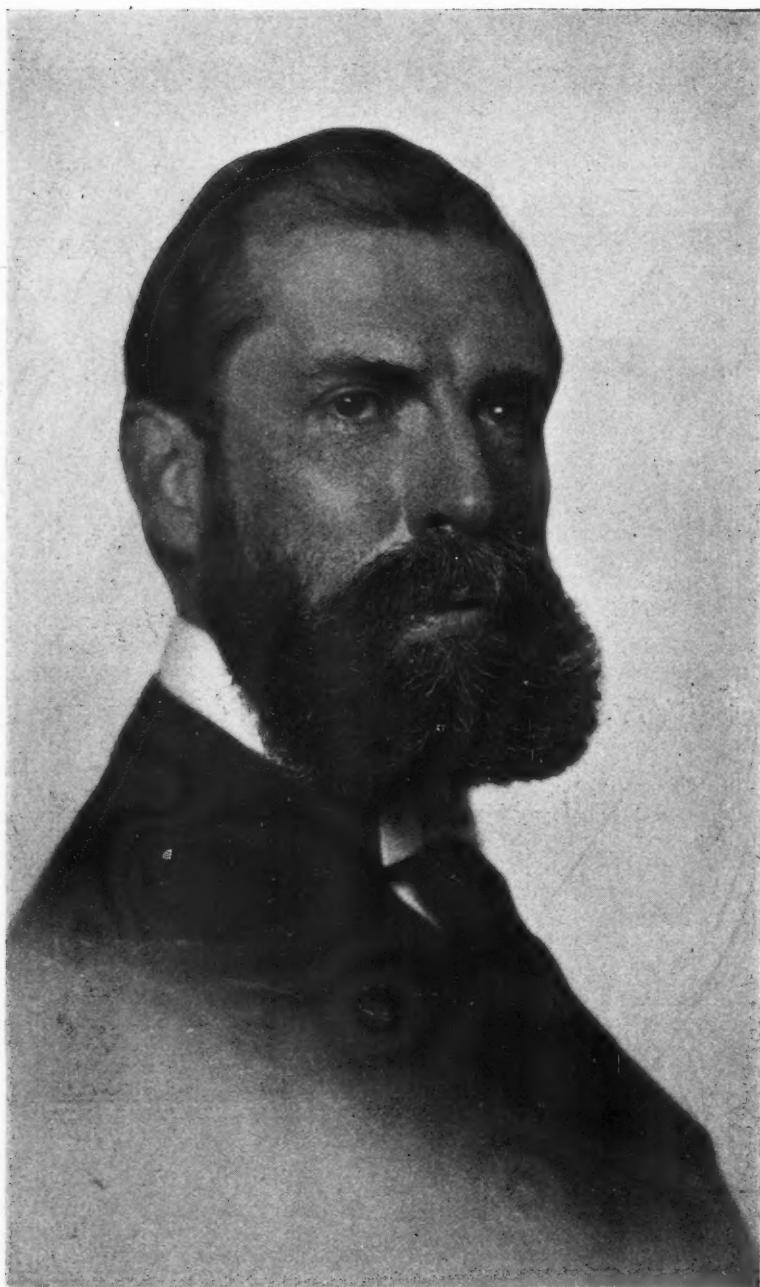


Photo by McDonald

GOVERNOR HUGHES OF NEW YORK

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVII

NOVEMBER, 1907

NUMBER TWO



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

IN the lull preceding the opening of the Sixtieth Congress the one subject that appears to predominate over all others is the coming presidential nominations. During the hot summer months, when the asphalt was running like molasses, and later, when the scorching suns of September still recalled July, and the grass in the parks seemed to positively gasp for rain, any man who attempted to talk politics or presidential prospects was promptly and kindly taken into a drug store near-by and sent to sleep with a wet towel about his head; but now it is "all the go" to carry paper and pencil, figuring out from the Washington point of view just who is to be the next president.

The members of the House, Senate, and Cabinet and various departmental officials have returned from their vacations, and are expressing their views as to the popular favorites in the sections which they have visited, but in these days of rapid transit and quick connections, it is difficult to put down as positive the sentiment of any district—the ideas there today may be as wide apart as the poles from those that may prevail there tomorrow. Clouds gather in the political sky; the sun shines again, or another storm is brewing, with all the swift mutations of a panoramic view, for incidents and situations are constantly varying. Never twice in succession is the same view thrown upon the political canvas. If the great magic lantern were to swing upon the sheet the portrait of the next president of the United States, according to general opinion at the present moment it would represent a man wearing spectacles and mustache,—a man already

well-known and much admired by the people—and how far President Roosevelt may be able to carry out his personal wishes in the matter remains to be seen.

Meanwhile, there is a delicious flutter of anxiety and uncertainty; just as in a country parish when there is to be a change of ministers or school teachers. Speculation is rife as to who will come next. Many a candidate casts a wistful eye at the portico of the White House, and wonders whose carriage will sweep under it in 1909, with a four-year lease of the "premises." At this time a large number of the candidates are prominently identified with Washington, and even their homes have become objects of interest to the people, and are pointed out to the occupants of the slow-crawling "seeing Washington" automobiles.

"This is the home of a coming president of the United States," announces the stentorian tones of the conductor, as the residence of the Vice President is passed.

It is well known that the friends of Mr. Fairbanks insist that he is to be the successor of Theodore Roosevelt. The driveway is right at the angle of the corner as one passes.

There is the house of Speaker Joe Cannon, which has been the rendezvous for many of the strong leaders of the nation for some years past. It is insisted by some people that a young man would look better entering the White House, but a great many faithful admirers of "Uncle Joe" believe that he would look well anywhere, even if he insisted on carrying a lighted cigar in his left hand right through the door of the residence.

The stately home of Senator Knox calls to



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LATEST PHOTO OF SECRETARY OF STATE ELIHU ROOT, TAKEN AS HE WAS LEAVING THE STATE DEPARTMENT FOR THE LAST TIME PRIOR TO HIS DEPARTURE UPON HIS MEXICAN TRIP

mind the fact that he has a strong backing in the great State of Pennsylvania; his name is more closely associated with effective corporation regulations than that of any other public man.

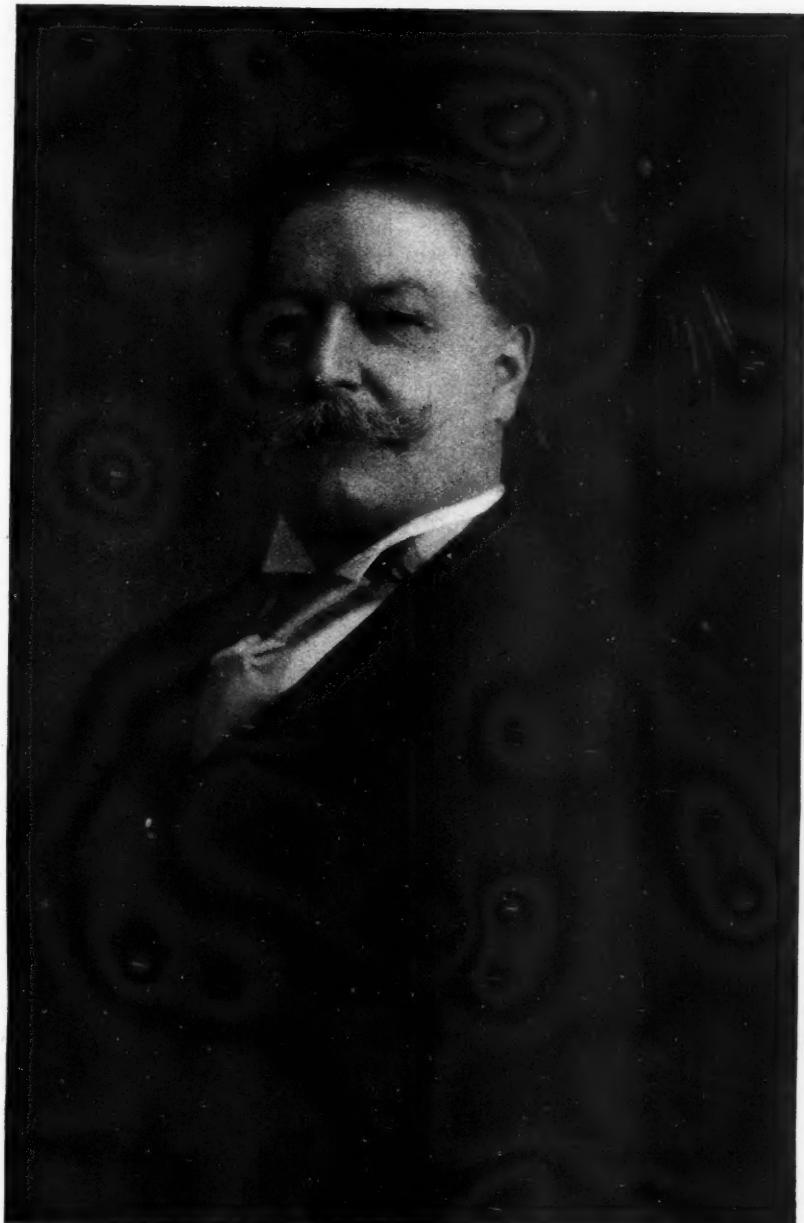
The enthusiastic admirers of Secretary Taft are convinced that his home is the place from whence shall issue the next president of the United States. The conductor does not fail to remind his passengers that the secretary is just now on a ninety-day tour around the world.

Next come the modest homes of Senator Culberson and Senator La Follette; and when the list was said to be about complete, someone asked, "And where is the Washington home of Governor Hughes?" An enthusiastic New Yorker promptly replied, "Oh, that will be in the White House."

However, the query elicited the information that the Washington homes of the other candidates are to be found at various hotels. For instance, there is William J. Bryan, Governor Johnson of Minnesota, Judge Gray of Delaware, and Lieutenant Governor Stuyvesant Chandler. If the friends of any one of the gentlemen were permitted to focus a national telescope and give the public a peep at what they saw, or if they could cast a political horoscope, it is probable that the glance at this bright constellation of possible presidents would be a little confusing, and the "story written on the stars" somewhat difficult to interpret to the man whose opinions are not yet formed on the subject of the next president.

* * *

SOME day Washington will be known to the world as the Marble City; the new marble buildings which are being built by government or private enterprise are being supplemented by a number of massive business blocks of the same solid substance. All the new banks and commercial buildings have solid marble columns, and I noticed that one brokerage house on Seventeenth Street



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WILLIAM H. TAFT, SECRETARY OF WAR

is to realize the Bohemian Girl's dream, and "dwell in marble halls."

The handsome new railway station, two squares from the Capitol, will add another gleam of white to the landscape, as one looks down upon queenly Washington from the surrounding heights.

* * *

VERY much as their own boys and girls returning from vacation, or young people absorbed in a postal card collection, staid

of the sitter. If the measure of work to be accomplished by the Sixtieth Congress is commensurate with the vigor with which every legislator seemed to enjoy his holiday trip this summer, the Congressional Record will bulge with flowery speeches and lively colloquies through the coming session.

It was strangely evident that the same characteristics that are applied in the serious and dignified work in Washington are apparent in the recreations of the congressmen. For instance, Senator Knox was depicted going



NEW HOME OF ELIHU ROOT, SECRETARY OF STATE, FORMERLY THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY

senators and dignified congressmen were showing pictures of themselves in bathing suits, or in easy attitudes and costumes, at the various resorts where they had spent their vacation days. Here were photographs of senators on the beach, clad in scant bathing suits, with ample display of elbows and knees, just emerging from the yeasty surf; or maybe draped in a bathrobe and looking singularly like the old Romans in the ancient toga; but in almost every picture there was a superabundance of vitality and energy in the pose

straight into the surf, as if it had been a law point, and he had determined to reach a direct conclusion. Another senator, more prone to eloquence, evidently waltzed around in Grecian circles and approached the water by a circuitous route; while still another of rash and impulsive temperament dashed down boldly and rushed in. So the philosopher who has been making his observations at the seaside during the summer, and has come to Washington to watch the congressmen at work, readily recognizes in

the earnest efforts of the legislators the traits that appeared in their playtime, and draws conclusive decisions as to their varied temperaments.

* * *

IT is indeed gratifying to meet with men returning from the Panama Canal, and learn first-hand that the work is in full swing and progressing at a rapid rate. The canal will be completed in 1915, and even though the present appropriation has been exceeded, there has been no cessation in the work, for

not be delayed by red tape or law technicalities. The period of short supplies has passed, and it is now a question of keeping right at the digging.

Some Washington people are already thinking of finding in the Canal Zone a convenient and pleasant retreat as a winter resort. If the conditions are the same as last year, they will not be disappointed in finding in the hills of the Pacific side of the Isthmus a most delightful tropical retreat for the winter seasons that rivals the Florida resorts.



DINING ROOM OF SECRETARY OF STATE ROOT

all are agreed upon one thing—the canal must be completed as soon as possible. The President has forced a deficit to expedite the work and accede to Major Goethal's request for more money.

Engineering operations contemplated for later work have been already inaugurated, and these will involve an expenditure of \$8,000,000 over the \$27,000,000 available. Congressman Tawney, of the House Appropriation Committee, has joined the President in the determination to have the work progress at full speed, and desires also that it shall

ONE of the most notable of all President Roosevelt's excursions was the trip down the Mississippi in October. Strange to relate, these trips are what the President accounts as his real vacations. The days at Sagamore Hill, which are filled largely with the consideration of speeches and messages, are as busy as those in Washington, but on these excursions he insists that he has a chance to deliver the speeches he has made, and have a good time generally.

The autumn trip was a strenuous one, and the members of the Waterways Com-

mission certainly succeeded in interesting the Chief Executive in the deep channel between Cairo and St. Louis. The people living along the river, from Keokuk to Memphis, had planned for an ovation; the personal popularity of the President never seems to wane, whether he arrives over the waterways or the railways. It was his uncle, Nicolas Roosevelt, who run the first steamboat on the great "Father of Waters," a river that has always presented perilous problems. Added to the constant danger of flood, there have been such upheavals as the earthquake

from the congestion of the railroads lies in the added facilities for traffic that the improvement of the waterways will afford.

* * *

THESE are busy days in the Treasury Department, for as the wealth of the country increases Uncle Sam's financial department necessarily develops in like proportions.

Secretary Cortelyou has adopted a new policy for relieving the stringency in the money market, which is so simple and sensible that the only wonder is that it was not thought of sooner. His plan is to place the excess treasury funds in weekly instalments for a period of five weeks, in various reserve centers, thus anticipating stringency, instead of awaiting a crisis, rushing the cash all through at one time and creating a surfeit after a famine.

Uncle Sam's deposits are made on such collateral as state, municipal and railroad bonds, acceptable under the requirements of the department, and with the understanding that if called for these deposits shall be returned by January first next, in instalments, the amount of which shall be fixed by the secretary of the treasury. This gives the currency elasticity enough to meet the movement of corps, and is the result of careful and thorough study on the part of Secretary Cortelyou, who has carefully considered the many complex problems

connected with the financial market. The plan thus far has proved a success and has met with the hearty endorsement of all business men, as well as bankers.

The old method of dumping a large sum of money at one time, after the stringency had declared itself, did not prove effective in meeting the conditions—the cash arrived either too soon or too late. Therefore, Secretary Cortelyou decided to distribute the money in small sums, from time to time, as it was needed, using part of all the custom funds under the Aldrich Act. This prompt action on the part of the Treasury, it is believed, will prevent the exportation of gold to Europe,

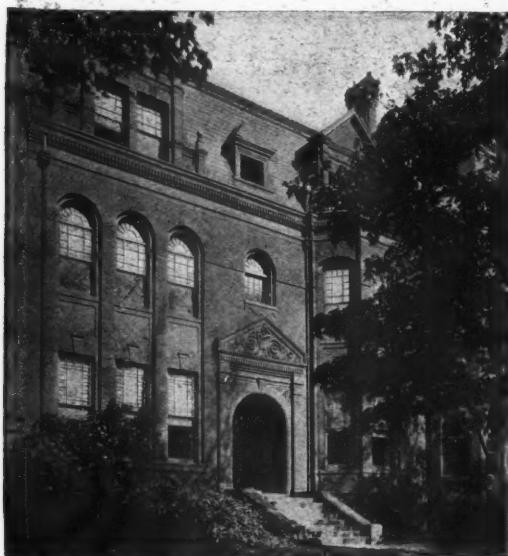
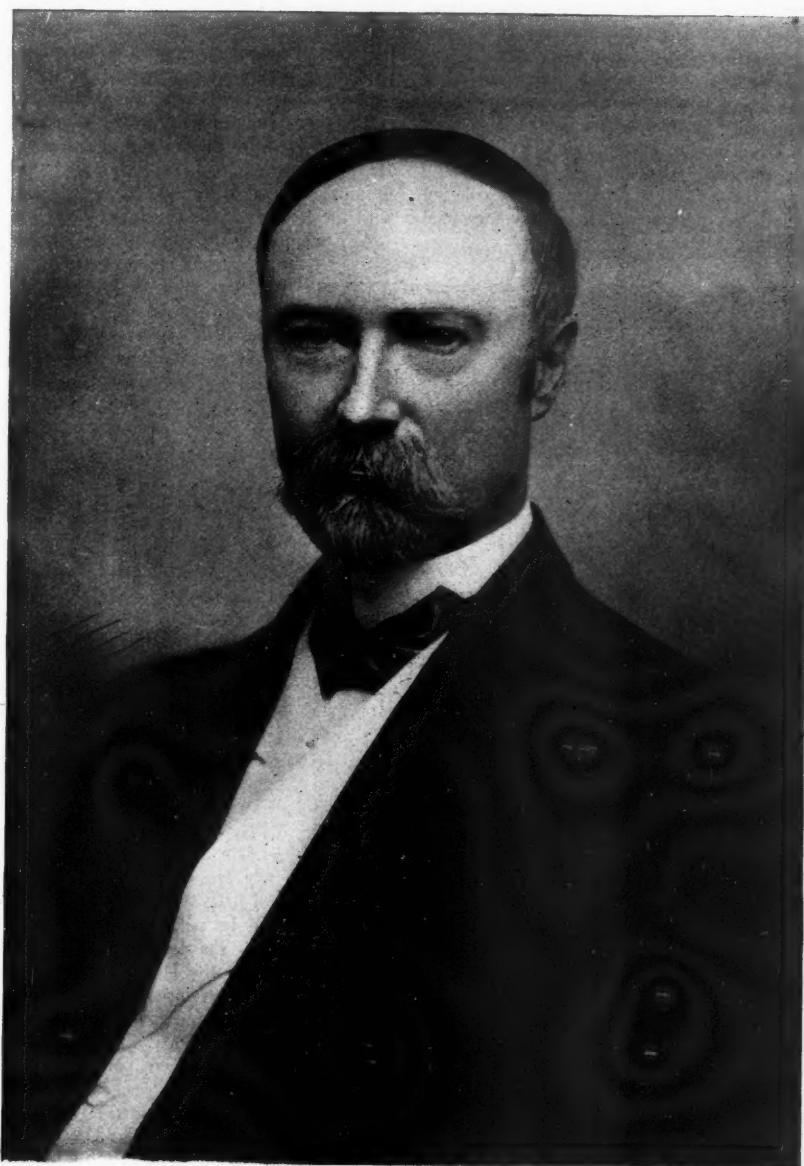


Photo by Clinchinst, Washington, D. C.

SECRETARY TAFT'S WASHINGTON HOME

at New Madrid in 1846, which caused the great river to actually flow uphill. At that time when the waters receded, a great depression was created in Western Tennessee, enclosing a body of water which still remains, as well as a crescent sandbar as a relic in the middle of the river. Millions of dollars' worth of property have been destroyed by the floods and shifting course of this river, to say nothing of the millions expended in improving the nation's great waterway. The President has made his trip for the purpose of getting facts and if possible curbing the unruly stream and making a deeper and permanent channel. He believes that relief



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VICE PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS

which has always occurred heretofore when there has been a great deposit of money from the Treasury Department at the New York sub-treasury.

In spite of the demand for the \$30,000,000 of Panama bonds, the secretary has used the same good judgment as a bond broker, and decided that the government does not need the money. Also declaring that to take \$30,000,000 at this time out of circulation would be detrimental to our commercial interests.



VICE PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS' HOME

Mr. Cortelyou has spent most of the summer at Huntington, Long Island, near his home, employing one or more secretaries from time to time to help him rush through the carefully thought out details of his plans and the important action taken by his department. The coming months will probably develop important evidences of his foresight and common sense.

* * *

PROMOTING secondary technical education in agriculture and mechanics has been one of the hobbies of Representative C.

R. Davis of Minnesota, who is serving his third term in Congress. He will introduce his bill at the Sixtieth Congress; and working with persistent energy will do everything possible to secure its enactment.

Congressman Davis is a Republican who believes first and foremost in the aggressive policy adopted by the leaders of his party. He has clear and concise views as to the prompt revision of the tariff, in harmony with the feelings of his constituency.

As a member of the committee on agriculture, he has always taken an active part in hearings before the committee, and he holds that effective congressional action ought to be taken to give the states and territories the fundamental requirements and the best that modern educational facilities provide.

* * *

THERE was an interesting discussion in Washington recently concerning the candidacy of Lewis Stuyvesant Chandler in the State of New York. The active democratic sentiment of the Empire State is fixed upon Mr. Chandler as a desirable candidate for Democratic nomination, and this fact is considered to be proven by his having won his spurs in securing an election as lieutenant-governor of the State of New York. The Democratic leaders of the state insist that they are all for him because the party needs a young man, and he will be a strong candidate;

for now is the psychological moment for a new deal in the Democratic councils. As big Tim Sullivan insists, "It is time to throw off the hoodoo and go in for Chandler."

It is understood that Mr. Chandler is very strong in the South, where his family have been respected for over a century. Despite the handicap of being accounted a rich young man, he is building a career for himself with all the courage of one who is thoroughly in earnest. All the elected state officials of New York are Democratic, and it is felt there will be an organization behind young Chandler at the convention that will be a

strong factor toward making him the Democratic nominee for 1908, and he uses "slippery elm" for hoarseness when on a campaign tour.

* * *

ON Labor Day I made a trip to Albany, to see Governor Hughes. The weather was of the "raining cats and dogs" variety, but I soon found my way to the Capitol, and rapped at an inner door with a moist hand. Here Secretary Fuller, up to his eyes in

it was stated that we had with us that night "the stuff of which presidents are made."

Imagine my surprise when Governor Hughes, in greeting me, referred to this passing remark regarding "bunching the hits." It furnished a glimpse of the governor's ability to individualize and suggested that he certainly must have a royal memory. He has light brown hair and a beard of the same hue, and is not a tall man, but a powerful one; yet in his dark blue eyes there is a softness, a tenderness, which fairly glistened



VICE PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS' DRAWING ROOM

work in the governor's private office, was imbibing large shocks of correspondence.

Now it happened that at the meeting of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce banquet, some months ago, I made a chance remark which was taken up by Senator Armstrong, the toast-master of the occasion, who insisted that "Joe Chapple said they were 'going to bunch their hits' that night." I had forgotten this incident, though I remembered that his introduction of Governor Hughes was especially happy, and there was an outpouring of enthusiastic applause when

as he spoke of the "prize baby" at home. Self-reliant, the personification of conscientiousness, no wonder that Charles Evans Hughes represents a distinctively new type that will abide. Without the usual apprenticeship as a political henchman, and without seeking it, he has reached the office he holds, and has unconsciously stepped into the swing of presidential possibilities in a way unknown for decades past. His early speeches left no uncertainty as to his views, and it was evident that he intended to serve the people with a whole-souled conscience.

Naturally of a judicial cast of mind, Governor Hughes has a proclivity for waiting and balancing evidence, pro and con, with an exactitude rare in these rushing days. He has an incisive faculty for getting at the very heart of every proposition placed before him, and it would seem that few men have been more fitted by nature for executive work.

* * *

The State of New York does not provide for a governor's cabinet or council, and Governor Hughes, in his brief official experience,

turned in his favor the tide of public sentiment in the great Empire State.

The governor is a hard worker, and appears to be incessantly busy. He glories in his work, yet is always able to see the funny side of things. It was delightful to see him laugh; I watched his gleaming teeth, and if I had been his doctor I certainly should have advised him to indulge in laughter as often as possible, because, as the medicos put it, "he uses his diaphragm." A man who laughs in this way, if he does it often enough, will never have indigestion. The governor wears a mustache and beard, has bright red lips, and altogether there is something healthful and compelling in his personal make-up; I could well believe that he is a man greatly beloved by those who enjoy his friendship. You have heard the story of his having an algebra with him, in order to work out mathematical calculations as a mere diversion, and that he keeps a big dictionary always open, and constantly assimilates information wholesale. The governor's private room is small, and I did not observe the algebra. There is a flat-topped desk, on which his papers are arranged in a way that would suggest a lawyer working up an important case for his clients, and this expression, lawyer-like, tells the story in a nutshell. Charles Hughes is primarily a lawyer, and he believes that in his election the people have retained him as counsel, and that it is "up to him" to give

the same, conscientious, unflagging, devoted energy to the case of the people as he would to that of a client in the court room.

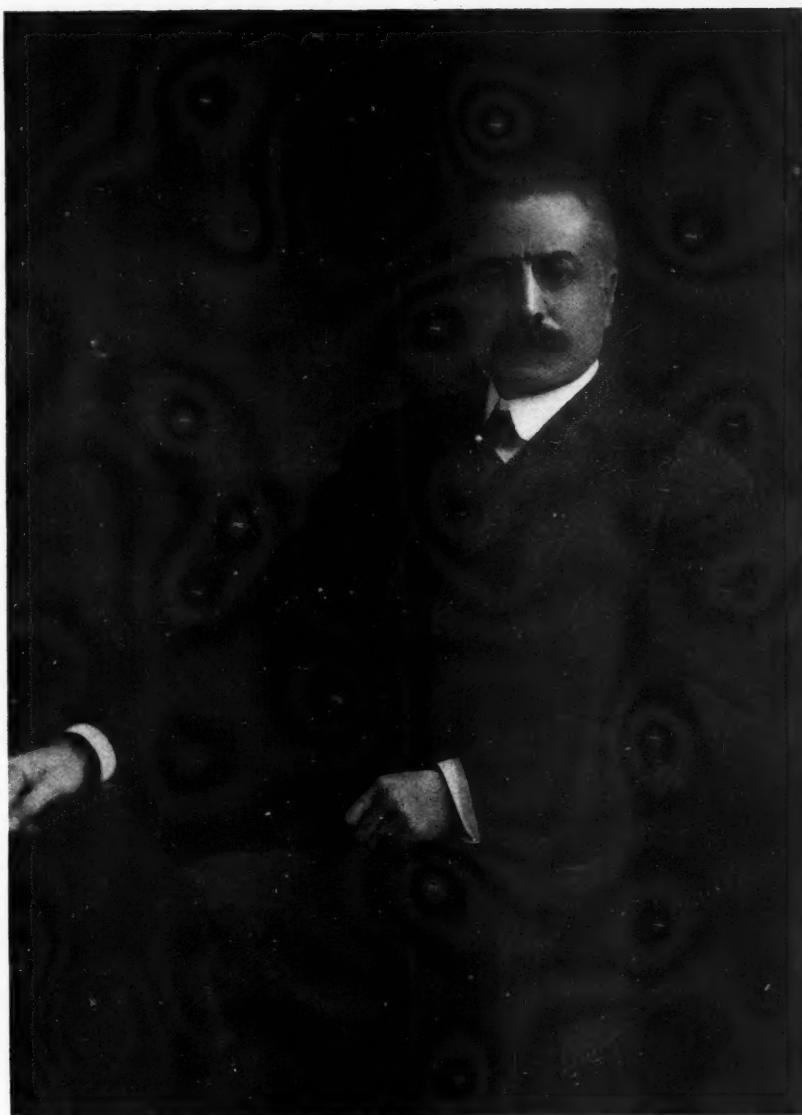
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Evidently Governor Hughes' conception of public duty is to accept the system and the laws of today as better than those of any other country or time, but still susceptible of improvement as direct and sure remedies are presented. Those who seek to overturn the existing system of our laws find no adherent in the governor, who believes in en-



HOME OF SECRETARY GEORGE B. CORTELYOU

has had to stand on his own feet. He could not conceive, he said, of a friend coming to him and asking him to do anything for him that was not exactly right. In his first bout with the legislature, he soon revealed to them where the true source of all power in democracy lies—with the people. No sooner had an effort been made to cross his pledge in regard to public utilities bills and other measures which he felt were a part of his solemn responsibilities as governor, than he went direct to the people, and in a few well-chosen speeches



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SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY CORTELYOU

forcing the laws of today, and giving every legal proposition a thorough trial by enforcement before it is cast aside or uprooted.

It is difficult to conceive that the man who conducted that great insurance investigation in the city hall, under the most trying circumstances, with all the severity of strict justice, and yet at the same time preserved his clear understanding and tolerance of human nature, can fail to bring out a report that will be fruitful in results. There is no tinge of cynicism or despotism in the conduct

The governor does not stop for a formal luncheon—just has a chop or two and a cup of tea—and this is quickly disposed of, and work resumed. In the offices of the private secretary and in the governor's reception room with its acre of red carpet, there hung on the walls pictures of Governor Clinton, President Van Buren, President Roosevelt, Secretary Seward and other ex-governors, although the portrait of Grover Cleveland was conspicuous by its absence. In this executive chamber, looking out from that massive pile erected at a cost of \$20,000,000, down the hill, across the park and down the street, one sees the theater wherein many important events have taken place that have in due time made or unmade presidents. Here Theodore Roosevelt served his apprenticeship; here Grover Cleveland, Horatio Seymour, Cornell and others grappled with national campaigns.

* * *

When I conveyed to Governor Hughes the greeting of the readers of the *National*, and told him that I wanted to write about him in a letter to the "home folks," he said, laughing, "I wish I could do that. The most difficult thing I have to do is to find time to write to personal friends."

While we talked there was much shaking of doors, for newspaper men from all parts of the country had come to interview Governor Hughes.

I had heard it suggested that his firm stand against the two-cent fare bill might have the effect of arousing prejudice in Western states, but, later, as I traveled westward, I found an increasing expression of confidence in the man because of this one thing, which represented the courage of conviction even contra to public clamor.

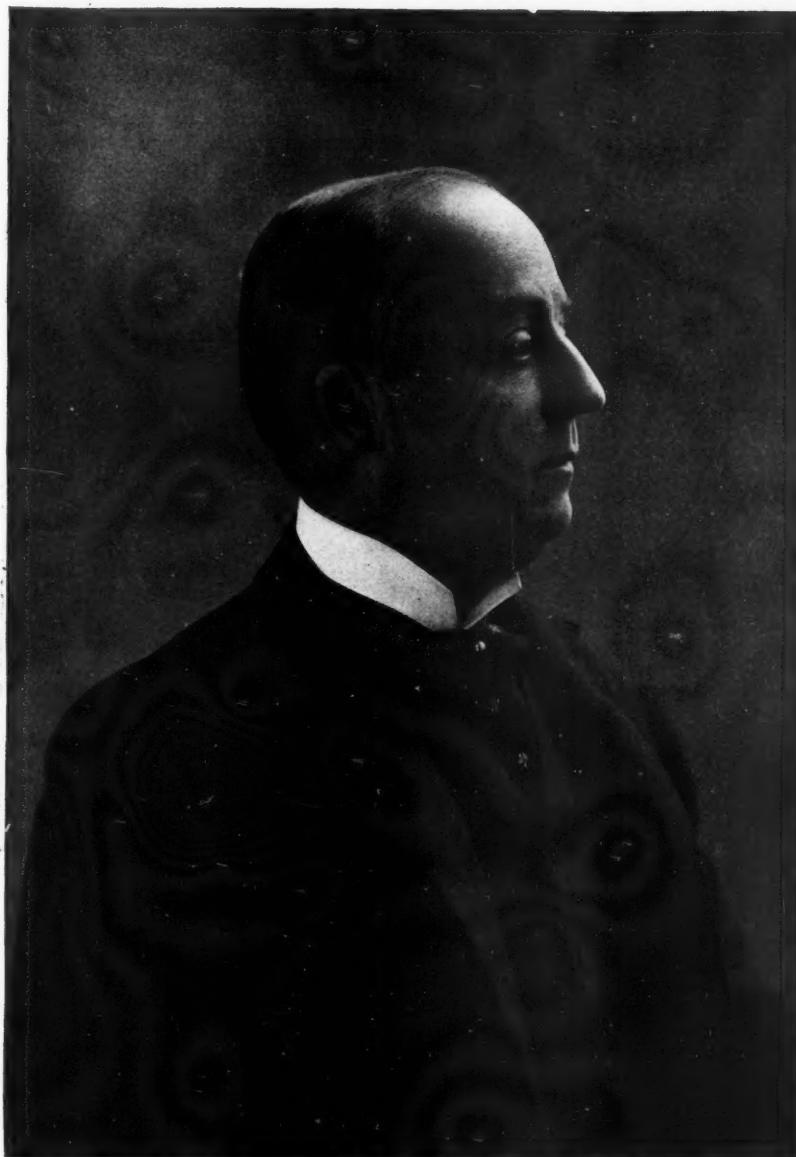
The governor is the son of a Baptist clergyman, a man who spent some years teaching, and he has a lucid way of explaining matters which shows his training in that particular line. He delights to take his summer vaca-

Photo by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

SENATOR KNOX'S HOME

of Charles Hughes, and his optimism is of the highest character, reaching out for the largest and best results. His work in securing eighty-cent gas for the citizens of New York has proved his energies are devoted to obtaining specific results in all that he does. It seemed to me, as I looked at his desk, that I could see in every group of papers a mathematical computation of what could be ciphered out in the interests of the people, when they are in the hands of such men as Governor Hughes.





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SENATOR KNOX OF PENNSYLVANIA

tion among the Swiss Alps; for he is an enthusiastic mountain-climber. One son in college, a daughter in her teens, another daughter of nine years, and the "prize baby" constitute the family of Governor Hughes. Devoted to his home, Mrs. Hughes is evidently not less devoted to her husband's work, and she has had the satisfaction of being with him when he was making some of his first political speeches. She has traveled with

THE monument to General Joseph Wheeler, which was erected in Arlington Cemetery, September 14, is the largest now standing in that historical burying ground; the base is ten feet square and the monument is thirty-seven feet high, weighing thirty-eight tons.

This monument which stands on the lawn directly in front of the historical Lee mansion, was erected by the three daughters of Gen-



Photo by Cline Inst. Washington, D. C.

DINING ROOM OF SECRETARY TAFT

him and been his cheery companion when waiting for belated trains.

Governor Hughes at one time had charge of the Bible class which afterward passed into the care of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. A graduate of Brown University, a man who seems to love the rough and tumble of legal work, with a strong grasp of large propositions and an ability to bring them down to concrete results,—it is no wonder that everyone who meets Governor Hughes comes to the inevitable conclusion that he is "the stuff of which presidents are made."

eral Wheeler, now living at Wheeler, Alabama. On the side of the shaft directly over the inscription showing his highest rank in the United States army, are two blank lines where it was intended to put his highest rank while in the Confederate army, but, owing to objection by the War Department, this was not done.

It is said that, unless General Wheeler's highest rank in the Confederate army can be inscribed on the monument, his daughters will try to have his body carried to Alabama.

HOW many of the soldier boys of '61 dreamed that they would have a reunion at Saratoga Springs in the year 1907?

On the platform I saw trunks that looked to me large enough to pass for a small summer house. It is not surprising that foreign porters do a good deal of grumbling at "the American cottages" the ladies from the States take as traveling companions.

To me, as I walked from the depot up the streets, under the wide-spreading elms, past

campment. It has a capacity for entertaining, at a moment's notice, 50,000 guests. Amply equipped with summer hotels, near the centers of population, and at the very entrance of the Adirondacks—why should not Saratogens feel proud of their beautiful little city?

In the Italian garden, in the Village Park, the polo ground, the race track and the speedway, tennis court, and golf links are glimpses of the great playground of the na-

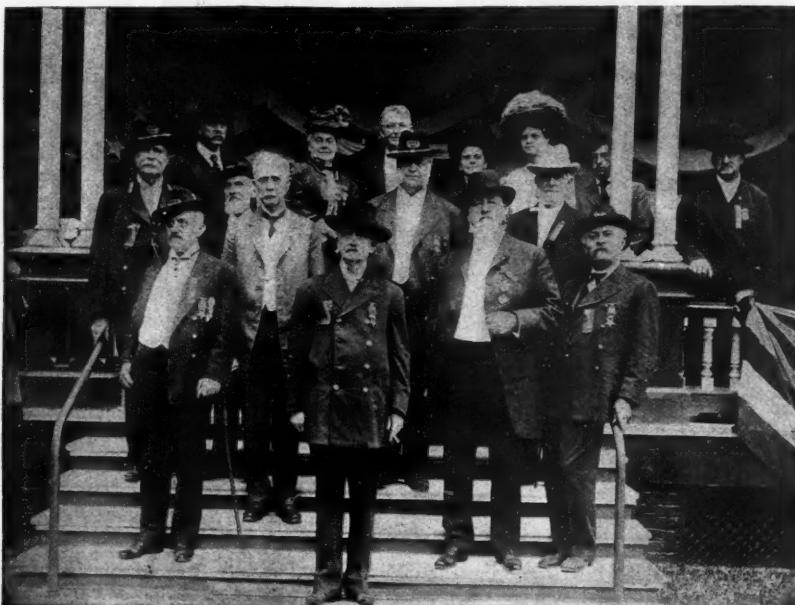


Photo by Magovern, Saratoga, N. Y.

CHARLES G. BURTON, GRAND COMMANDER OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC; HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER AT RIGHT, ALSO SEVERAL PAST COMMANDERS

the famous old hotels, the contrast between past and present came forcibly.

It was amusing to hear the Grand Army men, as they stood about in little groups, relate incidents of war times, telling of the foul water from the Southern bayous, and how they were obliged to lift the green scum before they could even get at anything that looked like liquid. They drew vivid contrasts between the water of those terrible days and that they saw sparkling out pure and fresh at Saratoga.

Saratoga proved an ideal place for an en-

ter. Broadway, lined with wide verandas and fine hotels, shimmering in the patches of shade and sunlight, that filter through the thick-leaved trees, presents a picture of a street that cannot be rivalled the world over for beauty. Its beautiful churches and homes adorn every street, and the city may well claim to be known as one of the world's famous watering places. In early days it was a paradise to the Indians, and was supposed to be peculiarly blessed by the Great Spirit. It is certain that the red men knew of the healthful properties of its springs.

There are the maples and many other old trees, reminders of the early forests. It was General Schuyler of Revolutionary fame who, in 1783, cut a road from the old village of

for Saratoga, for they have had the Knights Templar and the G. A. R. both as their guests, to say nothing of other meetings and the annual influx of summer visitors.

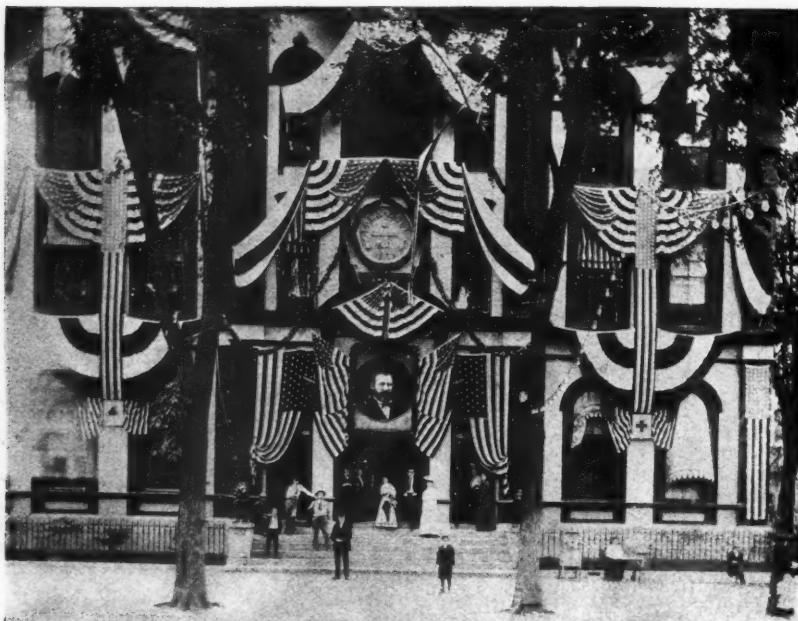


Photo by Magovern, Saratoga, N. Y.

TOWN HALL, SARATOGA SPRINGS

Saratoga to the spring, and built a rude frame house, which had the distinction of being probably the first summer cottage in America. General Washington, Governor Clinton, Alexander Hamilton were among the first visitors, and lost their way seeking for these well-known springs, to drink of their wonderful water. In the early part of the last century the frontier hamlet in the woods suddenly became a favorite resort, and kings, princes and potentates, as well as many public men of this country at one time or another have sojourned in Saratoga. Among the famous events that have distinguished the city was Burgoyne's last desperate struggle to cut off the New England colonies from the West; here he surrendered to the victorious Gates. The spot is marked by the Saratoga Battle monument.

The present year has been a notable one

In the G. A. R. encampment the most important features were the impressive exercises in Convention Hall and that annual parade, which year by year is becoming briefer, as the old soldiers find themselves unequal to the quick marches of the days of yore. Perhaps the parade has been more pathetic this year than in previous years, begun and carried through as it was in the drenching rain, regardless of the ill effects to be expected; though but few were supplied with umbrellas, the sturdy veterans of '61 refused to fall out of line because of the weather.

Many an interesting and pathetic incident was noted as the parade passed, revealing the grit and spirit of the "boys of '61."

The march commenced to the tune of "How Dry I Am," and the Vermont singing band cheered the way with "Wait Till the

Sun Shines, Nellie." As usual, the boys from the Green Mountain state wore sprigs of pine in their hats. Louisiana and Mississippi delegates carried long sugarcanes and sheaves of rice, and each North Dakota man had a sprig of wheat in his buttonhole. There was a real Onondaga chieftain, in his native headdress, carrying his tomahawk, every inch an Indian warrior. Another remarkable figure was the one sturdy representative from Alaska, who had come thousands of miles to attend the encampment and march alone with the State of Washington representatives. Perhaps nothing was more touching than the tattered Pennsylvania battle flags, drooping in the rain but held sturdily in place by the veterans.

* * *

There was probably not an onlooker in the muddy, drenched crowd who watched

so many of the old veterans are considered, it is a revelation of the courage and determination of the American people, such as is seldom seen. It should serve as an inspiration and an encouragement to us all."

All that could be done by the Saratogians, to lessen the ill effects of the wetting, was done. Fires were lighted in the school-houses where veterans were to assemble, and in many private dwellings preparations were made for drying clothes and providing hot lunch for the weary marchers. Despite all precautions it was necessary to care for about 100 of the old warriors in the hospital, and at least two deaths were recorded, but nothing could have stopped the veterans from making their annual parade; even though they knew it might be the last, they were determined to go through with it, regardless of the weather.



Photo by Magovern, Saratoga, N. Y.

THE MICHIGAN DRUM CORPS

Reading from left to right—Archbishop Ireland, Bishop J. McGolrick, Rev. J. P. L. Bodfish

the parade who did not heartily endorse the words of Governor Hughes:

"I have never seen anything so inspiring or so pathetic. When the serious consequences of that march through the rain

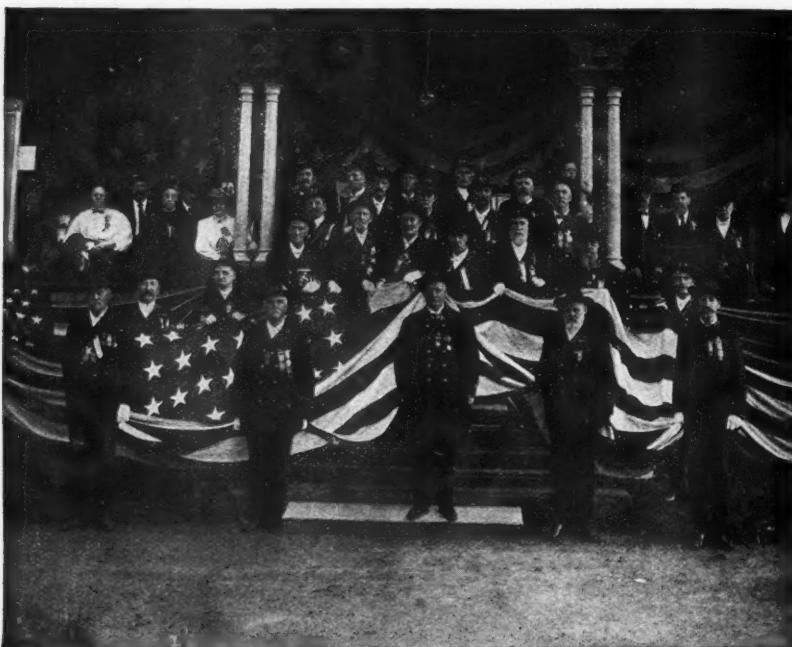
The encampment, on the whole, proved a complete success, as predicted by General Robert B. Brown, commander-in-chief. All that the Saratogians could do was done; Broadway was gay with arching flags, while

at night 20,000 incandescent lamps turned night into day. Many distinguished ladies connected with the G. A. R. were present; the various functions were of deep interest; from the public meeting, with welcoming address by Governor Charles E. Hughes, to the luncheons, the stereopticon illustrated lectures to the members of the G. A. R. only, the various conventions of veterans, and women's associations, and the excursion to Lake George. Eighty thousand people were

no wonder that he has built up an extensive legal practice. I found him busy in his private room, barricaded with brown leather legal books, pacing back and forth as he tried to unravel some knotty legal point.

* * *

EVER since Secretary Taft was sent on that first errand to the Philippines by President McKinley, it seems to be a subject of prominent interest to him, and largely



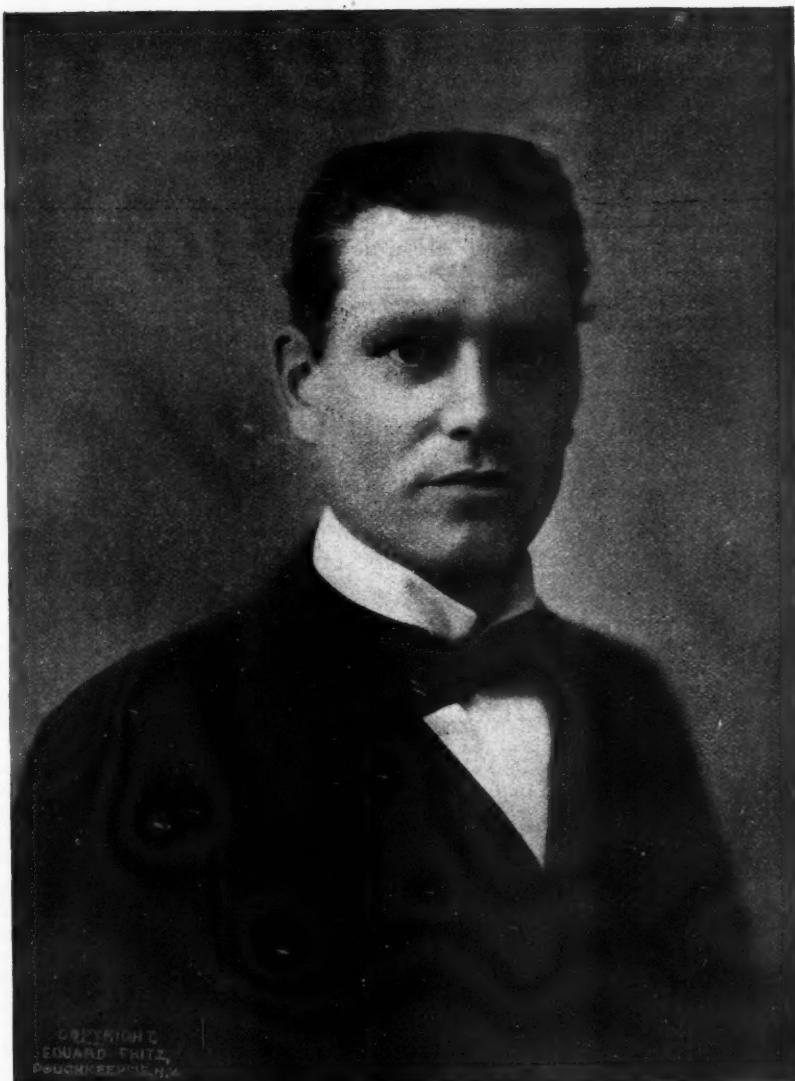
GUARDS OF HONOR FOR FLAG IN WHICH GENERAL GRANT'S BODY WAS WRAPPED

brought to the village on the Delaware & Hudson road.

Musing on the veterans and their courage, with dripping umbrella I walked along the streets until I came to the fine town hall and post office. Here I knew that I should find my good friend, Ex-Senator Edgar T. Brackett, located in what might be termed an ideal legal factory, equipped as it is with everything that can possibly be needed in legal service, and equal to any law office in the country. Here the ex-senator works with a corps of efficient young lawyers; and it is

engrosses his attention officially and in person. In all the annals of Washington, no Cabinet member has covered so great a mileage. If the congressional mileage fee were to apply, he would have a pretty snug-sized budget as a mileage income.

The new Philippine assembly which he attended on October 16 did not possess marked legislative powers, even when compared with the average town council; but it is a beginning, and as an experiment will be watched with keen interest by nations all over the world, who regard it as a foretaste of Uncle



LEWIS STUYVESSANT CHANLER, LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK

Sam's future policy toward his insular possessions.

The unwavering loyalty of Secretary Taft to the people of the Philippines, and his keen interest in their welfare, assures them of just and fair dealing. Then, too, the Japanese welcomed him with true Oriental hospitality.

NO less a person than Honorable Samuel McCall insists that Uncle Joe Cannon would make an excellent presidential candidate for the Republican party. The Massachusetts representative has not been altogether in accord with the ideas of the administration, and holds out staunchly for the

recognition of fundamental interpretations of constitutional government.

Congressman McCall is considered one of the ablest men in the House, and his addresses are full of piquant sarcasm, but he seems to be in earnest when he insists that Speaker Cannon, with his wealth of experience, is best fitted for the position, and he grimly remarked: "Uncle Joe has already secured a reputation for sterling statesmanship without passing through the evolution which

Reed said, "Just take one foot out of the way, and that will make ample room for me."

* * *

FEW cities of this country can boast of a more successful exposition than that lately held in Pittsburg by the Western Pennsylvania Exposition Society. For more than nineteen years this exposition has been held during the fall months, and it has never failed to prove a financial success.

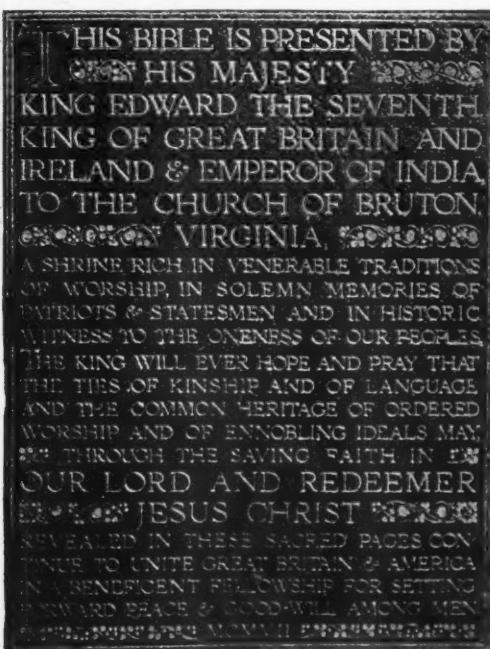
The officers of the exposition, Mr. F. J. Torrance, president; H. J. Heinz, first vice president; D. C. Ripley, second vice president; A. P. Burchfield, treasurer; A. M. Jenkinson, secretary, and T. J. Fitzpatrick, general manager.

The day I was at the exposition the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago was furnishing the music, and Sousa's band had also been scheduled later. The people were coming from miles around to enjoy a holiday in the "Smoky City," which has beauties that one can scarcely get an idea of until they have been seen from the surrounding heights in a bird's-eye view at Shenley Park, where the great Carnegie Institute is located. Then the onlooker realizes that Pittsburg has its beautiful, as well as its grimy, side.

There has always been a sturdy self-reliance among the men of Pittsburg; the real believers in the city's destiny. Something of the iron and steel which they make seems to enter into the fibre of the people of this great central, seething caldron of the iron industry

of the world. There is a wide diversity of large industrial interests here represented, such as that of the H. J. Heinz Company, where perfection has long been proclaimed and insisted upon in preserving food for the use of the people under the attractive menu of "the 57 varieties"; or in such establishments as the Standard Sanitary Works, which have greatly aided in making beautiful and healthy the homes and hostellries of America, from border to border of the country.

The products of Pittsburg may truly be



MESSAGE OF KING EDWARD

INSCRIBED ON THE FLY-LEAF OF BIBLE, PRESENTED TO OLD BRUTON
CHURCH, WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

Speaker Reed insisted was essential, when he declared that a 'dead politician becomes a real statesman.'

Speaker Reed has left behind him no more sincere admirer than Mr. McCall, who delighted in telling the story of one hot day when he had his legs stretched in the aisle just as the speaker was about to pass. He straightened up in his seat, and was about to draw in his sprawling nether members, telling the portly statesman from Maine that he would take his legs out of the way, when Speaker

said to find their way to the markets of the world in vast variety—in far Cathay, as in the remote towns of the Northwest, Pittsburgh manufactures—from iron girders and chains, to pickles and sauces—certainly play an important part.

* * *

THE well-known labor leader, John Mitchell, had been spending a few days in Washington, and was very optimistic over the general situation and the industrial phases of the country.

The only fears he seems to have are of over-production, "but as long as there is employment for the people and purchasers are to be found," he insists "there is no danger of hard times. The laboring classes are in better condition today than ever before in this or any other country. The working man is better housed and better fed and enjoys more simple pleasures than in the past," declared Mr. Mitchell.

He was very sanguine as to the elimination of coal strikes in the future. Agreements now existing have several years to run, and there is no indication of any desire to break these contracts.

Mr. Mitchell is a man of interesting personality—black hair, smooth face, sharp, black eyes and always maintaining his self poise, there is something in his manner and bearing that indicates an intense dynamic force.

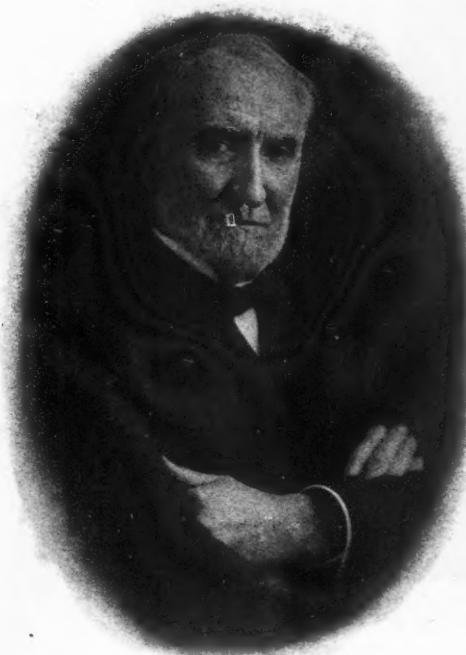
The popularity of Mr. Mitchell was attested recently by the widespread concern felt during his recent illness. Inquiries regarding his condition were received from every part of the country.

* * *

ONE of the familiar figures about the Senate Chamber is A. H. Stewart, assistant doorkeeper, who when a mere boy commenced public life as a page, and has been continuously known to the senators for

over a quarter of a century past. Mr. Stewart is smooth-faced and still retains a youthful appearance.

He is one of those men who know just how to arrange for a public function, even when on a trip to the Jamestown Exposition. In the haste of the preparations for the opening day of the exposition, everything appeared to be on smooth seas when Mr. Stewart stepped in and handled the guests in a masterly manner.



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SPEAKER JOSEPH G. CANNON

Mr. Stewart has a very entertaining fund of anecdotes concerning public men and affairs, and, like many of those who come into personal contact with national legislators, he has little patience with the maudlin muck-rakers who go about speaking of little else than the defects and misdoings of our public men, and who appear to take delight in attacking those who are giving the country a service which finds small return save the



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S GIFT TO THE OLD
BRUTON CHURCH AT WILLIAMSBURG

Lectern, which President Roosevelt presented to Old Bruton Parish Church, Williamsburg, Virginia, during the month of October. Both the President and Ambassador Bryce were present. This Lectern will support the Bible, which King Edward gave. Each of the three tablets, at the base of the Lectern, bear an inscription. On the front are the words, "To the Glory of God." The tablet on the right bears the legend, "And Commemorative of the Three Hundredth Anniversary of the Permanent Establishment of the English Civilization in America, 1607-1907." On the other tablet are the words, "Presented by Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States."

proverbial ingratitude of republics. In spite of this lack of appreciation, there are many men in public life today who insist on doing their duty irrespective of popular clamor or wanting some one else's scalp.

IF farm improvements continue in the same ratio as at present, it will not soon be possible for the congressmen to tell of the time when they handled a plow and followed the furrow as they "hollowed" to the horses or oxen. Pastoral scenes there will still be, but the "sweet breathed" oxen and the "sprightly horse" will no longer bear their part in them.

This conclusion is forced upon the mind by learning that Illinois has turned out agricultural instruments to the amount of \$38,000,000, leading the list in this manufacture, with New York a close second, Ohio following hard after with \$12,000,000, while Wisconsin, Michigan and Indiana all rank high.



A. H. STEWART, ASSISTANT DOORKEEPER OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE

Over \$30,000,000 worth of harvesters were used, but the old-fashioned plow has decreased in like proportion with the scythe. It is a singular fact, and will doubtless please the poets to learn, that the demand for the useful old hoe continues, and, in fact, has increased very materially in the last ten years. Russia and Argentina receive most of our exports in agricultural implements.

TWO COUNTRY LAWYERS

By Frederic S. Hartzell

THE necessary conservatism attending the work of the Department of State, or diplomatic branch of a great government, gives to the ordinary citizen a scant opportunity to intelligently formulate the history that is being daily forged, link by link, by the big machine that has for its head the President of the United States, and that, in its work touching the relations of this with other peoples, is engineered by the Secretary of State. Nothing could more strikingly illustrate this statement than what appears to be a lack of understanding of the conditions that demanded the famous Protocol, which was signed by the representative of the Spanish government and that of the United States, at Washington, on August 12, 1898.

Although many of the facts relating to this great strategic position taken by President McKinley and his premier were, for obvious reasons, withheld by the State Department for a time, and while it was only announced to the public that an informal treaty had been agreed upon; an inquirer could have learned, as early as January, 1899, that this famous international bargain was born of the common sense and business judgment of "Two Country Lawyers," who were looking after the affairs of their client. Nothing in the history of government can show a more affectionate interest in the welfare of a people, by a great ruler and his chancellor, than the incidents leading up to the making and signing of this protocol between the United States and the Kingdom of Spain.

When, in July, 1898, the Queen Regent of Spain, through her minister of state, the Duke of Almodovar, formally petitioned President McKinley for peace, the Washington government immediately responded in a letter from William R. Day, secretary of state, to the Duke of Almodovar, written under date of July 30, 1898, expressing the satisfaction of President McKinley at the prospect of terminating the war, and describing, in three brief paragraphs, what would be required by the United States of the Spanish govern-

ment in order to establish a condition of amity. In response to this, President McKinley received what has been known as the "Spanish note," a message, in fact, from the Duke of Almodovar, written in Madrid under date of August 7. This letter ostensibly accepted the terms made by the Washington government, but, after being carefully studied in the State Department, it was found indeterminate and of dubious meaning. Either from crafty intention, or on account of the difficulties that arose in the translation of technical terms, it failed to meet President McKinley's requirements outright and irrevocably. Undoubtedly many wise and careful statesmen would have accepted it, but it came to the hands of the President of the United States and his Secretary of State, who happened to be "Two Country Lawyers." They considered it as a state document, pronounced it deficient because devious and evasive; and then they looked at it again in the interests of their client, and again found it insufficient, in that it seemed to them to leave open some ground for contention. It was, in fact, too indefinite, too general. It must be remembered that at this time President McKinley had the situation in hand; it was for him to make terms; and while, as the world knows, his disposition was to be generous and charitable to what had proven a cruel but a gallant foe, he, as we know now even better than we did then, had ever in sight his client's rights, and, as the results show, he spared no pains to get his case in perfect condition before submitting it to the jury.

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After careful consideration, the President and the Secretary of State concluded that, first: the response of the Duke of Almodovar to President McKinley's terms was not sufficiently specific. In a word, it was equivocal, and if accepted would present too many points for future argument. It would, in fine, leave the matter, that was at the mo-



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ment ripe for conclusion, open under some possible conditions for future discussion. The "Two Country Lawyers" were familiar with the old adage that, "the time to pick an apple is when it is ripe," and they concluded that the salient points in the settlement of the affairs between their client and the Spanish government should be decided before any definite treaty could be agreed upon. The following letter was the result of this conclusion:

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, AUGUST 10, 1898.

EXCELENCY:—

Although it is your understanding that the note of the Duke of Almodovar, which you left with the President on yesterday afternoon, is intended to convey an acceptance by the Spanish government of the terms set forth in my note of the 30th ultimo, as the basis on which the President would appoint Commissioners to negotiate and conclude with Commissioners on the part of Spain a treaty of peace, I understand that we concur in the opinion that the Duke's note, doubtless owing to the various transformations which it has undergone in the course of its circuitous transmission by telegraph and in cipher, is not, in the form in which it has reached the hands of the President, entirely explicit.

Under these circumstances, it is thought that the most direct and certain way of avoiding misunderstanding is to embody in a Protocol, to be signed by us as the representatives, respectively, of the United States and Spain, the terms on which the negotiations for peace are to be undertaken.

I therefore enclose herewith a draft of such Protocol, in which you will find that I have embodied the precise terms tendered to Spain in my note of the 30th ultimo, together with appropriate stipulations for the appointment of Commissioners to arrange the details of the immediate evacuation of Cuba, Porto Rico, and other islands under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies, as well as for the appointment of Commissioners to treat of peace.

Accept, Excellency, the renewed assurance of my highest consideration.

(Signed) WILLIAM R. DAY.
His Excellency, M. Jules Cambon, etc."

As will be seen, Secretary Day's letter amounted to this: The "Two Country Law-

yers" said to the Kingdom of Spain; "If you agree to the terms proposed, say so definitely. Let us epitomize a treaty (the Protocol), and sign it at once, to be subsequently elaborated and made to properly cover all of the conditions." In answer to this, the Secretary of State received the following letter, written under date of August 12, from Jules Cambon, writing as the representative of the Spanish government:

"EMBASSY OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC
IN THE UNITED STATES
WASHINGTON, AUGUST 12, 1898.

MR. SECRETARY OF STATE:—

I have the honor to inform you that I have just received, through the intermedia-tion of the Department of Foreign Affairs at Paris, a telegram, dated Madrid, August 11, in which the Duke of Almodovar del Rio announces to me that, by order of Her Majesty, the Queen Regent, the Spanish government confers upon me full powers, in order that I may sign, without other formality and without delay, the Protocol whereof the terms have been drawn up by common accord between you and me. The instrument, destined to make regular the powers which are thus given to me by telegraph, will be subsequently addressed to me by the post.

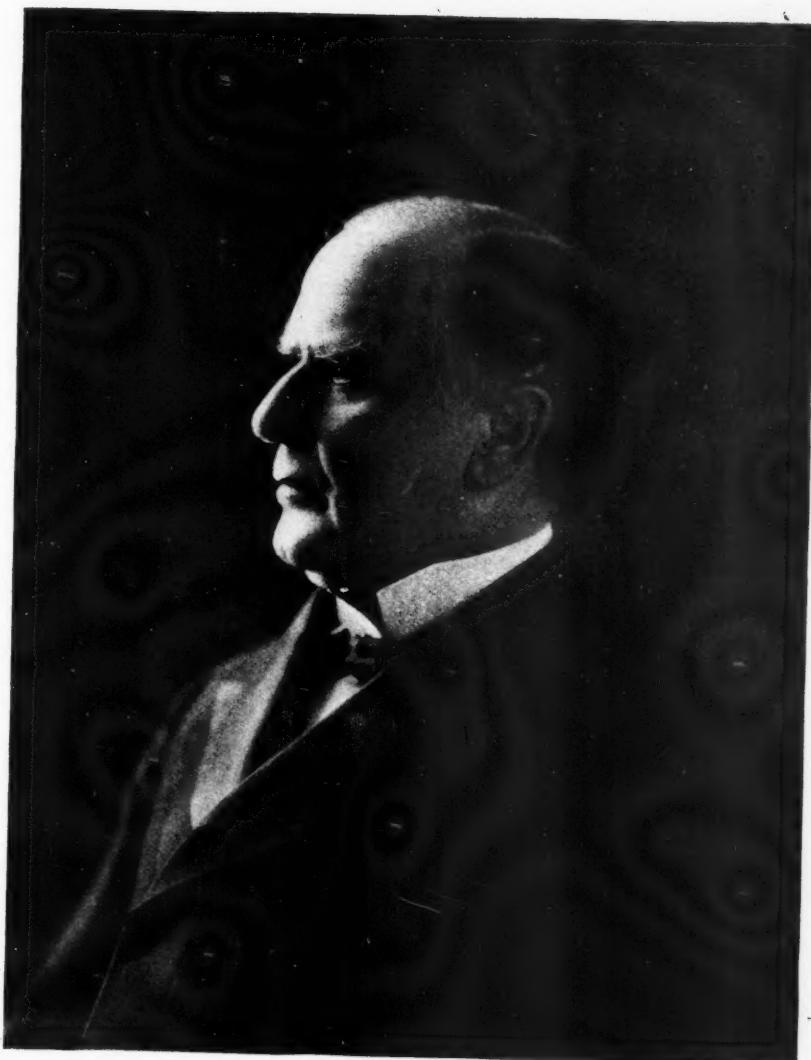
His Excellency, the Minister of State, adds that, in accepting this Protocol, and by reason of the suspension of hostilities which will be the immediate consequence of that acceptance, the Spanish government has pleasure in hoping that the government of the United States will take the necessary measures with a view to restrain (empecher) all aggression on the part of the Cuban separatist forces.

The government of the Republic having, on the other hand, authorized me to accept the powers which are conferred upon me by the Spanish government, I shall hold myself at your disposition to sign the Protocol at the hour you may be pleased to designate.

Congratulating myself upon thus co-operating with you toward the restoration of peace between the two nations, both friends of France, I beg you to accept, Mr. Secretary of State, the fresh assurances of my very high consideration.

(Signed) JULES CAMBON."

And following this, M. Cambon proceeded, in full and hearty co-operation with Presi-



WILLIAM McKINLEY

dent McKinley and Secretary Day, to prepare and agree upon such definite and specific terms as, in the wisdom of the American government, were requisite to give to the American people such redress as the calamitous war just ended had brought upon them.

Even in the light of subsequent events, the action of the President and his premier may seem technical and hypercritical to many. The demand originally made of the Spanish government is contained in the following paragraphs:

FIRST:

The relinquishment by Spain of all claim of sovereignty over or title to Cuba, and her immediate evacuation of the Island.

SECOND:

The President, desirous of exhibiting signal generosity, will not now put forward any demand for pecuniary indemnity. Nevertheless, he cannot be insensible to the losses and expenses of the United States incident to the war, or to the claims of our citizens for injuries to their persons and property during the late insurrection in Cuba. He must, therefore, require the cession to the United States, and the immediate evacuation by Spain, of the Island of Porto Rico and other islands now under the sovereignty of Spain in the West Indies, and also the cession of an Island in the Ladrones, to be selected by the United States.

THIRD:

On similar grounds, the United States is entitled to occupy and will hold the City, Bay and Harbor of Manila, pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace which shall determine the control, disposition and government of the Philippines.

If the terms hereby offered are accepted in their entirety, Commissioners will be named by the United States for the purpose of settling the details of the treaty of peace and signing and delivering it under the terms above indicated.

I avail myself of this occasion to offer to Your Excellency the assurances of my highest consideration. **WILLIAM R. DAY.**
His Excellency, the Duke of Almodovar del Rio, Minister of State, etc."

And in response to this Almodovar says: "In the name of the Nation, the Spanish government hereby relinquishes all claim of

sovereignty over or title to, and engages to the irremediable evacuation of the Island;" and again: "We shall cede the Island of Porto Rico and other islands belonging to the Crown of Spain in the West Indies, together with one of the islands of the Archipelago of the Ladrones, to be selected by the American government;" and answering the third demand of President McKinley, referring to the City, Bay and Harbor of Manila, Almodovar observes in his note that "The intentions of the Federal government by regression remain veiled," and says that the Spanish government "does not *a priori* renounce the sovereignty of Spain over the Archipelago, leaving it to the negotiators (i. e. the Peace Commission) to agree as to such reforms which the condition of these possessions and the level of culture of their natives may render desirable;" but concludes "the government of Her Majesty accepts the third condition with the above mentioned declarations."

Surely the Duke of Almodovar had, by these declarations and admissions, accepted the terms made by President McKinley, and it is doubtful if the language of his note would have been subject to the criticism of many of the people who were represented by the government at Washington. President McKinley had made his demand, and on the face of the matter it would seem that Almodovar had conceded everything, but the "Two Country Lawyers" thought differently; they had in mind the contentions, large and small, with which they had been engaged back in their Canton law offices, and, with an eye single to the welfare of their client, and without a thought of aggrandizement for themselves or their people, they merely said to Cambon and Almodovar, "You seem to mean it; if you do, let us write it down and sign it." Immediately following M. Cambon's letter of August 12, this was done, and the Protocol was made the basis of a cessation of hostilities forthwith.

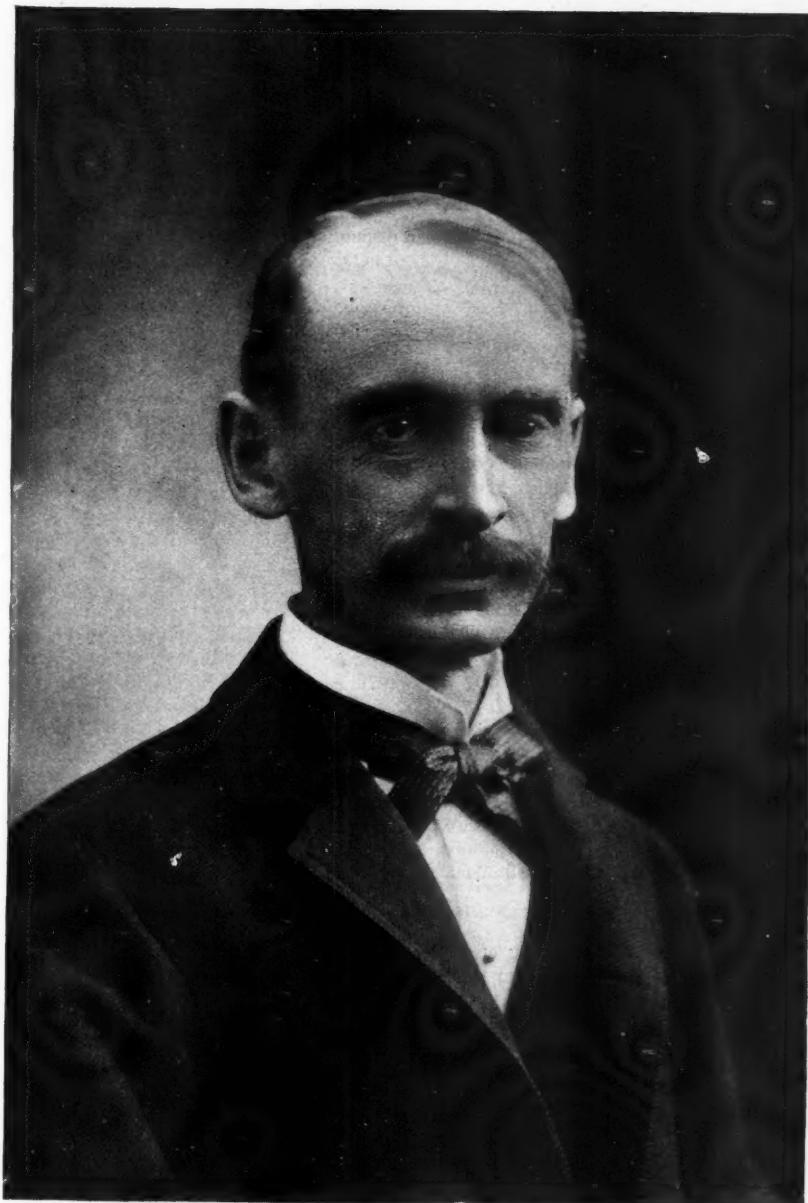
THE PROTOCOL

Article I.

Spain will relinquish all claim of sovereignty over and title to Cuba.

Article II.

Spain will cede to the United States the Island of Porto Rico and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West In-



JUDGE DAY

dies, and also an island in the Ladrones to be selected by the United States.

Article III.

The United States will occupy and hold the City, Bay and Harbor of Manila, pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace which shall determine the control, disposition and government of the Philippines.

Article IV.

Spain will immediately evacuate Cuba, Porto Rico and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies; and to this end each government will, within ten days after the signing of this Protocol, appoint Commissioners, and the Commissioners so appointed shall, within thirty days after the signing of this Protocol, meet at Havana for the purpose of arranging and carrying out the details of the aforesaid evacuation of Cuba and the adjacent Spanish islands; and each government will, within ten days after the signing of this Protocol, also appoint other Commissioners, who shall, within thirty days after the signing of this Protocol, meet at San Juan, in Porto Rico, for the purpose of arranging and carrying out the details of the aforesaid evacuation of Porto Rico and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies.

Article V.

The United States and Spain will each appoint not more than five Commissioners to treat of peace, and the Commissioners so appointed shall meet at Paris not later than October 1st, 1898, and proceed to the negotiation and conclusion of a treaty of peace, which treaty shall be subject to ratification according to the respective constitutional forms of the two countries.

Article VI.

Upon the conclusion and signing of this Protocol, hostilities between the two countries shall be suspended, and notice to that effect shall be given as soon as possible by each government to the commanders of its military and naval forces.

Done at Washington, in duplicate, in English and in French, by the undersigned, who have hereunto set their hands and seals, the 12th day of August, 1898.

(Seal) WILLIAM R. DAY.

(Seal) JULES CAMBON.

The necessary deliberations before this

important preliminary agreement was executed took place in the Cabinet Room in the White House; and after the paper was signed and the representatives of the Spanish government had retired, Justice Day said to the President: "After all, it is merely a matter of agreement, Mr. President. Today we have been negotiating for the abandonment of its western domains with a great and ancient kingdom, and twenty-five years ago we worked with equal earnestness to quiet a dispute between two Stark County farmers out in Ohio, but the modus operandi is about the same, a simple matter of agreement. The opposing sides must be brought together. They must accept the same terms—call it a land contract or a protocol; which you will."

"Do you remember, Judge," said the President, "the time we went to Osnaburg together, and tried a lawsuit in a blacksmith shop?"

"And I did at the mere suggestion," said Judge Day. "It was back in the seventies. I was trying to work up a little legal practice out in Canton, and when a farmer, who lived down in the small town of Osnaburg, southeast of us, wanted me to take his case in a fence-line dispute with a neighbor, of course I looked up his claim. He was in the right, and I got his case in shape. When it came to the time for trial, before a justice of the peace, who was also a blacksmith, I suggested to the lawyer on the other side, my neighbor, that we cut expenses in two by going to Osnaburg where the court held, in the same 'buggy.' He agreed, and we went that way. We tried the case as carefully as any in which I have ever been engaged, before the Justice Blacksmith, in his shop. The total amount involved was about twenty dollars, and after the court gave its decision we drove back to Canton together.

"That was in 1873, and the opposing counsel was William McKinley."

"But, Judge," said I, "who won the case?"

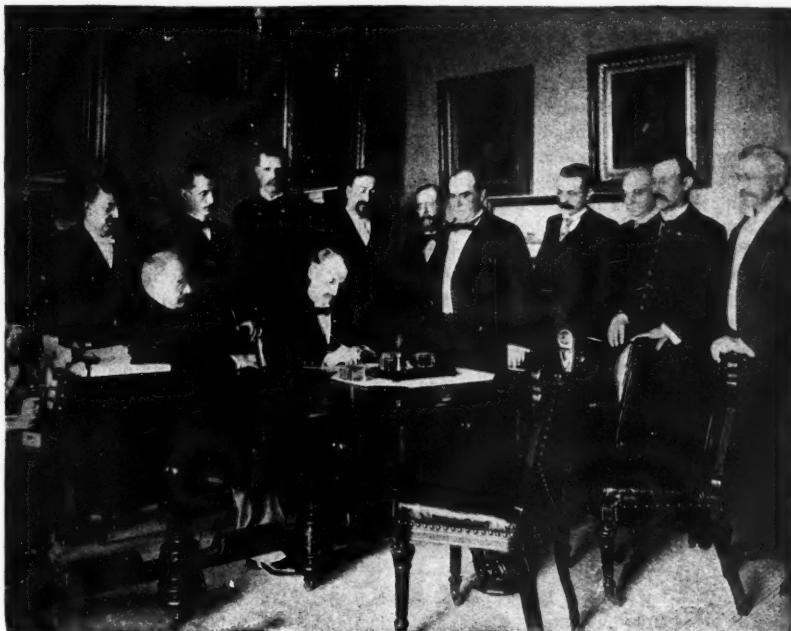
"Never mind about that," said Justice Day, "I was satisfied with the decision. It was fair and equitable."

And this is a story with a sequel. In 1873 the "Two Country Lawyers," careful and economical, join in the expense of a carryall to a village justice court, and try, with every resource they possess, a fence-line case involving twenty dollars. The brown earth rolls around the yellow ball some twenty

times, and here these same country lawyers are again before the court—a different court, yea, verily. The honest blacksmith who gave his just decree is long since gathered to his fathers, and now the court is the Combined Powers of the civilized world, for an unjust attitude by the Washington government toward Spain in 1898 would not have been tolerated. The opposing counsel now are the Spanish ministry on the one side, with the "Two Country Lawyers" on the other.

were in six short years made free electors; common arbiters of their own fortunes; and today her minister of state deals with ours on as high a plane of national dignity and integrity as that of any of the dominant powers of the world.

This might have been accomplished, and probably would have been, had the Washington government accepted the "Spanish note" at its face value, and not resorted to the abundant caution indicated by the Pro-



SIGNING THE PROTOCOL

Again it is a fence line, but a fence line this time that skirts the demarcation between two hemispheres. It holds back in its native pasture a bull whose brutal rapacity has stained the Western world with the blood of every nationality; and here, by the wise and—mark the word—*business-like* methods of "Two Country Lawyers," an island, abundant beyond its fellows in nature's gifts, is taken from a thraldom as bitter and degrading as ever stained a nation's name, and placed upon the level of enlightened christendom. Her people, slaves before to the worst horde of the pettiest of tyrants,

protocol; but a study of the proceedings of the Paris Peace Commission, that made the final treaty with Spain in the summer of 1898, when the Protocol was the solid ground on which the Americans based every argument against an opposition that struggled in the last ditch to recoup, through contentious arbitration, the tremendous losses that were the proper fruits of its past iniquities, will disclose the fact that the protocol, if not absolutely necessary to the establishment of an equitable treaty, was unquestionably essential to its accomplishment within a reasonable time, determining, as it did, every

controversy made by the desperate and disputation Spaniards.

* * *

It must be remembered that William R. Day, Cushman K. Davis, William P. Frye, George Gray and Whitelaw Reid, as plenipotentiaries of the Washington government, though they went to Paris in October, 1898, armed with sovereign powers, were charged with a heavy responsibility. That President McKinley was in a position to make terms, and enforce them, cannot be doubted, but to adjust so vast a business in such a way as to meet the demands of his own outraged countrymen, and at once command the approval of the great powers that, it must be understood, watch each move in statecraft with a jealousy that is almost personal, was a commission that required the skill and foresight of master-minds. The Kingdom of Spain, though moribund as a great power, was represented by men of international fame as diplomats, each one a master of international law, and it is fair and safe to say that no point, whereby the affairs of their wretched kingdom might have benefitted, was unexploited. Relying upon the generous clause in the Protocol that said: "On similar grounds the United States will hold the City, Bay and Harbor of Manila pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace which shall determine the control, disposition and government of the Philippines," they claimed that

the Archipelago had never gone into the hands of the United States, and demanded, in effect, that Manila be evacuated by the Americans, and that the United States government indemnify Spain for damage done to the Crown's possessions in various ways that are recited in their reply. The American Commissioners promptly refused this proposition, but after due study of the situation, offered to pay the Spaniards twenty millions of dollars upon the conclusion of a treaty that should cede to the United States the Philippine Archipelago; to this the Spanish Commissioners replied with a demand that the price be one hundred millions of dollars, but, as everyone knows, Justice Day and his colleagues clung to their original proposition; the treaty was concluded substantially as they presented it, without subjecting the Washington government to serious criticism from any source. And why? Because the preliminary treaty with Spain, through M. Cambon at Washington, by President McKinley and Secretary Day, in August, 1898, had covered the whole ground; the very demand for the cession of the Philippines being directly based on the third clause of the Protocol, which secured to the United States the right to make such claims in its final negotiations for peace as the circumstances might warrant.

Such were the reasons for the Protocol, and, in part, its results.



WHALEN'S ETHICS

By Donald H. Haines

DRUMMOND, managing editor of the "Lantern," threw down his shears with a clatter, and pushed the mass of work out of his way, as Braggs, his city editor, came into the office. Braggs, who enjoyed privileges from long association, threw open the window to let out the clouds of rank smoke which filled the room, glancing as he did so at the blackened corn-cob pipe in Drummond's teeth. He reached over and drew a new meerschaum pipe from a pigeon-hole in his chief's desk.

"Inhumanity added to ingratitude," he complained smilingly, extending the new pipe toward Drummond. "I buy you a new pipe for the sake of the office, and you stick to that old villain. Would you shoot if I destroyed that ancient shoulderer?"

"Probably," said Drummond, laughing. "I'm positively afraid to smoke that costly thing."

Braggs whirled his keys idly for a moment, waiting for Drummond to speak. The latter, however, pulled his work back in front of him, and opened the paste-pot. Braggs waited patiently until the older man whirled about in his swivel-chair.

"You probably think I don't know what you're in here for," he boomed out in his deep voice.

"Oh, no, I don't," retorted Braggs quietly.

"Something wrong with Whalen, I suppose?" Drummond inquired gruffly.

Braggs settled himself for argument. During the five years of his work on the "Lantern," he had been forced to contend with Drummond's one weakness; a tendency to give every applicant for work a trial—and a long one. Braggs had to admit that Drummond usually judged his men aright, but there were times when the journalistic possibilities that found their way into the office wore upon him sorely, and Whalen was his present affliction.

"It is Whalen," he admitted, "and of all the queer ones you've sent me, he is the worst."

"What's the trouble?" Drummond demanded.

Braggs shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "I wish I knew," he said. "If I did, I'd have it out of him, or you would, but it's elusive."

"Lack nerve?" suggested Drummond.

Braggs smiled. "Hardly," he replied. "Bearded the chief of police in his den the other day, and fairly bulldozed him into giving out a story."

Drummond grinned his appreciation.

"And then," continued Braggs, "he failed utterly to get hold of a divorce story that lay wide open in the circuit court."

"H'm," commented Drummond, "Particular, ain't he?"

"In the month he's been with us," Braggs went on, "he's turned in some of the best stuff we've had—unearthed most of it on his own hook, too. He has also fallen down harder on more simple things than any other man we ever had in the office."

"Possibly," hazarded Drummond, "he's a selective type." And further the old editor did not seem inclined to talk of the matter.

Braggs shook his head and walked out to his desk in the main office. Half a dozen reporters were at work at their machines, grinding out early copy for the compositors. In a distant corner of the room a tall, fair-haired man with a serious face and a pair of eye-glasses was clicking his typewriter with more than usual speed. Braggs glanced in his direction and called to him:

"Come over to the desk before you go out, Whalen."

The tall man nodded without looking up. At the end of five minutes he walked to Braggs' desk, the sheets of his copy dangling from his long fingers. Braggs looked over the typewritten pages as Whalen stood filling his pipe.

"That's good stuff, Whalen," he said, looking up. "Where did you get it?"

"Been wheeling it out of the chief for a week," Whalen answered quietly.

Braggs impaled the story on his spindle, and began whirling his keys as he consulted his assignment book. Presently he turned to the reporter.

"Somewhere out on Twelfth Street," he said, "there's a German woman named Stein, mother of six children, been married twelve years, whose husband has deserted her and run off with an actress. I want that story and a picture or two, if you can get them."

Whalen only bowed his head, and Braggs did not see him frown, nor notice the sudden rush of color to his cheeks.

"I suppose I hardly need tell you that any little stories about Duncan which aren't particularly nice, are worth their weight in type," he continued.

"Who is Duncan?" Whalen asked simply.

Braggs opened his mouth in amazement.

"Do you mean to tell me," he jerked out, "that you've been a month on this paper and don't know who Duncan is?"

"Well," Whalen admitted, smiling, "I do know that the name has a political significance, but politics isn't in my line, and I've been pretty busy getting familiar with the things that are."

"You're quite beyond me," Braggs said frankly, and then went on to explain. "Duncan is the opposition's candidate for mayor—and a poor lot. Started as a ward politician, and built up a machine strong enough to pull him into office. Social ambition, I suppose, for the place doesn't get him anything; but he'll be a bad-looking figure-head for the city. Now it looks as though he'd get in, in spite of everything, and every man on the paper has been instructed to bring in every piece of authentic information that can possibly be used against Duncan. Of course we can't get much, but keep your eyes open."

Whalen walked out of the office, and went slowly down the well-worn, wooden stairway, leaving a fragrant trail of smoke behind him. A Twelfth Street car was passing as he reached the street, but he paid no attention to it. He walked to a drug store, assured himself of the German woman's address in a directory, and started at a leisurely pace for the house. He walked along the sidewalk, looking straight in front of him, smoking hard and frowning. Several times he made impatient gestures with his clenched hands, and finally he swore a single oath so

forcibly that a man in front of him jumped and looked around. Whalen swung abruptly around a corner, and began talking to himself in an undertone:

"What earthly business has the 'Lantern,' or any other paper, prying into the affairs of a family this way? Good copy? Maybe it is for the sort of people that live on scandal; but I call it downright devilishness to print such stuff. I know these simple Germans: that woman will tell me everything, and I can get pictures of her entire family, if I care to twist my tongue a bit. Noble calling, this!"

He walked on rapidly and in silence for several blocks, turning instinctively at the right corners. When he glanced up he found himself directly in front of the house he had been searching for. Three dark-haired children were playing about the yard, behind a neatly painted picket fence. The house was a bit more pretentious than he had expected.

"Is this where Mrs. Stein lives?" Whalen called across the fence, and the three children assented in chorus. Whalen opened the gate, and as he did so a handsome woman of forty opened the door of the house and called to the children. Whalen paused and removed his hat.

"Mrs. Stein?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the woman, with a slight foreign accent. Whalen paused for an instant, and then spoke rapidly:

"My name is Whalen. I'm a reporter from the 'Lantern,' and I have been sent here to pry into your family affairs, and write them for the paper. I didn't want to come; I don't approve of such things, and now that I'm here, I won't ask you a single question. I don't want you to even refuse to tell me anything. Probably there will be other reporters here from the other papers; maybe they'll tell you they are reporters, and maybe they won't; but don't you tell them anything. They will be very clever, Mrs. Stein; they will try to make you talk in all sorts of ways. I know how it's done; I could make you talk now, if I chose. So if anyone comes and asks you to tell them about your husband and your trouble—keep still. Shut the door in their faces—don't let them into the house, or they'll get something. Do you understand?"

The woman, who had turned quite pale during Whalen's rapid words, nodded dumbly

and put her arms around two of the children, who had crowded close to her skirts. Whalen turned onto the sidewalk and walked abruptly away. At the end of two blocks he drew a long breath.

"There's a good story spoiled for us, and for the 'Mercury,'" he muttered. "And there's a good woman and a lot of decent German kids that won't be dragged in the public mud. And I'm glad I did it."

Slowly he retraced his steps toward the office, wondering what would be the result of his confession to Braggs. Finally his thoughts shifted.

"What was that stuff about Duncan?" he mused. Abruptly he turned into a news stand and bought the last three issues of the "Lantern" and of the opposition paper, the "Mercury." He turned into a saloon, and, over his beer, rye-bread and cheese, he read rapidly the political columns of the papers. He found plenty of information concerning Duncan, though that in the "Lantern" was of a very indefinite nature.

"I don't wonder Braggs wants information," he commented, laying aside the three copies of the "Lantern."

He found better material in the "Mercury." Duncan was a contractor, and had built and still owned a large number of flats and tenements in one quarter of the city. In this same district he had built up the political machine which the "Lantern" so bitterly attacked, and which was so glowingly treated by the other paper.

Whalen laid aside the papers in disappointment. "Commonplace enough," he muttered. "He's not a desirable type for mayor, sure enough, but there are no grounds to fight him on if he has the backing to pull him through."

He finished his beer and leaned back in his chair thoughtfully.

"Such things don't lie on the surface," he mused. "I'll sift the thing. I'll need to propitiate Braggs some way."

He stepped to the telephone and called the "Lantern" office.

"I'm on the trail of that story," he told Braggs, "but it's a matter of days and not hours to land it. How much time can I have?"

From the other end of the wire Braggs told him to repeat his statement. Whalen complied.

"Well, well," commented Braggs, "bigger than we thought, eh? How much is it worth?"

"Four days," said Whalen, pursing his lips and closing his eyes.

"Take 'em," snapped Braggs. "Jackson can help out on your beat. This is Tuesday; I'll expect you in Saturday morning. Can you get it in shape for Saturday's issue?"

"Yes—if I get it at all," Whalen answered.

From the saloon Whalen walked to a second-hand store, where he bought a suit of rough clothes and a pair of large-rimmed glasses. These he left in a room which he engaged in a cheap hotel. He then walked rapidly toward the city hall.

"The Lord knows how big a fool I'm making of myself," he ejaculated. "This is a good deal of a wild-goose chase, and when I report this failure, coupled with the Stein fiasco, there's likely to be a change in the 'Lantern' staff."

He went to the city clerk and asked him to see the building permits for the past ten years. The clerk—who belonged to the anti-Duncan party so far as his precarious position would permit—complied with a grin. For three hours Whalen pored over the pile of permits, taking many notes. When he had finished he called for the reports of the building inspector and the city assessor; these occupied two hours more, and it was night when he left the office. That evening, in his rough clothes, he drank more beer than was good for him while listening to the political gossip of the patrons of cheap saloons, and went home near morning calling himself names. He was up early, and with his notes of the previous day in his pocket, he went into the district where Duncan's flats and tenements stood. At noon he came perspiring out of the hot quarter, and went to a cheap restaurant.

"This is certainly funny," he remarked, as he came out later, "if it isn't too serious."

As he passed over a small bridge he pulled from his pocket the sheaf of notes, tore them into small pieces and threw them into the water.

"There," he chuckled, "goes ten hours' work that was sheer idiocy. I didn't even know what I expected to find wrong."

He stood for a moment staring moodily at the water, and then roused himself.

"Here goes for the next step in this Machiavellian scheme," he remarked.

On the same afternoon, in his rough clothes—which he had further roughened by the aid of a knife and a grease-pot—and with a two days' growth of beard upon his cheeks and chin, Whalen brazenly begged his way from door to door in the neighborhood where Duncan lived. To his complete though rather uncertain delight, Duncan's good-looking Irish cook invited him into the kitchen in response to his plea for food.

He sat at the kitchen table, eating cold pie and stirring his cup of coffee, watching the girl as she busied herself about the room. He had hardly hoped to get this far in his quest, and now had not the faintest idea how to use his advantage. Finally he remarked:

"Say, what kind of a chap is this boss of yours that's going to be mayor?"

The girl stared at him in astonishment, then anger leaped to her cheeks, and she deliberately swung open the door into the front part of the house.

"Mr. Duncan," she called, "there's a bum out here as wants to know what kind of a chap yez are. Will ye come an' tell him?"

"You bet I will," came a deep voice from beyond the door, but before its owner could reach the scene, Whalen had ignominiously bolted.

Three blocks from the house Whalen shortened his stride and once more laughed heartily.

"As a sleuth," he said, "I'm a dismal failure. What a chump I am making of myself."

Again it was near sunrise when Whalen made his way home from the cheap resorts, and again he was disgusted with the whole proceeding, which began to impress him as entirely *idiote*.

"And yet," he said soberly, "I don't regret that German affair that made this necessary."

Whalen slept not a second Wednesday night, but sat in the cheap room he had hired, thinking hard. The next day he called on several other contractors, and had an aimless, wandering interview with Duncan himself. He wasted the afternoon, and his disgust with his own folly increased.

"I can stand about one more night of these saloons," he assured himself.

By nightfall he was again sitting in the low dirty barroom of a saloon much fre-

quented by politicians of a lesser sort and their penniless, drunken hangers-on. For an hour he sat in his corner, listening to the loud talk, but keeping aloof from the other occupants of the room. Presently an ill-kempt fellow who had been standing at the bar slouched into the empty chair at Whalen's table. The man was manifestly drunk, but still had some of his wits about him.

"Finish yer beer, an' I'll set 'em up," the newcomer invited him.

Whalen shuddered at the idea of more of the poor stuff, but nodded and held out his glass to the bartender. The stranger then emptied his glass, looked about the room cautiously, and reaching out his hand, plucked Whalen's sleeve with drunken importance.

"How you votin'?" he asked in a hoarse whisper.

"Don't know," answered Whalen. "I'm a stranger here, but I always vote Republican. My father did for fifty years, and never split his ticket."

"Well," went on the other, after another cautious glance over his shoulder, "what's it worth for you to vote for Duncan?"

"Why?" temporized Whalen. In reply the stranger rose and motioned him to follow. They left the saloon and paused in the dark street outside.

"Feel that," commanded the stranger, the liquor beginning to affect his voice. Whalen reached out and felt a roll of bills too large for such a man to be carrying honestly.

"I'm buying votes for Duncan," the man continued with a hiccup. "Now, what's it worth?"

Whalen hesitated for a few seconds. "Let's go and have a few more drinks," he suggested. The man was far enough gone to comply readily. At the end of an hour he left the saloon thoroughly intoxicated, leaning heavily on Whalen's arm.

"Better come up to my room for the night," Whalen suggested in a tone of command.

"Gimme yer vote then?" demanded the other, his muddled wits giving a flash of intelligence.

Whalen looked at him soberly. "Yes, I will," he replied.

He piloted the drunken wretch to his room, left him on the bed, and went out. In an hour he returned with a notary.

"Sit down in there," he said, pointing to

the dingy office of the little hotel. "I'll call you when I'm ready."

Whalen walked up stairs to his room, opened the door and found his guest stretched out where he had left him, on the bed. He had seen drunken men sobered at the police station, and he knew how it should be done. In ten minutes the wretched fellow was sitting on the side of the bed, his hair dripping from the pails of water that Whalen had unceremoniously poured upon him, comparatively sober.

Whalen took paper and a fountain pen from his pocket, laid them on the table and thrust one hand ostentatiously into his hip-pocket.

"Now then," he said, "pull out that roll of money, and put it on the table. Don't be afraid; I'm not going to rob you." The man complied stupidly.

"Sit down there," commanded Whalen, pointing to a chair beside the table. The man followed his directions, staring at him sullenly. "Now write what I tell you: 'I have been commissioned by James Duncan to buy—'" Whalen paused as the man flung down the pen.

"Not by a d— sight," he rasped out. Whalen moved the hand that reposed in his hip-pocket. His cheeks were a trifle pale, for the hand only grasped his handkerchief, and the man before him was a powerful specimen.

"Don't you pull no gun on me," whined the man in the chair.

"Then sit still and listen," Whalen said, striving to keep his voice steady. "Write what I tell you, and there'll be no trouble. Otherwise—there's an officer down stairs."

"He can't touch me for this," the man muttered.

Whalen had foreseen this, and grew nervous.

"Maybe not," he hazarded, "but he knows your back record, and so do I."

The result of these words was unexpectedly satisfactory. The man picked up the pen and bent over the paper.

"What'll I write?" he demanded gruffly.

Whalen dictated the form of confession, and the man wrote. He signed a name and looked up to find his captor regarding him intently.

"When I said I knew you," Whalen remarked calmly, "I was bluffing. I didn't

then, but I do now. I know where I can find your picture, and I think it would look better if you signed that little note 'John Evans.'"

The man paled, tore up the sheet and commenced writing another as Whalen called the notary. When the signature had been witnessed, Whalen turned to his companion.

"Now Evans," he said quietly, "I happen to know that you aren't wanted for anything now, or I'd not let you go. As it is, you'll get just as far as this will take you." He threw a bill onto the table, opened the door, and Evans walked out.

Seated at the table, Whalen put the roll of bills into an envelope and addressed them to James Duncan. As he sealed the package he muttered:

"I wonder how a shrewd politician happened to put his trust in such a leaky vessel as Evans?"

He went out into the night, perspiring so that he was wet through; and he felt that he trembled slightly.

"Whew!" he gasped, and bent his steps toward police headquarters. There, after a few moments of low-voiced conversation with the chief, he was handed one of the crude, unretouched photographs from the "gallery" hanging above the chief's desk.

Friday morning, clean-shaven and properly dressed, but with dark hollows under his eyes, Whalen walked into the "Lantern" office and marched up to Braggs' desk. The city editor looked up.

"Well," he said sharply, "how's the German scandal progressing?"

"German scandal?" Whalen repeated blankly, then he understood.

"Mr. Braggs," he said frankly, "I couldn't, or rather I wouldn't get that story. I went to the house and told that woman what I was after—and I told her, too, that I wouldn't touch it, and that I thought printing such things was mighty dirty business."

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Whalen into Drummond's office. For an hour Whalen sat under the rapid questions of the two men, telling his story. When he had finished, Drummond hammered his fist on the desk and glared at Whalen over his great glasses.

"Young man," he thundered, "that stuff is probably worth two hundred votes to us."

But Braggs only stared at Whalen in evident perplexity, and shook his head.

"What I can't understand," he confessed, "is why you should have such tremendous scruples against that German story, and then move heaven and earth to uncover something a lot worse."

"In my mind," replied Whalen, "there's a big difference between the two. I didn't lose anything, nor did you, nor again did the public when I disobeyed orders. That foolish German will probably come home repentant to his wife, and it's a lot better to keep that nasty story out of the prints."

"But," persisted Braggs, "you did some pretty shady work yourself getting that confession."

"Maybe," said Whalen, reddening slightly, "but if they keep a bad man out of office, I'm satisfied."

After Whalen left the room, Drummond turned to Braggs. "You see, Henry," he said, chuckling, "it's just as I said. This man Whalen is what I call a selective type. He's got a code of ethics that's a lot more rigid than yours or mine, but it's strangely elastic when he sees 'way ahead. Yes, sir, we'll keep that man, and we'll use him when he isn't in danger of stumbling over that Puritanical conscience of his."

Half an hour later Drummond came to the door of his office and peered out into the main room through his great spectacles. Whalen was busy at his machine.

"I say, Whalen," Drummond called, "how about your promise to Evans?"

Whalen looked up, conscious that both Drummond and Braggs were regarding him sharply.

"I shall vote for Duncan," he said briefly, and went on with his work, while Braggs stared at him open-mouthed, and Drummond went thoughtfully back to his desk.

WHEN SHE FISHED

HE was fishing, fishing,
Beside the meadow brook;
I was wishing, wishing,
That I were on the hook

We were walking, walking,
Back through the woodland gay;
I was talking, talking,
With nothing much to say.

I was thinking, thinking,
Of many happy hours;
Stars were winking, winking,
Blinking at the flowers.

I was wishing, wishing,
For smile, or word, or look;
She was fishing, fishing,
And I was on the hook.

Claire M. Carberry

CYNTHIA'S WEDDING GOWN

By Anne Richardson Talbot

MISS CYNTHIA NEWTON had no remembrance of any time when she and her mother had not made up the dull little household dwelling under the roof which was nearly all they had in the world to call their own. Her father had died far back in her babyhood, and bit by bit his widow had parted with the good farming land which she was too despondent or too indolent to work. By this means she kept her child and herself until the former was old enough to bear a hand in the battle, which she did at the age of sixteen, having by that time learned all that the village dressmaker could impart. Soon after, this important personage had died, and the custom of the neighborhood had descended to her apprentice.

When it became evident that the needle was to become so useful an implement in her daughter's fingers, Mrs. Newton had calmly betaken herself to the "enjoyment of poor health." At the time of which I write Cynthia had reached the ripe age of forty-five, and the old lady had been in possession of that doubtful blessing for no short period.

It was a bright winter morning, and the snowy fields stretched away in violet-shadowed reaches from the tiny-paned window where Cynthia sat at work.

Here and there brown stalks and seed-vessels or clumps of feathery grass thrust themselves bravely through the snow. Along the stone-wall scarlet rose-hips glistened, and among the leafless clinging arms of the woodbine chick-a-dees chirped as they searched for its few stray berries. From the low eaves icicles hung like fantastic stalactites, flashing the sunbeams they had captured into Miss Cynthia's eyes. She had been reared in a hard school, but even her self-control was not equal to the occasion. As she sat fashioning a child's dress from the coarse blue gingham in her lap, her lips gave response to the cheerfulness of the outside world, in the notes of her favorite hymn.

Miss Cynthia was not a great singer, and

the hymn chosen was not a lively one. Her method of rendering it caused it to bear a greater likeness to the forlorn plaint of the whip-poor-will than to a pean of delight, but the fact of her singing at all roused the old woman who crouched in the chimney-corner. Misery ordained for all things mundane was the only interpretation of religion which her nature allowed her to make.

"Cynthy!" she exclaimed in a harsh, fretful treble.

Cynthy dropped her work. The color rushed over her face, as if she had been discovered in some wrong-doing. She was a little stout woman, plain, but with an honest and wholesome face, and there was about her a perfect neatness which made her pleasant to look upon. Her hair, which had been "sandy" in her youth, was now so intermixed with gray as to be of no special color, and served to heighten the expression of anxiety caused by certain drawn lines upon her forehead and drooping ones about her mouth.

"No, no, Cynthy!" grumbled the old lady, as her daughter sprang to do her bidding. "I don't want nothin'—leastways, nothin' I'm likely to git, but what you singin' for? I declare, I call it temptin' Providence, singin' an' makin' light when sickness and death is abroad in the land, an' we don't none of us know who'll be took next."

Cynthia's face, which would have been placid had it dared, grew more anxious and more grave as she poked the fire and picked up the knitting which was forever falling from her mother's hands.

"I know mother," she sighed, "It seems as if I was never goin' to learn. I wouldn't be any better'n a weather-cock, if it wa'n't for you, would I?"

The words were said in the soothing tone one uses to content a child, but there was a look in the woman's gentle face which showed that long reiteration had made them truth to her. When she seated herself again she turned her back upon the temptation of

that glittering world without, trying to bring herself to a suitable mental attitude.

"Ain't you got anythin' to say, Cynth?" her mother asked fretfully. "Seems as if you never do git any news to tell me now-a-days."

Miss Cynthia knew what was expected of her.

"I guess you're right," she said. "I must be gettin' stupid. I forgot to tell you that Mis' Peters stepped over this mornin', while you was asleep. Bein' sech a nice day kinder put it out of my head, but she said you'd be glad to know that J'siah Snell's just buried his third wife, an' is left with three sets of children to take care of, an' not over an' above fore-handed anyway. Seems as if I needn't have forgotten that, don't it?"

"Well, it does, cert'in," exclaimed Mrs. Newton, brightening visibly. "If ye don't know yet that this world's nothin' but a vale of tears, it ain't for want of my tellin'. I tried to do my dooty by ye. It passes me what makes ye so light-minded. Perhaps it's your trade. I ain't cert'in I hed any business lettin' ye take up with that dress-makin'. It's goin' right ag'inst Scriptur' that sez, 'Take no heed wherewithal ye shall be clothed.'"

The quotation was not accurate in its application, but it was an old spear of Mrs. Newton's. Though the use of it was ungrateful, to say the least, Miss Cynthia bore it with the humility of one who merits worse. She sewed on in silence until the clock struck the hour of their simple meal. She prepared this neatly, even daintily, with that unconscious deftness with which, in spite of her hard training, she lent a certain charm to her colorless surroundings. The fare was of the plainest. Bread and apple sauce and a cup of tea for herself; for her mother, the new-laid egg and the piece of pie.

The old lady ate with evident relish, rebuking her daughter as she did so for a too free use of "sass."

"Your over-fond of creatur' comforts, Cynth—you be. I've seen it growin' on ye in fear an' tremblin'. When we're livin' just from day to day, not knowin' what time the clock strikes'll be the last, it ain't becomin' in a perfessor."

The flow of reproach was interrupted by a peal of laughter from a bevy of village

girls who entered the room like a flock of bright young birds. For the moment their presence silenced the old lady. They had all brought gowns to be made. One showed a fresh new print, and one somewhat reluctantly brought forth a "cash-a-mire" of serviceable but ugly brown.

But there was one, the fairest of them all, who shyly unfolded from its many wrappings a pattern of shining silk of that shade of softest gray which holds in its loveliness a suggestion of sunset pink.

As Mary Miles handed the gown to Miss Cynthia, a wave of color swept over her face, and that of the old maid took on an unwonted expression of coyness.

"S'pose you ain't in no pertic'lar hurry for this, Mary?" she said, smiling.

"Oh, no, Miss Cynth," laughed Susie Pole. "She's jist gettin' of it ready in case there's anybody 'round lookin' for a wife 'long 'bout next April."

Mary blushed and smiled until Mrs. Newton spoke from her corner.

"Susie Pole, don't you go for-castin' like that. I call such talk reg'lar temptin' Providence. Wouldn't s'prise me a mite if Mary wasn't merried at all, now."

"Oh, I wasn't for-castin', Mis' Newton," quoth Susie, undaunted by the raven's croak. "It's Mary that's for-castin', I guess—I was jist speaking of maybe."

She cast a roguish glance at her companion; who answered timidly.

"Tis early, Mis' Newton, I know it; but Aunt Miles sent me the dress from Saxby, an' mother, she said I'd better git it made when Mis' Cynth wasn't busy."

Mrs. Newton hitched contemptuously in her chair.

"The vanity of this world don't never leave Cynth much time," she croaked. "As for you, Mary Miles, I guess if you was to know the trials of merried life, you'd hev somethin' a sight better to think on than silks and satins and trickin' out."

Cynthia's face assumed its usual drooping expression again, as her mother spoke, but all the time her hand was passing lightly, almost lovingly, over the shining fabric in her lap. She saw a pained look dim the pleasure in Mary's face, and tried to divert the flood of her mother's prophesy.

"Look at this silk real close, mother," she said. "Ther's some excuse for her, I do

declare. It's rich enough to stan' alone, an' yet it's most fine enough to go through a wedding ring."

Mrs. Newton could not resist the opportunity. She put on her spectacles and held the dress up to the light, feeling its texture with critical fingers. But she was not to be appeased.

"I'm ashamed of ye, Cynth," she said. "I'm ashamed of ye, at your age, thinkin' so much of what's vanity of vanities, and that ain't sayin' Mis' Obed Miles don't know how to pick out a good bit of stuff. The better 'tis the more ye orter turn from it, an' give thought to this mis'erble world."

The girls were cowed into silence now, and very soon they passed hurriedly out of the room. Miss Cynthia followed them with a sadness which she did not quite understand. In her heart she loved dearly all cheerful things, and could not bear to see them overshadowed.

She stood on the threshold watching the girls as they fled down the long winding bit of road toward the village, and suddenly a long peal of the church bell sounded on the crisp, clear air. She held her breath to listen: "One — two — three — four — five — six — seven — eight —;" she counted. "One — two — three — why, that must be Hiram Mills," she said; I guess mother's right—in the midst of life we be in death! After all, I don' know's we be so much called upon to rejoice as we be to mourn."

When she re-entered the living room, the old woman had fallen asleep, and the place seemed unusually dreary to Cynthia. She put the gray silk away neatly in a drawer. Her fingers longed to be busy with it, but the dull brown was needed first, and she turned to it, trying to believe that she did so from preference, but she did not like the color, and the fabric was coarse, and not pleasant to her sensitive touch.

"I guess it'll be real serviceable," she sighed. "Susie Pole never s'lected sech a serviceable thing for herself."

And so the day passed on. It was one typical of Cynthia's life. She was used to the monotony, but a square woman does not fit a round hole, even though it be her lot to dwell in one, and Miss Cynthia was very far from fitting her surroundings.

The time came at last when the plainer gowns were done, and conscience permitted

her to busy herself with the soft masses of the wedding silk. With a clean white sheet spread upon the floor and a spotless apron on her lap, she sat content, happily setting the tiny stitches and adjusting the simple trimmings with the pride of an artist.

What dreams she dreamed as she worked! No lover had ever wooed Miss Cynthia. There had not been a hint of romance in her work-a-day life; but she was a woman, and her dreams were of love and youth. At last she fitted the dress to the pretty creature who was to wear it. When she covered the soft white neck and arms with the modest bodice, and saw the flower-like face look out above her handiwork, she saw also the possibilities of her own past youth. The making of this dress had brought to her a delight which even her mother's caustic tongue and the care brought by the old woman's failing health were powerless to mar.

Mrs. Newton's health was really failing. Before the wedding dress was done, it was necessary to lay it away. Miss Cynthia did it reluctantly, and placed rose leaves between its folds.

A time followed which was more than usually difficult. Mrs. Newton grew more and more fretful. Had it ever occurred to her daughter to put it into words, she might have said that the very sunlight seemed evil to her mother, for even its sweet comfort was grudged her as she waited patiently on the slightest whim of her captious charge.

A day came, however, when the old lady was laid to rest. Cynthia returned to her home with a very heavy heart. She had loved her mother truly, and she was very lonely. She did not realize that life was not more dark for her than before. She had been so overshadowed by the fretful spirit and stern religious faith of her parent that she dared not hope life would ever show her a brighter side.

For a few days she went about as one dazed. She gathered together her mother's few belongings, and laid them away, reverently, sadly, as if putting from her a living presence. From a sense of duty and fitness to the requirements of the occasion, she turned often to her mother's Bible, opening it dutifully to the marks which pointed out grawsome texts, but never by chance a word of hope or faith in the Fatherhood of God. Now and then some outward influence would

lead her thoughts away from the gloom in which she believed it her duty to bear her loss, but only to return to it self-rebuked.

One night Miss Cynthia was very lonely. It had been a gray day, and toward evening the rain began to beat against the windows and the wind to sough in the pines. There was no pressing work to be done, and she had been too tired and depressed to take up unnecessary tasks. At last, however, unable to bear her solitude any longer, she be-thought herself of the unfinished gown. She mounted to the cold chamber where it was laid away and took the rose-scented folds from the drawer. As she did so the perfume brought a vague soft memory of summertime and youth. She gathered the bundle in her arms and went swiftly down the stairs again, as if she distrusted her own strength of purpose. She lighted another lamp, and seated herself at her work. At first it seemed irksome, but by degrees, as the pretty stuff shimmered and gleamed in her hands, she began to enjoy her labor, and presently it carried her away from the dull room, the eryie noises of the night, into the realm where the fairy prince may come even to those whose fate it is never to meet him in the flesh.

From that day Miss Cynthia began to take a new interest in life. She dreaded the time when she must give up the wedding dress. It had become to her the essence of all things beautiful and bright, for it was the first thing of beauty in which she had ever dared to enjoy an unreserved pleasure.

Yet the daintiest stitches cannot take forever. The day came when Miss Cynthia was forced to relinquish her handiwork and her dreams to one who had a better right to them.

"It's been a power of comp'ny," she said, as she laid it lovingly in its owner's arms. "Seems as if I shan't know how to git 'long without it—but land!—what has an old maid like me got to do with clo's?"

After this, work was again "slack" for Miss Cynthia, and she missed her pretty task as one misses a departed guest whom sympathy had endeared. But the sympathy had done its work. Gradually her natural impulses began to assert themselves, though startled often in their shy growth from the very fact of meeting no reproach. As spring approached, she realized that Mother Nature was calling softly in her tender voice. Day after day she was drawn as by some ir-

resistible force to the companionship that waited for her in the budding fields. Habit was still so strong that she excused herself by frequent visits to her mother's grave, out in the bare and rugged pasture, yet even here spring was coming.

The new short grass was green, and the blue-jays flashed in and out among the bushes. Among the grave-stones the young ferns were poking up their woolly heads, and the buds were large upon the wild apple trees above them. In the distance the sea was very blue, and the sky, bluer still, was flecked with downy little clouds.

It was on one of these almost stolen pleasure trips that Miss Cynthia at last awoke.

"I guess the dress begun it," she said. "And the green things and the blue-jays has finished it. Everythin' seems to be enjoyin' itself, and the Lord Almighty don't seem to have anythin' to say against it. If He don't, I don't know anybody that has a right to, an' I'm goin' to take what pleasure I can git, 'til He thinks I've hed more'n is good for me."

When she reached home that afternoon the place looked gloomier than ever to her. Her first act was to throw open the windows and push back the creaking inside shutters, letting in the evening air and the glow of the setting sun. Then she prepared her evening meal. She spread upon the table her best linen and china, and brought out certain delicacies as if in ratification of her determination. After a time, however, the excitement died away. She grew a little listless in her loneliness.

"I wish Mary Miles' dress was here for comp'ny," she sighed, and then fell into a brown study. A little later she roused herself to delve into secret places for the small amount of ready money she had on hand.

All the next day Miss Cynthia was absent. At nightfall she returned to cast upon her work-table just such material as she had fashioned into Mary's bridal gown.

"Ther's ways and ways," she said, "of bein' happy, and mine ain't all make b'lieve."

Miss Cynthia worked in secret upon this second wedding gown, until one evening it was finished, and in every part as perfect as her simple art could make it. Before the last stitch was set the moonlight flooded the low room with such brilliancy as to outshine the feeble rays of the solitary lamp. The

dress lay across Miss Cynthia's lap, and the moonbeams brought out its silvery sheen and threw its folds into shadow, until it seemed like a fabric of fairy mist.

The little woman's eyes grew very tender as she viewed her masterpiece, her wedding gown. None knew better than she that as such she would never wear it, yet it embodied all the vague hopes of her gray past, and others, less vague, of a happy and unselfish future which many a bride might do well to share.

Then a strong longing came upon her to see herself clad in it. Instinctively she glanced toward her mother's empty corner, then she turned down the light, and almost shame-facedly donned the glistening robe. As she turned to look at herself in the dull little glass she was surprised by the vision she saw there. In the soft light all lines had disappeared from her face; her blue eyes looked full and young again; pleasure parted her lips, and taught them the curves of girlhood. It was long before she realized that it was the wraith of youth and bridehood which was reflected there; even then there was little sadness in the thought.

The neighbors soon began to wonder at the change in Miss Cynthia. She had given her love of cheerfulness full rein, and her home was brightened by every simple means at her command, and their own were brighter for her friendly visits. Now she sang as she worked, and, as surely as the magnet draws

the steel, drew to herself the suffering and the joyful too, each to find in her a new-born comradeship.

When Susie Pole was to be married the secret of the gray silk was revealed. For her there was no apparent possibility of silken finery, and Susie was young, pretty and very human. She took her disappointment and her old white gown to Miss Cynthia.

The little dressmaker's face broke into a delighted smile.

"Susie, will you wear my weddin' dress?" she asked, and while the girl stood speechless, there was spread before her the counterpart of the gown which had graced her companion in the spring.

"Why, it's—it's Mary's dress!" she gasped.

"No, it ain't Mary's," exclaimed Miss Cynthia, jubilantly. "It's mine."

"Yours!" the girl hesitated. "Why, I didn't know you was thinkin' of gittin' married!"

"An' it ain't likely I be, Susie, an' that's why I'm a-goin' to let you wear my weddin' gown. That's what I did it for—it's for you an' them like you—an' it's a style that ain't a mite likely to go out."

From that day Miss Cynthia and her gown figured at many a wedding feast, and, though never again did her own gentle face look out above its modest loveliness, it remained to her a symbol of her new life.

And to her unselfish pleasure God has not yet said nay.

A PRAYER

WE give Thee thanks, O Father, for the grace
That Thou hast given,—for the strength to face
The world and fight, yea, even to the end:
We do not ask Thee, Lord, that Thou shouldst send
Upon us all the blessings that we crave—
We do not ask Thee, Lord, that Thou shouldst save
Us from the cup of sorrow; nor that Thou
Shouldst give to us those glittering treasures, now,
Of fame and love and gold—the precious store
That men count wealth and happiness. Before
Ofttimes we knelt in anguish, and to Thee
Prayed for these things—like little children, we,
Begging for harmful sweets: Lord, now we ask
Grace for the day; strength for the given task.

Celia Myrover Robinson.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF KATHARINE

By Harriet Lummis Smith

OUTWARDLY there had been little to distinguish it from the ordinary summer flirtation, but in his heart Dorchester knew a difference. He was aware that moonlight and music in combination had led many a man into difficulties, and that the sylph-like girl in white who clings to your arm as you stroll along the beach after dinner, frequently seems quite another being from the sunburned young creature with an inflamed nose, who sits opposite you at breakfast. Accordingly, Dorchester told himself to "go slow," but at the same time he knew that his friendship with Katharine Elmslie was in a class by itself.

First of all, he was keenly alive to Katharine's unlikeness to the other girls of his acquaintance. This opinion, so original and startling in a lover, was almost justified by the facts in the case. The piquant prettiness of the girl's face, which had at first attracted him, was almost forgotten in the new charms which unfolded as their acquaintance progressed. Katharine could talk nonsense between dances with delightful abandon, but when a man was not in the mood for nonsense, she could meet him on his own ground. Grave or gay, by turns, equally ready for a game of golf, a flirtation, or an economic discussion, she seemed half-a-dozen girls in one; and Dorchester did not know which of the six was the most charming.

Dorchester had a prejudice against seaside engagements. "If she cares enough about me to marry me," he reflected, "she'll wait six weeks. And, if at the end of that time, I feel as I do now, by Jove, I won't wait a day longer." By dint of almost super-human self-control, he got through their last evening together without committing himself, and in the morning, when he took Katharine to the train, he asked her for her address in the city.

The girl did not answer with her usual frankness, nor did her eyes meet his. "I'm

going to be on the wing for a while," she said cautiously. "I'll send you a line when I'm settled again."

"But you'll let me write to you, won't you?" asked Dorchester, dismayed. This was something he had not counted on.

"I shall be too busy to answer any letters," answered Miss Elmslie, with decision. "Wait till you hear from me."

Dorchester felt so ill-used that he took refuge in aggrieved silence, and repented only as he watched the vanishing train which whirled Katharine from his sight. "I should have insisted," he told himself. "I should have refused to submit to anything so preposterous." But the mischief was done, and the only thing left was to wait with what grace he could muster for the promised letter.

Patience is not a masculine virtue. In the months that followed Dorchester experienced every imaginable form of resentment over Katharine's silence. At first he was only pale and abstracted, and jumped nervously at the sound of the postman's ring. Then he reached the cynical stage, and spent his leisure composing stinging epigrams on feminine heartlessness; following that, he plunged into desperate flirtations with half of the girls of his acquaintance, and when the reaction came refused all invitations and abjured society. And so the winter wore away, and the coming of spring found his pygmy passion grown to full stature. As he had strolled with Katharine on the shore, he had not known how much the charm of the moment was due to the moonlight, and how much to the magic of her eyes. Was it the touch of her hand that quickened his pulse, or the sound of distant music and the sighing of the sea? He had doubted then; but he doubted no longer. He told himself bitterly that he was a craven who had lost paradise by his indecision.

He met Claudia Ward at the entrance of the park one afternoon in April, and saun-

tered by her side along the paths bordered by elms, their branches tossing riotously, drunken with new sap. The steaming earth sent up its incense, and the crocuses were in bloom. For the time being, Dorchester lost the realization that life was a failure, and felt it distinctly pleasurable to have a pretty girl at his elbow, sweet and sympathetic and anxious to please.

At a bend in the path they came full upon a trio that almost blocked their way, a nurse-maid engineering a baby cab, with a small child clinging to her hand. As Dorchester fell back, allowing Miss Ward to precede, he glanced carelessly from the plump occupant of the cab to the girl behind it. For an instant all the blood in his body seemed to leap to his brain. There was a roaring in his ears, and his heart plunged. He had just sense enough to snatch off his hat, a greeting to which Katharine responded with a curt little nod, and then she had passed on. He stood like a man in a trance, listening to the crunching of the wheels of the baby-cab on the wet gravel, and Miss Ward looked around, wonderingly, and asked if anything were the matter.

How Dorchester excused himself and got away from the park he never knew. He was in an agony of humiliation, not for himself, but for her. His pride revolted; not that he had fallen in love with a servant, but that she had stooped to such a masquerade. She had made him the dupe of one of those deceptions with which the humorous journals had familiarized him, but his shame and resentment were for her sake, not for his own. In the midst of his torment, Dorchester could have laughed, as he realized that he had passed with the barest greeting the woman for whose summons he had been waiting so long—the woman he had hoped to marry. He told himself bitterly that it was better so. Reproaches were as futile as excuses. Silence was the only thing possible between them forevermore.

From dark to dawn he was in a dozen moods; but by morning his chief desire was to see her again. Since she could not plead her own cause, the heart of her lover defended her. After all, where was the deception? She had only taken her rightful place among her equals. Who of the women he had known had a right to look down on her because of her brains or her breeding? Who

of them could hold a candle to her in wit, or tact or charm? Dorchester cursed himself for a cad that he had given her up even in thought. If he had been severe with her, he was merciless with himself.

Dorchester took to haunting the park, till the policemen and peanut venders recognized him as a permanent acquisition, and gave him friendly greetings. He saw nothing more of Katharine, but he met Claudia Ward with a frequency which upset the accepted theory that this is a world of chance. Dorchester did not have much to say to Claudia, but he did not mind hearing her talk, while he kept watch for the other woman, a type* of generosity characteristic of his sex.

At last patience was rewarded. Late one afternoon Dorchester looked up to reply to some observation of his companion, and on a parallel path he saw a trim nurse-maid manipulating a baby-cab, and leading a little girl by the hand. Her chin was up, as when they had led the grand march together at the hotel hops, and she moved as lightly as she had floated through the waltz, in his arms. Dorchester's heart leaped up.

"Excuse me. I wish to speak to a friend," he said. Miss Ward, who had followed his eyes and seen his face, answered stiffly, "Don't let me detain you." There was more than resentment in her voice; there was dismay, wounded pride, even appeal, but all this was lost on Dorchester. He was too much a man to think of two women at the same time, and he ran across the grass, his heart full of the thoughts of one. The round-eyed baby screwed its head about to look at him, and the little girl peered up shyly, but Katharine stared straight ahead.

"You didn't write to me," said Dorchester. All at once he felt master of the situation.

"I have been busy. You know I expected to be," returned Katharine demurely.

"I want to see you," continued the young man. "Will you be at home tomorrow evening?"

"I'm not allowed followers." Katharine's voice was forbidding, but a dimple broke the curve of her cheek. Then she added, "And I can't give you my address."

"Then I'm going along with you, and I'll find it for myself," said Dorchester kindly. He laid his hand on the firm little fingers clutching the handle of the baby-cab, and rejoiced to feel that they were trembling.

Dorchester was as good as his word. He accompanied Katharine and her charges home, and at the gate raised his hat, saying "*Au revoir.*" And, though Katharine shook her head and looked at him with sweetly reproachful eyes, he went away undisturbed. But when he presented himself the following evening, the man who opened the door assured him that there was no Miss Elmslie in the house; and Dorchester's explanation brought no more cheering information than that the nurse-maid had given up her place and left that morning; the footman adding affably that she was a capable young person who had given great satisfaction.

"Can't you get me her address?" asked Dorchester, taking a bill from his pocket, and the man departed with an evident intention of earning the money. But after some minutes he returned chagrined. The girl had not left her address. Perhaps he might find ~~out~~ something later. She had been very friendly with the housekeeper, and had promised to write.

The only thing left was to be a man—if he could. Dorchester threw himself into his work feverishly; went out every evening, and hardly slept at all. The consequence was that when he presented himself at his friend's, Mrs. Holland's, ten days later, she exclaimed at sight of him.

"Your mother told me you were working too hard," she said, "but I never dreamed it was as bad as this. Now I'm going to introduce you to a charming girl, who will make you forget business for a time, if I'm not mistaken. You are to take her in to dinner, you know. Miss Elmslie, let me present Mr. Dorchester."

Katharine's greeting was the model of courteous composure, but Dorchester was at the end of his resources. The strain of

the winter had told upon him. He looked at her vacantly, and his chin quivered like a child's.

"For God's sake, Katharine," he said, "if there is any explanation; if you have anything to tell me, don't wait."

"Come here," said Katherine. She led the way to the music room, which happened to be unoccupied, and turned upon him a flushed face and eyes that were frankly kind.

"There isn't much to tell. It's simple and silly, and not even original. But the editor of a woman's magazine was awfully kind to me when I was getting my first start as a writer, and I couldn't break my word to him. The winter before I met you, I promised him a series of articles on the working woman; and to write them I had to find out something on the subject. I've been all kinds of things since I saw you—a factory hand, a waitress in a restaurant, a dressmaker's apprentice—Oh, everything you can think of."

She looked at Dorchester timidly, and seemed encouraged by his expression to continue: "People who have read the articles say they're pretty good. They ought to be; they cost enough. But I haven't much confidence in them, myself; for I didn't put my heart into them, as I usually do in my work. I wanted—"

She floundered for a moment, and Dorchester came to her rescue. "What was it that you wanted, dearest?"

"Not much," she answered, with her old sauciness. "Just you."

There was something else that Dorchester wanted. It might not have been much, but there was no question about his wanting it. And he got it, too, just as the voice of Mrs. Holland's butler was heard announcing that dinner was served.



THE DAUGHTER OF THE MAN WITH THE HOE

By E. B. H.

"When it was dark!"

If you had seen her on a certain morning early in September in the middle of Wesley Court, punching her unfortunate victim, whose identity was so hidden beneath the rapidity and violence of the blows that it was hard to recognize in the squirming piece of flesh one whom you had called a "girl," you might have thought that it was a case of mistaken heredity, and that this punching marionette was not really the daughter of "The Man with the Hoe," but was the lineal descendant of "The Man with the Fists!"

Amid the yells of her victim and the growing appreciation of a fast-gathering audience, Anna Buttinsky planted herself, Turk fashion, on the top of Polly Sinsky, and in a tone eloquent in its effect of subdued scorn veiled with withering sweetness, said, "Oh, Polly Sinsky! Fade away, Honey! It's Anna Buttinsky that has smashed yer! Fade away, my dear! It's only owing to my great goodness of heart, dear, that yer's not jelly already! Let's see! Yer *are* a good piece of gelatine now, aren't yer? Yer *will* tell the teacher on me, will yer? Take *that*, and *that*, honey!"—but Annie, like many another in their hour of triumph, had forsaken caution. In her intoxication of joy, and in her last punch, she miscalculated and lost her balance!

Polly had been waiting for this moment, and with one supreme effort sprawled to her feet and broke through the crowd, just as the bell near-by sounded a warning that compulsory education is one of the fallacies of this benighted land. It was this, and this alone, that saved Polly.

By the time they reached the school door victor and victim were together, and it speaks well for the restraining influences of our great educational system that both of the children reached their seats alive and in a comparatively good condition to begin their daily labors—for the little affair in Wesley Court

was merely daily exercise that apparently was keeping them both in good physical condition.

With hand jerking in the air, but with all connection lost between the operation and permission to speak, Polly rushed to her teacher's desk. "Annie Buttinsky smashed me!" she whimpered—Polly always whimpered. "I *said* I'd tell teacher!" she whimpered again, but triumphantly this time. Have you ever heard a triumphant whimper? It is a wonderful combination in tones to stir up the passions of an enemy, but don't try it yourself unless you are under cover!

Polly *was* under cover! Without even pretending to jerk the air, Annie spoke. "Sneak!" coldly and deliberately she hissed.

Poor Polly was "smashed" again, and back to her seat slunk, defeated, to find her comfort in a wad of chewing gum that, with a wonderfully provident eye for the future, she had stored for just some such "bad hour."

With an air of conscious greatness, "Annie the Smasher" retired behind the pages of her history, to devise new means of punishment for her enemy.

The teacher looked at the two little girls, and her heart sank within her. Polly Sinsky was not a child to pleasantly hold anyone's attention. Neither was Anna Buttinsky, and yet in the latter was a suggestion of possibilities, almost intangible, that the weaker face of Polly lacked.

There was no doubt that Annie Buttinsky was an ugly-looking child, excepting when interested in something. As there was just one thing in the universe, so far in her career that she had found interesting, and that thing was fighting the world in general, and fighting Polly in particular, it would seem, if the principle of peaceful arbitration once entered her system of philosophy, that ever afterward she would lose all opportunity for looking beautiful.

Short, thick-set, with dingy, coarse black

hair that nature had grown too low upon the forehead, and whom Annie herself had assisted in her mistake; strong but too pronounced features; big white animal teeth, thick lips, large nose, swarthy skin:—this was all Annie, but there was more besides, and that *more* was *eyes*. Usually they were dull and stolid, but when she was fighting you forgot she had any other feature, just by looking at them. You felt all the forces of an imprisoned animal through them, trying to find expression.

I suppose there must have been moments somewhere away back in the child's history when those eyes gave forth a real soul-light, and showed forth tender possibilities, but now it was "When it was dark" with Annie, and her eyes had long ago forgotten that they had a soul-language.

The teacher looked at her, munching an apple in supposed secrecy behind her history, and thought, "An eating, fighting little animal!" Had that little face once been illumined with light from above? Was it possible to ever give back to her "the upward look?"

Annie and Polly lived in neighboring "first floor backs." It was a good thing for Annie, and perhaps not so bad a thing after all for Polly.

Ever since she could remember, Annie's great diversion in life had been to "smash" Polly. A head shorter than Polly, Annie had found in her a cowardly element that to her own temperament was the climax of exasperation.

The days went on, and once in a while the teacher would catch some half-tender, half-wistful look from the "eyes" that made her wonder if Annie Buttinsky was not, after all, gaining a little in moral strength, but this hope was always suddenly dashed by universal complaints:—"Annie whispered on the stairs!" "Please, Annie Buttinsky is in the recess yard, sticking her hatpin into everyone!" and the inevitable whimper from Polly, "Please teacher, Annie says she'll smash me!"

One morning, unmindful of monitors or rules, Annie rushed into the room and up to the desk, "Please, Miss Brown, may I go out on the street and mash her?"

"What! Annie!" said the teacher in despair.

"Mash her! Polly Sinsky! She said

you could go to h—, and I said you *shouldn't*; and I'm going to mash her to pieces this time, and I wouldn't do it on the stairs, because I think too much of you; but please may I go out on the street and have it?"

Poor little girl! The teacher realized for the first time there *was* a force strong enough, temporarily at least, to prevent Annie from fighting. Surely that meant a great deal!

The class that day was reading "A Man Without a Country," and Annie seemed much interested. When the story was ended, the teacher tried faithfully to show them all what a beautiful thing it would be to carry out the advice of Nolan, "To forget one had a self and live for others." "In everything," said she enthusiastically, "we should prefer another's pleasure, good and honor to our own. This afternoon, children, I shall want you to write a short composition on this very thought. The school is dismissed."

Annie passed by her teacher with eyes shining. "Light *is* coming!" thought the teacher. "I do believe I have a gift in teaching ethics!"

This delightful self-complacency was rudely broken in upon by a report from the lower floor—"Pauline Sinsky was whispering!"

"Oh, dear!" thought Miss B., "It may be unfair and small in me, but I am so glad it *wasn't* Annie! I do just love that child, somehow, because of her possibilities, I guess."

As soon as the children came back at noon, and before Miss B. had a chance to attend to Polly's case, Annie, with eyes still shining and a new light in her whole face, rushed up to the teacher's desk. "Please, Miss B., Polly Sinsky *didn't* whisper this morning on the stairs! *I* whispered! It was all me!"

"O! You! Annie!" exclaimed Miss B. "Oh! Annie! how *could* you?"

The light was not quite so bright, but her lips were firmly pressed together as she answered quite cheerfully, "Yes, ma'am! *I* whispered! It *wasn't* Polly!"

"Oh! Annie, I am so discouraged! I thought I could trust you. I thought you were gaining strength, but I have done my best, and it is no use! I see no other way out of it. You must go down in the eighth grade!"

"Oh, teacher, please, oh, please don't! You don't mean *that*, do you?"

"Yes, Annie! I am sorry, but I have tried you so many times without success that I feel I *can't* keep you in my class any longer. You may go down in the eighth!"

"O-o-o-o!" sobbed Annie. Who had ever heard Annie Buttinsky sob before? "Oh, Miss B., I didn't whisper! I *didn't* whisper at all! Polly whispered, herself, but you said to 'forget yourself and remember others,' and poor Polly is always getting smashed, and so I thought I could stand being punished better than Polly; and so I just said, 'I *did* it; but I didn't think you would put me down! Oh, dear!—I don't want to live for others, at all, I don't! I don't like it! I don't like it at all! Oh! oh! oh!"

Poor little girl! The way of the philanthropist is sometimes hard!—"but the spirit *moved* upon the face of the deep!" The year was advancing, and so was Annie.

Annie Buttinsky never lied excepting when she had been badly taught in ethics.

Polly Sisonsky always lied if she was sure of not being found out.

I suppose the greatest of tyrants has his moments of magnanimity, and so had Annie. What a success she would have been at Eton in the days of fagging!

She had once honestly tried to save Polly from punishment, and had failed through the cruel stupidity of a teacher. She yet would succeed somehow! Polly lied! Polly must stop lying, and she, Annie, would assist her. It was not long before the opportunity she sought presented itself.

She had not given Polly a bite of her apple one afternoon on her way to school, and Polly was an Indian in resentment and treachery.

What was this she was hearing? Yes! it was Polly's whimper at the teacher's desk. "Annie smashed me in the dressing-room this noon!"

"Did you, Annie?" severely asked the teacher, not doubting for a moment the truth of the statement.

Now, strange to say, this was one of the few days of the calendar year in which Annie had restrained herself from her usual pastime. What should she say? If she said "No," it would prove Polly a liar; if she said "Yes," she herself would be one, and a *punished* one, too! She was in a dilemma. Then a bright thought came. "Please, Miss B.—oh, please let me see Polly just for a moment in the ante-room!

Oh, please; I *must* see her, and then you may smash me all you want!"

What *could* any teacher do under such conditions? To tell the truth, before that teacher had *decided*, Annie was towing a reluctant Polly into the ante-room. Like all wise people when in doubt, the teacher waited.

Annie deliberately closed the doors, and there was a sound of a scuffle, and then a whimper.

Then the doors were coolly opened, and the two little girls, one whimperingly and the other scornfully, marched slowly back to the teacher's desk.

"I will answer your question now, Miss B. Yes, I smashed Polly this noon in the ante-room, to teach her not to lie! Now you may smash me all you want to!" What could any teacher do with such an invitation?

So the days went by. To a tired teacher, perhaps the main difference between the early days of the term and now, was that occasionally a day did go by in which Polly arrived safely at its termination "*un-smashed*."

In vain did Miss B. plead and threaten by turns. Annie still had her fights; Annie still was constantly reported for misconduct by the teachers of the building. There was, to be sure, a change in the school-room. Annie was trying to be good to her own teacher, but one afternoon she had been unusually troublesome. Seemingly, from a teacher's point of view, there was nothing too bad for Annie to do. No solar light came from impish eyes that afternoon. "What would happen before four o'clock?" nervously thought the teacher.

Sometimes she *feared* rather than admired Annie's possibilities.

"I believe the child is not one whit better than when she came to my room," she sadly thought for the hundredth time.

The class was very busy reading "The Little Lame Prince." Annie was casting reflections on the wall with a little piece of broken mirror, to the delight of the good little boy at the end of the row.

Suddenly the mirror was put away, and Annie was as busily reading. Was this mere pretense? No, for the remaining ten minutes she read steadily on to herself, of course losing her place with the class; but little did

that relieved teacher reck *such* an offense as worth noticing from Annie.

At last the four o'clock gong struck, and, believing the worst was over for that day, the teacher dismissed the class. But in the ante-room the evil moment could wait no longer, and it was a stern individual who, after an exciting combat, separated two fighting girls.

"Oh, Annie!" she said, as the child sulkily took her seat, "there is nothing more I can do for you! You may sit there for half an hour, and then tell me what *you* think about it yourself!"

Strangely subdued, Annie sat quietly in her seat.

A sense of defeat, a feeling of helpless love for the little girl overflowed the teacher's heart, as, with arm around her, half an hour later, she said, "Annie, tell me, dear, why I haven't helped you more. You know I have wanted to! There is nothing on earth but what I would do, if it would only make you a good girl!"

A look of incredulity spread over Annie's face.

"I mean it, Annie. Is there *anything* I could get you; anything you specially want, that I could buy for you, to help make you better, dear?"

The child's eyes fell; and then a half-daring gleam of light came. "Yes'm" she answered abruptly.

"What, Annie?"

"Please, ma'am, do you remember what

'The Little Lame Prince' had given him! I had rather have that than anything else in the world!"

Now this teacher wasn't remarkable for her stupidity, but the only thing that occurred to her then as a gift of "The Little Lame Prince" was the *little white kitten*.

"Annie!" she exclaimed, "you shall have one! If there is a little white kitten in the whole city, you dear child, you! If you will only be good, and not 'smash' Polly any more!"

Impulsively she drew the little girl to her, and kissed the little downcast face!

Annie raised her head—or was it Annie?—that little sweet face with love-filled eyes and upward look? Had the promise of a white kitten worked these wonders?

Without a word, the little girl took her hat and went to the door. There she turned, and timidly—she had never been timid before—said, "Please, I'll never smash Polly again, as long as I live; but please I don't want any old white kitten. Oh! Miss B., don't you remember what the fairy godmother gave the little prince that we read about this afternoon? You know he'd never been kissed before—and—and—and I hadn't, either!"

The door went to with a bang, and the teacher was inside and the little girl was outside, but both were wearing the "upward look," for where "darkness had been, without form and void," the Eternal Love had said "Let there be Light!"

EVENING

AT morn the distant danger signals flying
A Told of a storm to be;
The moon at eve shown through a clearing skying;
The storm had blown to sea.
And so with many ills that dark the morning;
That threaten you and me—
At eve, despite the danger signal's warning,
The ills have blown to sea.

Bliss Putnam.

THAT FOOLISH NIECE OF MY UNCLE'S

By F. D. Barrows

I HAD refused to take any sort of a vacation, and had managed to keep my vow until now, in the last of September; and here I was, perched on the top of a stone wall, feeling almost poetic in my study of earthy, smelling ferns and tall golden-rod.

Uncles are funny things, and mine had said, "Get a sun-bonnet and a camera, and enjoy yourself for a few days. Shoving a pen isn't a bit of fun."

I had the sun-bonnet, an ancient affair belonging to a maiden aunt, and fished a Brownie off of an attic shelf, where it had been reposing since I wore pig-tails. All I needed was a place to stay nights, and that I had found in a Fresh Air Fund camp, cheap as dirt, if I would serve meals to fifty languishing, streets-of-New-York children. Sitting here on the wall, I had time to be glad that I had come.

It seems odd that orchards always have a gurgling brook, a little shadowy dell, and lovely sunsets of great puffy clouds; but they do, and this one near the wall was not an exception. The sunset at this moment was the best that I had ever seen. It was too late for a good picture, so of course I snapped it. Then suddenly my attention was caught by a movement down in the shade by the brook.

I saw a man there,—and fishing at this hour of the day. I had not even dreamed of seeing a man in this region, for the lake village was a rather deserted place. Such luck as he was having! He looked almost savage, sitting motionless for a long time, his line quiet and hanging loose over the water.

Now I did not want to do anything to attract his attention, but I was forced to, for a queer, cold feeling began to run down my spine, and as I looked down I saw something gliding across my shoe.

It was foolish, but I just screamed, and the man of the brook, probably catching a glimpse of my frantic jump from the wall, came running up the hill.

"Do you need any assistance?" he asked, as I stood aside laughing at his polite manner as much as at my actions. He was good to look at, and his eyes were just longing to laugh. I glanced from him to the wall. What should I do next?

"It was a nasty little snake—and I didn't mean to disturb your fishing. He went right in there!" I cried breathlessly, and, having found my voice, I lost it again and advanced upon the wall, jabbing a stick into a crack, viciously. Then I looked up. I examined the orchard, trying to find some way to escape, for I was a fright in the old sunbonnet and a dress of first century style. I would not go over that wall, so I started to go around it, after thanking and bidding the fisherman good-bye. Half-way down the hill, I heard someone calling me. There he was again, and he was waving something in the air.

"This is yours, isn't it?" and he held out the camera. I certainly felt foolish in taking that tiny article and trying to do it gracefully. We both saw the fun in it, and I don't know how I answered the remark he made.

When I reached my tent, I took out the films, although the last picture I had snapped was only the second in the roll, and, after a rather hasty developing, I found what I wanted—the fisherman. Then it was time to serve the "languishing" some supper.

The next day was glorious. I had the queerest longings for some real home-made sugar cookies, and I knew where I could get some, too,—in a little cottage around the bend in the lake, at an old lady's whom the Fresh Air people called Aunt Phoebe. I had known her before they had, however, for she had come very near marrying my uncle once, and I knew how those brittle cookies tasted. The door of my tent flapped and flapped in the breeze, until I could stand it no longer. It was four o'clock, but I

started. Not a chick nor child was to be seen, and I concluded that they were all bathing in the lake. That reminded me of a canoe down there, which I might use whenever I pleased, but this time I decided to walk.

I climbed over that stone wall rather gingerly, and gave a hasty glance over the field. The same odor of damp fern came to me, the brook sparkled, but the shadowy place was empty. All was quiet and deserted. I did experience a pang of disappointment, though I could not have explained why.

I was soon hurrying up the path to the back door, around which the chickens were swarming, and where two or three cats lay sunning themselves. The door was half-open, so I stepped inside and walked through the house, calling for my Aunt Phoebe. Only a little echo came back at first, and then, "Out here!" came a masculine voice from the porch.

I actually jumped; but I knew that I must be mistaken. Then I looked cautiously, and saw. It was the fisherman, and he was watching the door very intently. When he saw me peering out, he laughed.

"Why, it is the fisherman!" I cried, stepping out and smiling myself.

"Yes, the would-be. Pardon me for not rising, but my foot is slightly disabled." He extended his hand, and I gave him mine.

Then we became friends. The water and the sky smiled near us, and we had to be jolly, for the day itself seemed to take right hold of me, somehow. He told me that A. P. had gone up the shore to watch the bathing, so I found the cookies myself, and brought them out on the porch, box and all, and there we sat, munching and talking.

I found out that he was Aunt Phoebe's nephew, here for just a few weeks of rest. He had fallen over some of the stupid plant boxes which she keeps spread about, and his foot was now resting artistically on a pile of books. It was odd that these few things should take so long to talk over, but I happened to glance in at the clock, and I had just fifteen minutes to get back to the tents and supper. A. P. had not returned, so I piled the box and what remained of the cookies back into the pantry, promising to pay the next time I came. He said he hoped it would be soon. And then, when I was walking home, I remembered that I had worn

that disreputable dress and sun-bonnet again, and wondered if he had meant it.

I spent four days trying to master that canoe, and on the fourth day I felt skillful enough to go around the point in it to Aunt Phoebe's, and leave an order of the matron's for bread. Two other motives led me there. One was to pay for the cookies, and the other to "show off" before Aunt Phoebe's nephew.

I produced the desired effect, for he expressed deep awe and admiration for the wonderful way in which I handled the paddle; and then A. P. invited me to eat dinner with them the next day. And, strangely enough, something seemed to bring me to the cottage every day, and one night, when A. P. was gripped in the claws of the gout, I stayed to kill a chicken and peel potatoes for the fisherman's supper.

A week had flown by, and two days besides, but Uncle wrote me to stay another week, and I was perfectly willing to do so.

Then I heard his name—A. P. always called him "Willy," but I fought against this as the right one, and he had taken a wicked delight in keeping his from me, as a punishment for my concealing my own,—of course I mean my first name. I had started to kill a chicken, and he was squawking most horribly. I heard a stir on the porch, as a chair was pushed back, and then a loud, "Confound it, anyway!" He explained afterward that he had wanted to assist at this slaughter, and his foot had refused to allow it. From the cotch in the kitchen I heard A. P. cry in horror, "Wilson Roberts! What a temper!"

I went out where he sat. The chicken grasped by the neck in my hand was flapping his wings and uttering a few last croaks. "It's Wilson, is it? That's great," was my brilliant remark.

His face became red, and he almost sulked. I went home and sulked, too. A name—what's a name, anyway? It might be Pat, for all I cared.

The rain just poured down for the longest stretch of time. It seemed weeks, but it was really only a day or two, and the poor children languished more than ever. I tried amusing them until the afternoon of the second day, then, armed with umbrella, I walked out to forget the throng of gaping mouths and uncombed, damp-smelling heads.

I found Mr. Wilson sitting by a lovely open fire in Aunt Phoebe's parlor, and he was reading poetry! At least, he had been, for the book now lay with its covers up across his knee.

"This blooming weather," he began.

"Drives you to this," I finished for him, picking up the book and reading at the place at which it was opened. It was Riley's "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." I was foolish enough to say, "I just love poetry."

"All girls do. I suppose because it's about love," he mumbled sarcastically.

I felt my face grow warm and kept my eyes on the book, reading over and over:

"The mill above the river,
And the mist above the stream,"

until my own eyes felt misty with angry tears, I replied, "Still feel sulky, don't you? And why do you read poetry?"

A. P. was rattling dishes out in the sink, and was wholly unconscious that the storm had entered the house. He leaned over and took the book from my hands. His fingers barely touched mine in doing so, but as usual, I blushed; and when I glanced up his face looked as if he felt the same way.

"We won't have any more poetry today, if you please. By the way, A. P. condescended today to tell me your name. So I am no longer in the sulks. Let's try something of George Ade's—Ceil."

The rain came in a steady patter against the windows, the fire crackled and Aunt Phoebe's parlor was heavenly. I sat, tailor-fashion, in front of the fire, and gazing steadily into the glowing coals, I listened to the best reading I had ever heard. A. P. brought in her mending, rocked and listened, too; it was so "comfy" and so jolly. Finally the voice stopped, but still I sat looking into the fire; then I saw from the corner of my eye that Wilson seemed to be staring into the same spot. A. P. had gone, where and when I could not have told. It was getting late, so swallowing a sigh, I jumped up and smoothed my hair. He tried to get up, too, but settled down again, scowling.

"Shall I say it?" I laughed a little steadily, for I felt ridiculously happy.

Wilson leaned from his chair and reached for my hand as I passed him to go out, but I did just what I didn't want to do, and that was to step back, beyond his chair. I left him there, scowling, but I laughed all the

way home. It's a wonder I didn't cry, for I was hysterical with suppressed feeling.

Only five days left! I determined to go to the lake cottage but once more, for the place had a very bad effect on me. I passed the four days wretchedly enough, and wondered if Wilson Roberts was feeling at all lonely. I hoped he was. Every time I walked into my tent I was forced to look at the picture I had snapped in the orchard. It was mounted now, and looked very nice.

One afternoon, as I was admiring it, I heard a quick step outside of the tent, and had just time to whisk it under my bed when the matron walked in and told me that if I would go over to Aunt Phoebe's and get some eggs, she would serve in my place at supper.

Little shivers of joy ran up and down my spine—a peculiar habit of mine. I was almost feverish in my haste to get down to the canoe. It was worse than when I had had useless "crushes" at school, long ago. And so, as I paddled along, I was thinking of Aunt Phoebe's nephew. I hoped that his foot was better now. Perhaps his vacation was over, and only memories of him were left at the lonely little cottage.

I tried to be stern, and think that I had been too friendly. Of course he was jolly and boyish, even if his hair was a wee bit gray, but I did go into things too deeply sometimes.

Perhaps the fact that Uncle would never allow any of the boys to say "boo" to me was the reason for my enjoying the society of this big boy so much. It might be the novelty of the fact—but I felt that this had nothing to do with it. But how foolish to feel at all! I hoped that he had gone.

However, I could not account for the strangely glad and relieved feeling which I found was taking possession of me as I walked up the beach and saw him sitting there in the dusk of early evening.

He rose from the shadows and the sand, a great spot of blackness, which, when it neared me, showed strength, square shoulders and his pleasant, friendly face. He took the pipe from his mouth, and held out his hand.

"I've waited for you every night," he reproached me.

Then, as we stood there, I said, very gently for me, "Your foot is better, then? I am glad."

"And you thought of that, did you?" he laughed, very softly for him. "Yes, that is well. But haven't you been hungry all this time? A. P. made some fine cookies this morning."

I told him not to mention it, for we had been living on fish and hard-tack, and that I was famished. I started up the path to the house. A. P. sat rubbing her glasses and trying to read in the twilight. When I stepped in, she came up to me quickly.

"Why, where have you been, Ceil? We haven't had tea yet; we must have been waiting for you. Come, sit down," she said, as she kissed me.

I was perfectly willing to sit down and eat; and it seemed most natural to sit at the head of the table in Aunt Pheobe's place, and pour the tea for her. And then it was such fun to peer over the top of the lamp, or one side of it, to ask if "his" cup was empty; just as if he were Uncle, my brother—or yes—a husband. I suddenly felt confused at this free thought, and that was the reason I answered, "Yes, old sport," when he asked me for the cream.

A. P. choked in surprise. Wilson Roberts leaned back in his chair and laughed—laughed at my embarrassment, until I managed to laugh, too.

After I had helped A. P. wipe the dishes, and Wilson had put them away clumsily, I packed my eggs, and then said good-bye. Wilson lighted his pipe again, and we walked down the path to the beach. An old row-boat here was just the thing to rest on while we talked.

"May I paddle you back to camp, when you go? I have not been able to do a thing for you since the first day I saw you. This foot—"

"What was that?" I cried, and jumped up, turning at the sudden noise in the sand behind us. A little cry came from the darkness, "Daddie!"

Wilson looked about in surprise, then reproached himself, "The poor kidlet! Why, we ate supper without her, and this is only her second day here!"

I drew back in the darkness and stood rigid. I seemed frozen, speechless, numb; then a little feeling began to grow and grow somewhere within me, until it had become a perfect mountain of anger and hate. He returned in a moment with a squirming bun

idle, which he seated on the boat. Then he lighted a match and held it in the baby face.

"Won't you come nearer, and become acquainted with my Star?" he asked gently, taking me by the arm and bringing me into the light. I know that my face was white and expressionless as I leaned forward and looked to adore the baby face with the starry eyes. The eyes studied me closely, then, holding out one tiny arm, she said shyly, "Feel my mush." This relieved the strain of the whole situation. With a hard little laugh, almost a sob, I gathered the Star close, and kissed her.

"Good-night," I whispered against her cheek.

Wilson offered to help me, but before he could put Star down and reach the water, I was going. Alone in the boat, I could scarcely move. Were his eyes just a trifle wet when I kissed the child? Ugh! Child! I almost shivered. How could I even think of him? Then, to my disgust, I had to lean my head down on my arms, to hid the tears from the darkness. Suddenly I lifted my head.

"Ceil! Ceil!" came a voice from the shore. Another of my joy-and-fear shivers seized me. "Ceil!" This time it was almost a command.

"Yes! Who is it?" I answered, defiantly, but nevertheless paddling toward shore. Someone stepped to the side of the canoe, quickly, as I beached. It was very dark and still. Then a hand touched mine.

It was only for a moment that we stood thus; for I began to feel angry, and I wondered also just what he was going to say. Then a very calm voice remarked, "Ceil, you are coming tomorrow?"

I longed to say "Yes, yes, of course," but, instead, the words came out in a flat, lifeless way, "No, I shall not come again." I almost choked.

"You won't come?" he persisted, standing close to me in the blackness. "I am going tomorrow—and if I can't get over to that Fresh Air place to see you—you have been crying," he exclaimed, just as if he had been speaking to a one-year-old.

I turned away. "No more than you have," I answered, not caring whether it was so or not.

"Shall I let you go on like this, or shall I think you are merely in the sulks tonight?"

I looked back, and the hot words tumbled out, "You have no right to think anything, either way, about me—so, good-night."

"Then, I will make—" he began again, but I just stopped it, for I knew that I should not hold out much longer.

"I cannot listen to you another minute." Then I pushed off from the beach, leaving him standing alone on the sand. But all the while I was longing to go back over the water to him.

I tried to think on my way back to camp. My anger, disgust and hatred of myself seemed to make me strong, and that canoe fairly shot through the water, its little lantern bobbing up and down unsteadily. All sorts of ideas just seethed through my head. What right had he to talk to me as he had, and that child sitting back there on the boat? Was he a so-called grass widower, or just a common widower, or neither? I laughed chokingly. Why hadn't A. P. told me? And through it all I felt hurt, and a sharp pain came in my throat—after our pleasant companionship. But that was ended.

When I walked into camp my own troubles all had to be banished, for I found a bilious-looking telegram waiting for me, and had to pack for the next train. Uncle was not well, and my vacation must be ended. And I really felt that the summons had come at an opportune moment, because the situation was too involved for me to disentangle, and I could not have trusted my self to stay in the camp of the "languishing" for another day. When I stood all ready to start, I found the picture under the bed, where I had stuffed it earlier in the afternoon. With just a glance at it, half smiling, half tearful, I pushed it into my bag, among my gloves and my money. This would keep it near me.

All through the months of work that followed I was a hopeful creature. Like all inconsistent people, I trusted that the impossible might happen, which I myself was not brave enough to accomplish, and this was that, somehow, somewhere, I should see Wilson Roberts again, and we would be the jolly companions we had been for two short weeks in the autumn. Strangely enough, I refused to think of Star, and believed that what I hoped might be possible.

I was far too busy a person, writing days and keeping house for Uncle nights, to think of anyone much, but it was in the twilights,

when I rested for a few moments and sat reading alone, that I dreamed wild things. Perhaps Uncle would be studying a new sonata or giving some lessons in his study across the hall, and the harmony would steal in close to my heart.

One night, as I sat here, I spied my unopened mail lying on the table. Mail usually is dull and uninteresting, and I was never in any hurry to open it, but tonight I made a dive for it, and afterward I was glad I had dived.

My desk was piled high with uncorrected work, and it was growing dark, but still I sat reading that letter over and over. Across the hall Uncle was playing a soft overture to one of his scholars; outside, the rain spattered against the windows, and willingly enough I thought of another rainy afternoon in the autumn.

I felt wildly happy as I sat smiling down on those sheets of paper, for a long time. So many thoughts came rushing over me that I was bewildered. First, there was joy—and then sorrow—then joy again. It was all clear now.

The letter was from A. P., and just full of news of Wilson Roberts. He was off in some outlandish place, building a bridge, and she had news for him. He had left Star behind with her—of course I remembered Star? I shivered at the remembrance! Star had been taken away and was to live with some of her parents' relatives. Of course I knew that she wasn't Wilson's child—simply the child of a dead friend of his. Here I almost fainted! The idea had flashed into Aunt Phoebe's head that perhaps I had thought she belonged to Wilson, and that was why I had expressed such a loathing for him in my letters. He had mentioned that to her, for she had told him some of the things I had said about him in them. Here I cried. And to think I had forbidden her to give him the slightest clue as to where I lived. (Just as if he might have wanted it!) Of course, now he had no time to search out a silly girl, when he had bridges to build. A. P. could not tell when he would be back, but he had promised to visit her some time in the winter. Then I formed wild plans.

I had always taken things in the very worst form. Uncle often said that my face had been the reddest along the block when I caught the measles; that, without doubt, I

had cost him a small fortune in sling-shots and windows. And now I tried to think that I was not having something else in its worst form. Else why such plans? And this only goes to prove that uncles should not prevent nieces from having unlimited numbers of boy friends, for one is apt to be overwhelming.

Then I folded my letter, tucking it away in my dress, and when Uncle came in a few moments later, I had lighted the reading lamp and was pulling the curtains together. He looked at me in amazement, for I was humming a little song. I had been grim for months.

I spoke after he had asked me what was up. I explained that since he had planned a trip to some wonderful musical convention for the coming holidays, that I should spend New Year week in a wee excursion of my own. He asked me no questions, for he has always respected my queer notions, as I have his. So three days later I locked the empty house and started for Aunt Phoebe's, trying to convince myself that all I wished to see was the lake, the sky and A. P.

There was only one daily train at the lake village, and when I stepped off at the tiny station, familiar as I was with the place, I felt lonesome. It was two long miles to Aunt Phoebe's, and if I wished to reach there before dark, I would need to hurry.

I seemed always to be hurrying to Aunt Phoebe's in the dusk. The cold crisp air with its spicy odors of pine and fir made me fairly dance along, and before it was the least bit dark I was chasing the chickens away from her back door. Now I began to feel happy. I had neglected going through the orchard, purposely, for I did not care for any surplus emotions; I had with me all I could take care of.

I walked into the kitchen, but saw no one. Then I stepped into the little room A. P. had used as her parlor. Tea was on a tiny table, set for three. I was disappointed; I had not expected to find visitors at Aunt Phoebe's. I spied pink salmon on shining, curly leaves of lettuce, and realized that I was hungry. The last of the sunset glow shone through the curtains and lighted up the cozy room; a salty log crackled in the fireplace, and an old black tabby lay curled up before it, sleeping. I threw off my coat and hat, and squatted down before the fire,

gathering the cat's warm body into my arms. How contented I was.

Nestling the cat's head under my chin, I opened my bag and pulled out a picture. The edges were worn, but the back of the fisherman was just as expressive as ever, and I wanted to feel that I was listening to the rain again and a voice reading George Ade. Then I began to be ashamed. Of course, I had not expected to find Wilson Roberts here, but I had come, hoping; and that was almost as bad. Then I saw the table again, set for three. Might he not be one of the three? I felt a sudden desire to throw on my hat and coat again, and run back to the station. It was not customary for girls to place themselves in the way of the one person they happened to like. I should have stayed at home—but then, I had run away from Wilson, why shouldn't I come back?

Someone behind me suddenly laughed. I forgot everything else at that instant. I knew that the person I most longed and most feared to see, stood there, so I turned and looked right up into his eyes—and looked away again in double quick time!

I could not get up, so Wilson came to me; knelt down and put his arm about my shoulders, holding something under my eyes. It was a picture of myself, sitting on a stone wall, sun-bonnet and all.

"You see I have one, too. I've been admiring myself, though, for the last five minutes."

"Where did you get it?" I asked breathlessly.

"Why, I snapped it long before you saw me, that afternoon. I sat and admired the original of it until I wanted to keep her. And I got you."

"Did you?" I asked saucily, looking up. But I had not expected to find his head so close and his eyes so searching, and I looked down again, almost losing my senses.

"I wish I knew. It is something I have been torturing myself about all the winter. Do you know, I half expected to find you here some time today. If you had not appeared, I was coming after you tonight," and, to my dismay, he took my chin in his hand and made me look up. "I was going to give up bridge-building in the fall, and hunt you up. Do you think because A. P. refused to tell me where your home was, that

I could not have found you, Ceil Warner?" I looked down, and knew that he could have. "That was a mean way you deserted me that night. How was I to know what you meant; and I don't know yet—or what crazy idea you had taken into your little head. Please don't tremble so, Ceil." But his hand trembled, too, under my chin. Then he did not talk any more, but left me alone on the rug, and walked up and down the room, scowling.

I felt as if the spell was about to be broken, and I was longing to hear him speak again. So I did stop trembling, and ran up to him, and took him by the shoulders, trying to shake him a little.

"Now stop being cross right away. I suppose you," I began, then ended hopelessly. I tried again. "You suppose I am thinking

of—Star, but I'm not,—I am thinking about you."

It could not have been what I said that made him look at me so steadily, so it must have been the way I said it. My moment's bravery left me, and there I stood not daring to take my hands from his shoulders, for fear I should sit down on the floor in a limp heap; and in a second I could not, for he was holding me so close that I could scarcely breathe, and he just made me tell him how much I loved him before he had even told me that he loved me at all. But he did afterward, and it took so long to do it, that it became dark, and we heard voices on the porch.

"It's A. P. and your uncle!" Wilson whispered, grasping my other hand—for he already had one. So this was Uncle's important convention! But Wilson and I scooted.

CROOKED TOE

By Charles Edward Hewitt

PA!" said Warren Townsend, between snuffling gasps, as he "cleaned up" preparatory for the noonday meal; "thet dratted prize turkey hen we hed shipped from New York stole a nest some'eres in ther bresh. I seen her sneakin' in this forenoon with ther same 'haven't done nothin'" kind o' look Carlo Purp has when he's ben hidin' a bone. I've fixed her, howsomever. The next speckled beauties'll be set in ther old feed be'l; unless she hists her blame carcass over eight foot o' wire fence."

Thus 'mid tangled brier and odorous pine, a blue-blooded offspring of civilization kicked a way into being, midst ten gasping, moist cousins of the wild; in whose sylvan birthplace he had been unceremoniously placed while yet in an embryo state of egg-hood. It was at the very threshold of his momentous career that the little brown-mottled fellow obtained that which distinguished him henceforth from all his kind, and proved in later life such a menace to his existence. As he rolled out of his clinging shell, the great mid-

dle toe of a wildly gyrating right foot became entangled in a loose thread of adhesive shell skin; and during the long struggle for life which ensued (lasting fully five minutes) the imprisoned member was drawn around outward, the skin thread then taking a turn about the right little toe, forming a very effectual bind. When the little turkey was at last free of his shell, the contorted member was still held in its strange position; and ere the skin bandage had worn away, the pliable cartilage had set in a perfect semicircle.

This defect in his lower extremity troubled Crooked Toe not at all. He stole up to unsuspecting flies, crouched at the maternal warnings, and yanked off tender tops of young grass blades with all the abandon of a truly concentrated nature. He could stretch fully half an inch higher than the largest of his mates, consequently obtaining many choice morsels beyond their reach, and waxed plump and large during that critical period of pin-feather growing, which weeded out five of the flock's weaklings. A

fox pounced upon one other who foolishly disobeyed the hen's warning "putt," so the ever-guarding turkey mother had but five of the original eleven to lead before her proud lord and master at autumn's first mellowing breath.

In the flock which now gathered together about the great breasted tom were some two dozen young of various sizes, on whose full-feathered sides of amber hue the sunlight glinted as burnished copper; on all save one;—whose great blue-black back loomed even now perceptibly above the leading tom's. At once through the initiative foresight of the denizen of the wild, the fierce old leader had scented a future rival in Crooked Toe; therefore, giving the young tom bare space to feed in peace, so that from a plump, well-fed bird the youngster soon became scrawny and ill at ease, never sure of an unharried moment.

One crisp morning in late October the flock had wandered from its accustomed haunts to the rich feeding-ground about old Sheldrake—midst whose whispering, sombre-hued cloak gleams many an oasis of crimson and gold—where wild grape and bittersweet together extend their offering: ot orange and purple to the harvest gods,—and while lagging behind, his heart smouldering with a slowly igniting flame of rebellion, Crooked Toe spied a particularly productive mountain vineyard, unnoticed by the others. How eagerly he tossed down great clusters of the luscious fruit; gorged until the distended crop would hold no more, then sank down in the sun's golden warmth to forget all troubles of spirit and flesh in nature's sweet balm of sleep.

It was not many days later that the following conversation took place between Farmer Townsend and his son Warren: "Came across an almighty big turkey track, on ther west side o' Old Sheldrake, this afternoon," the elder man said. "Wished ye could wing him, Warren, whilst ther new snow makes good trackin'."

"I came on a whole bunch o' turkey trails over t'other side o' Mill Brook Way, yesterday forenoon," spoke up Townsend junior; "led by a whopping tom, too. Foot stretched three inches, by thunder."

"Shucks!" returned his father; "warn't a circumstance to Old Crooked Toe. His steppers'll cover four inches o' gravel; or I'll eat my hat. You watch fer 'em Sonny.

Ther old feller fergot to cut his nails, and ther right big toe's growed like a fish hook."

Thus spread the fame of Crooked Toe, who had eluded one evil only to bring unto himself a ten-fold greater. In his favor, however, was the wild creature's indomitable fear of man, combined with the nurtured sagacity of generations of civilization; and many a time the youthful Townsend lay prone for hours behind some huge rotting trunk, guarding a run-way of the bent toed tom, to rise stiff and baffled, all unknowing of a motionless object with unblinking eyes watching from yonder heavily-clad fir.

As spring crept through the valley and mountain, dispersing the ice king's horded drifts into the raging torrents whence they came, each faint blush of arousing day was heralded from Sheldrake's sombre side by the challenges of a mighty gobbler that strutted back and forth in the increasing glow, quivering defiance to the world of wings. Long of limb and great of frame, with drooping wattles that swell from white to purple and purple to crimson with a tingling charge of battle gore; he was indeed a noble foe to look upon.

From far down the dusky mountain, one warm morning in May, came floating to the challenging one the coy "Yonk, yonk" of a love-lorn soft-eyed poult.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble!" thundered Crooked Toe, head back drawn and tail fanned, making way with long jerking strides toward this sweet music for which his lonely heart has been yearning long. "Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble!" ("I your lord am coming!") he roars, and halts a brief second, for from below ascends the strident battle cry of a wild tom. The glossy barred tail is now flattened, and the great neck stretches out straight as the mighty bird skims over brush and prostrate trunks. There he stands by the young hen's side! that hated persecutor of youth; his amber sides vibrant with fury; the wicked jet eyes shooting forth sparks of potent scorn at this aspirant to the forest throne. Five paces between they pose as graven images, for one brief instant—then together hurtle, the impact of their huge bulks sending many a feathered mother from her brooding sleep in screeching terror. Around and again around they pirouette; spur glancing spur, beak parrying beak; but you, Copper King,

your neck is too short to gain a throttle-hold on this giant son of a generation of giants. Even now your haughty head, marred by many a crimson ooze, is borne resistlessly down. In a wavering circle you totter; silken tassel and shining breast dragging mire and bramble. Yet hold! Fate has saved you to garnish another feast.

"Quick! You gibbering blatherskite! Grab ther hulkin' dark un, whilst I nab ther wild tom," comes audibly from a near-by clump of blueberry, and though the wary poult has long since flown, the panting toms, conscious of naught save blood, struggle on.

Noislessly, and almost imperceptibly, the the dreaded man and his stalwart son approach the battling ones. Forward suddenly pitches Crooked Toe, as his long legs are lifted clear of the ground. Crack! crack! crack! his mighty pinions beat the tousled tow-head and blocky shoulders.

"Help me, Pap! He's yankin' loose!" young Townsend yells; so, loosing the smaller bird, the farmer, with his son's aid, at last succeeded in securing the huge gobbler.

"Jumin' Sally!" ejaculated Townsend the elder, mopping his beaded brow. "The critter's a sure 'nough devil. Ain't nothin' but a yearlin' tom, neither. But it do beat all, Warren, how a pure blood Mammoth Bronze come to be hikin' around this mountain by hisself."

"By Crimps! Pap!" Warren exclaimed suddenly, bringing a huge palm down on his thigh with a resounding thwack. "Ye know that prize turkey hen from New York laid her fust egg some'eres in the bresh, larst seed time? Well! This here's that egg hatched out, by some tarnation manner."

"Believe yer right, boy," exclaimed the farmer, rubbing his horney hands together. "And, under those circumstances, ther cuss is the best blooded tom in all Vermont; fer we didn't raise airy one larst season, on account o' that dang'd fox. We'll trim them off wing, and leave 'im inside ther eight foot wire, along with a couple o' breeders."

Ah, Crooked Toe! They whom you so craftily evaded during the dreary, lonely winter season have slung your mighty weight on their shoulders at the very threshold of glory. "Snip!" and your hope for freedom is in twain. Twice, thrice, and again your bleeding head is crushed against cruel wire. Tha' was truly a noble skyward leap! But

a useless wing sends you spinning to earth. Back again to the flesh bleeding fence. Oh crazed meteor of blood-clotted feather and fury; once the glory of a mountain morn, to sink baffled at last, but not beaten!

"He'll spruce up an' take notice o' ther galls purty quick," the farmer remarked to his son, some days later, as they watched the captive disconsolately standing in a far corner of his enclosure. "He's commencin' to find corn better livin' than acorns, I reckon; and when some o' his cussed wild trainin' wears off, ther hens'll find the've ketched a mighty fine ladies' man."

But the wild "trainin'" failed to wear off. "Yonk! Yonk! Yonk!" the valiant battle-cry has changed to "Yonk! Yonk!" from ros'y dawn to night owl's hoot; the wild caged thing cries; now quite alone, as the breeders have been given a more appreciative spouse. To eat, sleep and send that plaintive call echoing toward Sheldrake's pine-clad crest is all that remains for Crooked Toe now; and so the summer, with its accompanying moul't, passes, and unreckoned by captors and captive alike the mighty wings are again in their barred perfection.

Being apparently useful for nothing else, Crooked Toe is the bird to be sacrificed for the coming feast day; therefore a continuous flow of dainties pass to the favored one, and he, having retained a mountain appetite with the other wild attributes, gains in weight accordingly.

"I'll be mighty glad when this everlastin' 'Yonk! Yonk!' gets done with, Warren," said the good wife to her protector on the afternoon preceding Thanksgiving, as the two ruminatively eyed the big gobbler. "I've heared nothin' but that infernal squawk since ther pesterin' crittur was fetched."

"Wall," drawled the farmer. "He's ther only tom that'll turn ther pinters to ther fifty-pound mark this side o' Madison Square Show, I'll bet a cookie," so saying, he strode away to "edge up" the fatal axe.

Is that the yelp of a far-distant, soft-eyed poult which floats to the listening exile on this his day of doom? "Gobble! Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!" he rumbles the first challenge during his long desolate confinement. The spell of silence being broken, he strutted back and forth, uttering his deep-toned battle-cry, until the golden sun sank behind Sheldrake's violet screen.

What is that? Surely those guttural notes came from none of the farm toms! Crooked Toe, about to enter his roosting shed, hears the sound and becomes as rigid as stone. Can that be the hated rival of the wild, once so nearly conquered, come to mock him in his helplessness?

Now the enclosure where the big turkey was confined stood some distance from the other out-buildings, at the base of a rocky knoll that jutted about six inches from the top of the enclosing wire, and as the shadows were enveloping all in a dusky cloud, the Copper King, followed by his favorite hen, stepped upon the knoll and peered down at the captive below.

Humiliation's dregs of bitterness in misfortune's cup renders the prisoner again motionless for an instant. But see! With baleful eye he crouches! Forgotten is the useless wing! Up! Up! he comes, beak, claw and beating pinion propelling upward, and the top is reached!

Oh, lost life's chance! The mocking foe has sprung to knock you back, Crooked Toe; and even now the shadows below hold reaching arms and waiting axe. "Ah, with lightning side leap, learned in youth's parrying, he evaded the flying amber bolt, and down to the waiting arms fell the Copper King.

"This here bent-toed turkey beats all I ever seen, Pap!" muttered Townsend junior from a cloud of steam, as he plucked the scalped bird suspended from the barn door, by the full moon's silver light. "He was durned hard to git, warn't a mite o' use as a breeder, ain't half ther size he looked to be, and ther triflin' cuss hed jest larnt, at kilin' time, that he'd growed new wings. I heered a great scufflin' twixt sundown and dark, in

ther critter's yard, an' hustlin' in, by ginger! than ther old feller was, walkin' up ther eight foot wire as though it wa'n't nothin' but a stone wall. Luck was ag'in' 'im in the throw, howsoever, for a fox, or some varmint, skeert 'im back."

"Seems like a hoo-doo business from start to finish," replied the farmer, knocking the ashes from his corn cob pipe. "Mebby it's his blame club foot that's worked them devil tricks."

"Here, Carlo Purp; chew up ther hoo-doo," said Warren, completing his task; and the "purp" happily "chewed"—but *not* the supposed hoo-doo.

"Never knowed a farm turkey taste so gamey," remarked Cousin Ed Townsend, as he smacked his lips over the juicy brown meat.

"Old Crooked Toe was raised wild, ye know, Ed," said the host, between great mouthfuls.

"Mighty strange," spoke up Ike Townsend of South Fork. "As me and Jimmy druv around Sheldrake this mornin', I ketched sight o' two turkey trails in larst night's sif o' snow. I jumped out tew see which way they p'inted, out o' cureosity, and blam'd ef one warn't a four-inch track with ther right big toe hooked."

"Take my advice, Ike, and leave that there trail alone," put in the bustling goodwife: it's ther mark o' ther Old Boy hisself; and ef my teeth warn't sot in his meat this instant, I'd say Old Hooked Claw war a sure 'nough ha'nt."

And while they gorged on the flesh of the Copper King, amid Sheldrake's whispering pines Crooked Toe strutted beside the soft-eyed poult.



HIS INCOMPLETE ROMANCE

By Erschel Records

THEY were sitting on the veranda of the largest hotel at The Pines, in the twilight of a summer evening, enjoying themselves in that lazy, companionable way which is possible when two friends understand each other perfectly.

The evening was unusually quiet, even for this quiet little summer retreat; the stillness broken only by the clamor of childish voices playing somewhere in the distance. Suddenly, the shriek of the incoming passenger train was heard, and, as if by magic, the place was transformed into a hive of activity; for this was one of the events of the day, when old and young felt called upon to go to the rustic station to welcome husbands, brothers, sweethearts and friends who had been away in the neighboring city during the day, looking after business interests.

The increased activity served to rouse the friends from the reverie into which they had fallen.

"Tom," began the younger man, "did you ever have anything remind you of something else, without being able to see any connection between these two things?"

The other regarded him laughingly. "Accept my congratulations on the profound wisdom of that remark." Then, aside, "I'm afraid it's the young moon over there gone to his head; it may be his extreme youth, or again, it might be the atmosphere. In that case, I think I had better seek the shelter of my own room; it might be infectious," and Tom Grayson made as if to rise, and then sank back laughing, into his chair.

"Maybe it's the atmosphere, but I'm inclined to think it was the whistle on the evening passenger; it was precisely the same kind;" and Westbrook gazed dreamily across the intervening valley to the hills, reflecting the subdued rays of the sun's light, as it sank behind a dark cloud which portended a gloomy day on the morrow.

"Here, old man, come out of it," commanded Grayson quizzically. "The expression on your face suggests a trance, or an

inspiration. If I didn't consider you immune, I would swear that you were in love."

Westbrook's serious mood was not to be thus lightly dispelled, and seeing this, Grayson adapted himself to his friend's humor.

"Go on, Charlie; it's got to be told, and I'm a good listener;" and he laid his hand with affectionate warmth on Westbrook's shoulder.

This was all the encouragement he needed.

"It happened," he began, "at the time of the G. A. R. Encampment at Chicago, three or four years ago. I passed through there on my way home from the West. All the hotels were full, so I didn't stop over, but took an evening train out for home. I found every coach full to overflowing, many excursionists being on their way home. I passed through one after another, till, finally, at the rear of the train, I found a seat facing the half-seat at the end of the coach, both of them unoccupied. I adjusted myself and my grips, and was revelling in the unexpected luxury of two whole seats; for, being unable to get a bunk in the sleeper, I knew I could be reasonably comfortable, anyway.

"Suddenly my attention was drawn to a young woman who had come the full length of the car, and had paused uncertainly beside the half-seat opposite me. At once, I proffered half the seat I occupied, but instead, she dropped into the half-seat. At her side, evidently her escort, was a man who, because of his striking contrast to his companion, caught my attention at once. He was the best type of villain I have ever seen. Looking again at the young woman, I was struck by her uncommon loveliness and evident distress. The sweet innocence of her face, in contrast to the man, excited my curiosity, and I fell to studying the two from beneath the brim of my hat. He kept talking to her in an oily tone, which was nauseating to me, and apparently a source of distress to her, for she answered only in monosyllables or not at all, while her troubled glance swept here and there, as if seeking a

means of escape. I was the only one near enough to hear what was said, and all at once the true state of affairs flashed upon me.

"He was taking advantage of her defenceless position, judging rightly that she was too timid to expose him and so attract attention to herself. Presently she turned away from him where he stood over her with a proprietary air, and gazed persistently through the window into the darkness, ignoring the questions and remarks which he directed to her. I caught the glimmer of tears in her eyes. At the risk of committing an unpardonable blunder, but unable to endure it any longer, I leaned forward. 'Pardon me,' I said, 'but is that fellow annoying you?'

"She gave me a grateful look. 'I have never seen him before,' she answered.

"The 'fellow' in question glared at me malignantly for a second, then, turning to her with a half-mocking smile and a profound bow, said, 'I see that you have found another friend, so I will ask you to excuse me.'

"I wanted to choke him for his ugly insinuation, but for her sake I had to ignore it. She sank into the seat with a murmured 'thank you' on her lips, and we rode in silence till we were well out of the city. The other passengers were settling themselves to get what comfort they might out of the long night's journey. She, alone, sat bolt upright in the most uncomfortable seat in the coach, while I had a wide, comfortable seat to myself. At length, at the risk of displeasing her, I told her she must exchange seats with me. At first she refused, but I insisted, and she smiled as she said demurely, 'I'll not exchange, but suppose I share your seat with you. I think that would be better.'

"I thought so, too, but hadn't dared to suggest it, with the memory of the other fellow still fresh in my mind. After taking the seat by my side, she sat in stony silence, with her eyes riveted against the window-pane, though I felt, instinctively, I suppose, that she wished to explain some things to me. Finally, she turned abruptly and began in a sweetly hesitating manner to explain how she happened to be traveling alone. I was more impressed with the manner of the telling than what she actually said, but, as I remember, she had intended visiting friends in Chicago, en route from Milwaukee, but had arrived unexpectedly, only to find them out of the city. The hotels were full,

and there was nothing to do but continue her journey by night. The stranger had accosted her as she was making her way to the train, and she hurried aboard, only to find that he had followed her. 'I don't know what I should have done without your help,' she added with a shudder.

"'I am treating you as I would want some fellow to treat my own sister, similarly placed,' I responded, right gallantly; and I realized that I had said the right thing, for she gave me a grateful smile, which established us on a friendly footing at once.

"She did very little of the talking, but I told her everything, including my family history, my work, college days, even my hopes and aspirations; everything that any other man is likely to tell when inspired by the sympathy and tact of a lovely woman; for she was beautiful. There was an inexpressible charm to me in the piquant features, the demure expression and the wholesome good cheer revealed in every line of her face.

"The other passengers were dozing in their seats, while we talked on and on, until suddenly I realized how tired she must be. My conscience smote me, and I insisted that she must try to rest. Against her protest that she was not tired, I improvised a pillow from my top-coat, and arranged it comfortably for her. She declared that she meant to remain wide awake, but presently I had the satisfaction of seeing her eyelids droop and quiver, and finally close, as she sank to sleep like a tired child.

"I do not know how long I sat there, studying her face, but I know that every line was graven indelibly in my mind. I fell into a reverie, dreaming of the days to come; and I knew not how it was, but always her face was before me, sometimes as if to mock, and again filled with the ineffable tenderness of which it was capable. It seemed impossible that in a short time our lives, thus brought together by accident, were to be severed ruthlessly.

"Her head slipped gradually from the rude pillow I had made for her, until it rested lightly against my shoulder. I scarcely dared to breathe, for fear of waking her and dispelling my own illusion. I had the sensation that, somehow, the unvarying rumble and roar of the train must go on and on till we two were ushered at last into eternity together.

"I was rudely brought back to the things of earth, however. A series of nasal disturbances from a sleeping passenger two seats away from us culminated in a loud snort which roused his fellow passengers as well as himself. My little friend raised her head and smiled at me, without seeming to realize her attitude. She was greatly rested she declared, and was in the best of spirits. I, on the other hand, was unaccountably depressed. To be roused from such a reverie was, in itself, bad enough; and on consulting my watch I found that we were but a short distance out from the city which meant the parting of the ways for us. She would board her train and go her way, while I should linger in her memory, if at all, merely as a nameless stranger who had shown her a kindness which she appreciated, but that would be all. If I had not known her so well in those few hours, I might have been guilty of trying to learn her name and home. As it was, I knew that no power on earth could induce her to disclose a single clew to her identity. 'Fate may be kind,' she faltered, 'and we may meet again. If not, I couldn't endure the thought that our meeting had been just an ordinary chance flirtation; even at the best, you must admit it is a little irregular.'

"But perfectly justifiable,' I protested. I still had a little regard for the conventional things of life.

"I respected her all the more for her attitude; and yet I felt that I would give the little all I possessed in the world if I but knew her name. I would take chances on searching city directories, till I found her; for she had not even told me her destination.

"I had told her something of my work as an illustrator, and all at once the forlorn hope came to me that if—if, for any reason, she should change her present attitude, I might easily be found. I sketched a bit of scenery I had described to her earlier in the evening; then I made a rough sketch of the fellow who had annoyed her, and on each I placed my initials conspicuously. Last of all, I quoted a love sonnet of mine which had appeared in a recent issue of a magazine.

"I never use a *nom de plume*,' I told her with my lips, while my heart said to her, 'If you wish to know my name, you will find it attached to that poem.'

"I helped her aboard her train at four

o'clock that morning. She extended her hand with a frank winning smile as she bade me good-bye. I turned and rushed headlong for the door, not daring to trust myself further; boarded my train and finished my journey, my mind in a perfect chaos and an aching sense of depression in my heart. For days I found myself recalling her face, her gestures, even the tones of her voice; and since, to this day, though I consider myself a rational being, in every crowd I find myself looking for one face and listening for the sound of one voice; so, until I find her, my one romance will remain incomplete." He paused with a far-away, wistful look.

"Grayson," he resumed, "if I could only find her!"

During his impassioned recital Grayson's face was an interesting study. At its close he rose abruptly.

"Come to my room with me," he said, as he led the way. He took from the table a late magazine, which he opened and handed to Westbrook. "I read that little story, and am struck with the similarity between it and the one you have just told me," he said.

Westbrook took the magazine and read a few lines listlessly. Suddenly he gave an exclamation, and then read on breathlessly to the close.

"What do you make of it?" he demanded, as he laid the book down. "That is my story. I could swear to it. Even the illustrations are mine."

"I hardly know," Grayson answered. "The author, Catherine Allen, is an old and very dear friend of mine, who has been doing some splendid literary work of late." He considered it unnecessary to state just the degree of warmth that friendship had attained. The memory of it was still too sacred to share, even with his dearest friend.

"Where does she live?" was Westbrook's next question.

He waited only long enough for a reply, and then hurried to his room with one fixed purpose in mind: he was going South; to her home! The thought thrilled him that she might have written this, thinking it would reach him. Then he remembered that she was not a woman who was likely to do such a thing.

Fifteen minutes later, when he opened the door rather sheepishly, in response to Gray-

son's imperative knock, he was pushed unceremoniously into the room and informed in an awe-stricken voice that Miss Allen had arrived at The Pines.

"Jove! It's an uncanny piece of business. Do you know, she came on the very train that set your romantic soul to reviewing the past. She is not a spirit, either; but a very much alive young woman, who, by the way, always impressed me as being abundantly able to take care of herself. I warn you, in the face of your supposed prior claims, that our friendship is going to be put to the test; and here's success to the winner!" Grayson had Westbrook's hand in his, and was wringing it with unwonted fervor.

Westbrook regarded his friend with speechless amazement.

"There's some mistake," at last he declared. "Things might happen so in a novel, if it were cheap enough; but not in real life."

"Very well; have your own way; but I was good-natured enough to tell her that I had a friend here, and she is waiting below even now, to meet him. Of course, if you prefer to remain here moping—"

Westbrook was impatiently making toward the door, unmindful of his friend's bantering. Together, they descended the stairs and entered the parlors.

"Prepare for the shock," whispered Grayson, nerving himself for the trying ordeal.

The introduction over, Westbrook could never recall what he said to her in the bitterness of his disappointment; for the beautiful young woman who rose to meet him was an utter stranger. The thought of the story he had just read kept surging uppermost in his mind, and presently he found himself referring to it.

"Do you know," she confided, with an odd little laugh, "that was based on an actual experience of my sister a few years ago. She told me only recently, and I wove it into the story without her knowledge, never dreaming she would mind. Oh, but there was a scene when it appeared, and she recognized it as her own. She felt that if it should by any chance fall into the hands of that young man, he might regard it as an unmaidenly appeal to him."

The effect of her explanation on both men may be imagined. Westbrook wanted to shout aloud for joy. He wanted to demand of her the whereabouts of that sister. All the impatience and longing of the past were concentrated in that moment. Grayson felt the self-imposed burden of friendly obligation lift from his shoulders.

"Ah, she is coming down, at last." This commonplace remark by Miss Allen brought them both back to the realities.

"I believe I hadn't told you," she said, innocently, "my sister is with me."

POESY

AH, Poesy must please; a goddess she!
With shining eyes and gracious mein, she moves
In radiance among all things that she loves;
Unlocking charmful secrets with her key,
Her magic key of song, she keeps in fee
For all her loyal votaries. She finds
Sweet music's chords, and on her way she winds
Soft melodies that float o'er land and sea;
Dear dulcet strains that tremble on the breeze;
Kind lullabys that rustle in the trees;
Brave anthems that o'er mountain summits go;
For pensive groves, andantes, marching slow,
And wild-blown fugues that all the forests thrill:
Such art hath Poesy at her sweet will.

M. D. Tolman.

AT A NATION'S SHRINE

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

A MEMORABLE chapter of national history was closed at Canton, Ohio, on September 30, 1907, when the beautiful mausoleum was dedicated to the memory of William McKinley. Vivid memories and uplifting emotions were aroused as the throngs of visitors came from all directions to pay a tribute to "the good citizen, brave soldier, wise executive, helper and leader of men, exemplar to his people of the virtues that build and conserve the state, society, and the home."

There was something in the chill of that September day that recalled the outpouring of a nation's grief six years ago. Pictures of the beloved face hung in the windows; the last words of the Great Heart flashed here and there—like a message of comfort. As if in towering triumph, signifying the victory over the grave, stood on an eminence seen on every side far and near, the white mausoleum, a stately suggestion of the glories of Grecian grandeur,—the monument erected by millions of his countrymen. Situated on a height where he loved to sit in autumn days, looking over the scenes of his early manhood, and on to the far-distant hills, the scenes of his childhood and his birthplace—William McKinley lies at rest. Every visitor had made this pilgrimage a personal privilege to pay a tribute of affectionate respect to his memory.

* * *

Dark clouds threatened rain in the early morning, when that stirring scene of school children greeting President Roosevelt as he passed, presented a vivid expression of the patriotism of youth. In years past the city of Canton left nothing undone to honor the memory of her distinguished and beloved citizen; but now the citizens surpassed previous efforts. The parade had a mingled

touch of civic as well as military strength; the sturdy army regulars, the white plumes of the Knights Templar and other similar organizations and the militia under Senator Dick made an imposing pageant; the bands mingled the strains of "Lead, Kindly Light" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee" with the

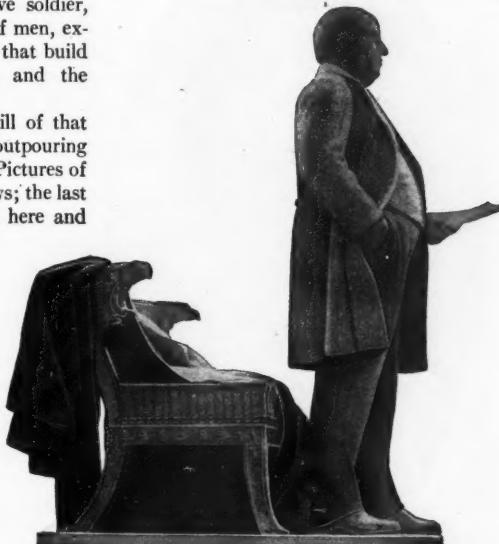


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STATUE AT MCKINLEY MONUMENT HILL
UNVEILED BY A SISTER OF THE PRESIDENT, MISS HELEN MCKINLEY

triumphant paens of victory. At mid-day the clouds parted, and the sun burst forth in regal splendor. Thousands of people stood in groups on greensward mounds and among the trees surrounding the mausoleum. It seemed like a great army, marshalled in hosts on the hilltops, to fling out the pennants of "Peace."

Before the mausoleum stood the veiled statue; on the first terrace of steps the speakers' stand was erected, and directly in front was an amphitheater partitioned off in white and festooned with laurel streamers.

Into the front row of the amphitheater marched the old comrades of Major McKinley, survivors of the Twenty-Third Ohio, carrying the torn and faded battle flags of '61. Upon the speakers' stand were many men of national prominence, who treasured the friendship and memory of William McKinley as a personal heritage. In the faces of the throng it was curious to note the cloud of sorrowful remembrance and saddened reverie, dispersed by the joy of paying a

and echoed and re-echoed from the hilltops as it soared away into the boundless space beyond.

With that same gentle modesty which has always characterized him, Justice Day told the story of "The Building of the Memorial" in a manner that illuminates pages of American history, and which is here given:—

"The McKinley National Memorial Association today presents its completed work to the nation and people whose generosity has enabled it to be built.

For six years the work of duty and devotion crowned by the ceremony of this day has been carried forward. On the day when the vast concourse of people who attended the funeral of the martyred president paid their tribute of affection and regret, a few friends remained to consider the manner of providing the final resting place and a suitable memorial to the lamented dead. Other places had been suggested, only one was seriously thought of. It was the known wish of William McKinley that when he should receive the final summons which comes to all, his body should rest among kindred and friends and with the loved ones of his blood who had gone before. It was the undivided opinion of those assembled that at some spot near his old home, near his kindred and among those loved ones, the place of sepulchre should be located.

To make this purpose effectual no better means were suggested than the formation of a permanent society under the laws of Ohio, having for its objects the construction and maintenance of such a tomb and memorial. An executive committee had been appointed to have charge of the funeral ceremonies at Canton, and this committee, consisting of Mayor James H. Robertson, William A. Lynch, John C. Welty, F. E. Case, Henry W. Harter and William R. Day, on the twenty-sixth day of September, 1901, by the filing of the proper certificate, effected an organization under the name of The McKinley National Memorial Association. It was resolved that the first board of trustees should be named by President Roosevelt upon the suggestion of Mrs. McKinley. The President thereupon named: Marcus A. Hanna, Myron T. Herrick, William R. Day, William A. Lynch, of Ohio; Henry C. Payne of Wisconsin, David R. Francis of Missouri, Alexander H. Revell of Illinois, Franklin Murphy

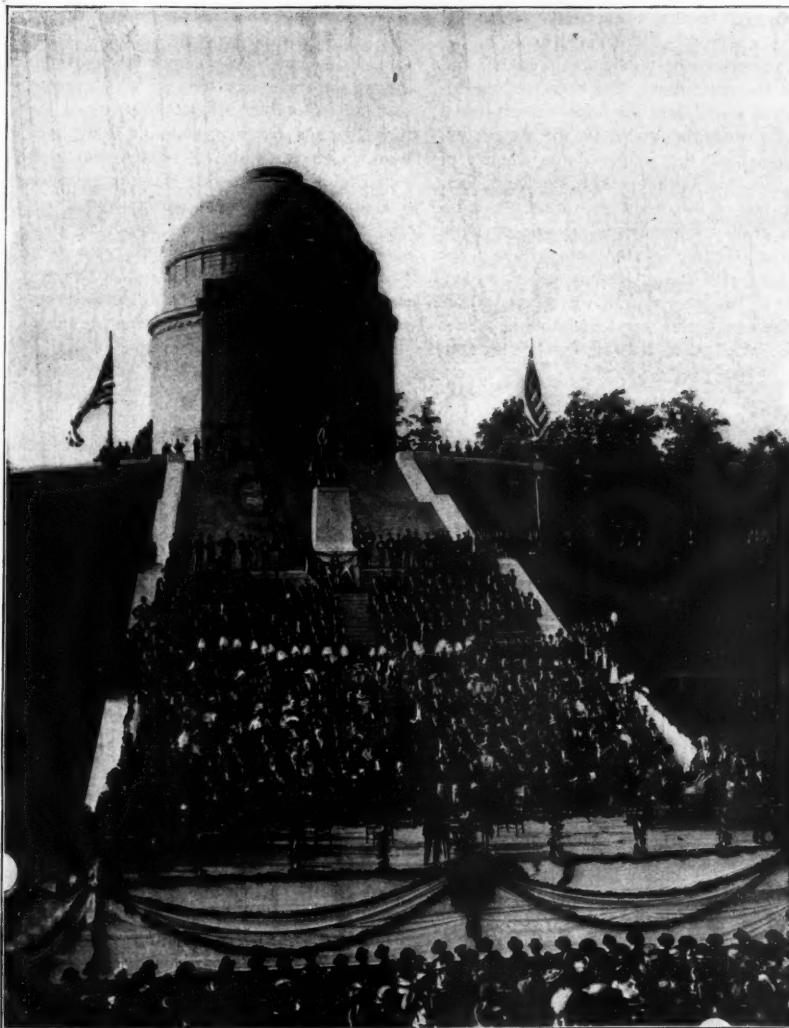


MISS HELEN MCKINLEY

fitting tribute to an honored memory, as they looked upon that splendid expression of a nation's gratitude.

The eloquent invocation by Dr. Frank M. Bristol, pastor of President McKinley, was full of heart and feeling of the great occasion.

The refrain of "The Star Spangled Banner," led by the G. A. R. band of Canton and the Canton Singers' Club, seated on the steps above, was one of the songs that sing themselves, the echoes floating majestically across the hills. Never did the beauty of the national anthem stand out more clearly. The melody was caught up by the throngs,



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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT DELIVERING HIS NOTABLE ADDRESS IN FRONT OF THE
MCKINLEY MONUMENT

of New Jersey, Henry M. Duffield of Michigan, George B. Cortelyou, Cornelius N. Bliss, John G. Milburn, E. W. Bloomingdale, of New York; Ell Torrence of Minnesota, Robert J. Lowry of Georgia, Eli S. Hammond of Tennessee, Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana, William McConway, Thomas Dolan, of Penn-

sylvania; W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts, and Henry T. Scott of California.

To these was added the name of James A. Gary of Maryland. On the tenth day of October, 1901, the oath of office was administered and the following officers chosen: President, William R. Day; vice president,

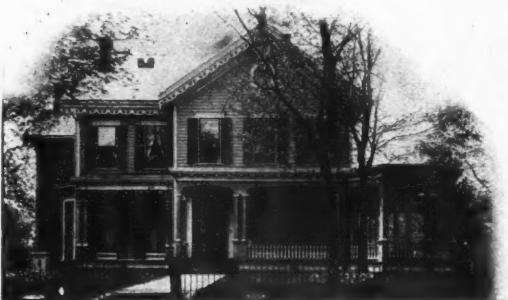
Marcus A. Hanna; treasurer, Myron T. Herrick; secretary, Ryerson Ritchie.

An appeal to the public was prepared and issued the same day. The object of the society was stated, and the hope was expressed that the memorial would be the sincere expression of all the people of the country of their love for William McKinley and their admiration of the qualities expressed so eminently in his life and deeds. It was declared that the offerings of the people should be voluntary with an opportunity for all to contribute. The co-operation of the governors and officers of the states and municipalities of the United States and of all religious, edu-

\$600,000 would be necessary to erect a suitable memorial and properly endow it with a fund for its care. This sum was apportioned among the states in a manner which seemed just and equitable. It was determined that the governor of each state or some well-known person within its borders should be asked to effect a separate state organization, auxiliary to the national society and reporting it from time to time. In many states such organizations were effected with excellent results. Many thousands of letters were sent to people throughout the Union, asking for their influence and co-operation in raising the necessary funds. A large amount of printed matter was furnished to the press of the country, and generously published. The Grand Army of the Republic, benevolent, ecclesiastical and labor organizations were asked to take up the work within their own bodies, and they responded most nobly to the call. At a meeting of the trustees, a little more than three weeks after the first call was issued, contributions were reported by the treasurer from thirty-four of the different states. Governor George K. Nash of

Ohio, as chairman of the Ohio auxiliary board, issued a proclamation asking that the coming January 29, the anniversary of the president's birth, be observed with appropriate exercises by the school children, in whose welfare the president ever took the warmest interest, and that every child in school be given an opportunity to contribute to the memorial fund. Governor Nash's proclamation was communicated to the governor of each state in the Union, requesting similar action. This course had much to do with making McKinley's birthday a general holiday in the country, and the resulting contributions of the children made plain that the confidence of the association in their patriotism and love of a good man's memory had not been misplaced. A souvenir certificate was prepared, and, with the approval of Postmaster General Payne, a request was made to each postmaster in the country for its distribution.

On March 15, 1902, Secretary Ritchie



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THE MCKINLEY HOME AT CANTON

cational, civic and other organizations was invited. The press of the country was asked to lend its aid in collecting subscriptions. In conclusion, the appeal expressed the confident hope that the response of the people would be so liberal that a memorial might be erected that would fittingly commemorate the honored president.

* * *

As the trustees lived in distant states, on the twenty-eighth day of October, 1901, an executive committee was named which could be readily assembled for the transaction of business. On the sixth day of November, 1901, the committee met in Cleveland, and the secretary was authorized to open offices in that city for the transaction of the association's business. In accordance with the regulations of the association, the principal business office was established in Canton, and a local secretary placed in charge thereof. It was informally decided that the sum of

asked to be relieved from the care of the active charge of the association's affairs, since which date the offices of the society have been in charge of Assistant Secretary Frederic S. Hartzell, with offices maintained for the transaction of business at Canton.

Canton having been chosen as the place, the society was early confronted with the question of the exact location of the memorial. The place from which it now rises was part of the property of the Canton Ceme-

twenty-six acres was acquired, which is now the property of the National Memorial Association.

* * *

At the meeting of the trustees, on June 22, 1903, a report of the treasurer showing that \$500,000 had been subscribed to the memorial fund, it was determined that designs for the memorial should be invited, to be submitted to the board for such action as it might thereafter determine upon. While



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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, MAJOR TUMBULL AND GOVERNOR HARRIS REVIEWING THE PARADE OF THE SONS OF VETERANS AT CANTON

tery Association. From this eminence, with friends, President McKinley had often looked upon the sweep of the surrounding city and country and remarked its eligibility as a site for a monument to the deceased soldiers and sailors of Stark County. A visit to this hill was made by the board of trustees, and the problem solved itself. It was at once decided to acquire this spot so adapted by nature to the purpose intended, and overlooking the city and home of William McKinley. From the cemetery association and the adjoining property owners a tract of

the sum subscribed was thought ample to erect the memorial, it was recommended that an additional fund of \$100,000 would be necessary for the permanent endowment of the monument with a view to its future care and repair.

To the request for the submission of designs for the memorial, such prompt and general response was made that on November 10, 1903, more than sixty were submitted to the board of trustees. The trustees, realizing the importance and lasting character of the work, and that none of their

number were expert in sculpture and architecture, and that only the best results could be had by inviting the co-operation of the foremost skilled talent of the country, requested the co-operation of Mr. Robert S. Peabody of Boston and Mr. Walter Cook of



BISHOP HORSTMAN, D.D., OF CLEVELAND

New York, architects, and Mr. Daniel Chester French of New York, sculptor. These gentlemen visited the site of the monument and gave their help and efficient co-operation until the design was selected. Examining the plans already submitted, they determined that it was best to invite six of the leading architects of the country, in addi-

tion to four who had already submitted designs deemed worthy of consideration, to enter upon the preparation of plans for which compensation should be given, to be submitted not later than January 1, 1904; and that from these the jury of experts with the approval of a committee from the board of trustees, without knowledge of the originators, should make selection upon the merits of the plans submitted as they appeared to the board and committee. On November 22, 1904, the trustees met in New York and received the report of the committee conveying the information that, after viewing and considering the ten designs submitted, that prepared and submitted by Mr. Harold Van Buren Magonigle of New York had been selected. With slight modifications which have occurred to the architect from time to time, the completed design is now before you. The bronze statue and lunette are the work of Mr. Charles Henry Niehaus of New York, sculptor. The statue is made from the photograph by Miss Frances B. Johnston of Washington, representing President McKinley in the attitude of delivering at Buffalo that message of peace on earth, good-will toward men, which Fate had decreed should be his last public utterance. The lunette above the bronze entrance doors represents the victories of peace.

Contracts were made May 31, 1905, with the Harrison Granite Company of New York, for the erection of the mausoleum and the construction of the approaches, the work to be completed on or before September 1, 1907. Upon the same day, a contract was made with the Gorham Manufacturing Company of New York for the construction of the bronze work on dome, doors, cornices and interior. The mausoleum was constructed under a sub-contract by Geo. W. Maltby & Sons of Buffalo, New York. The landscape effects and parking of the grounds are the work of Wadley & Smyth of New York.

To the architect whose brain conceived the simple strength and beauty of the tomb and the grace and fitness of its approaches, and to all others who have contributed by head or hand to make his conception a reality the association tenders its sincere congratulations and hearty thanks.

The work of construction was begun on June 6, 1905, and had been so far carried forward that the corner-stone was laid on

November 16, 1905, in the presence of a vast concourse of people, with brief and appropriate ceremonies.

* * *

For the construction and endowment of the monument the sum of \$578,000 has been raised. These subscriptions have come from every part of the national Union, from all the states and territories and outlying lands beyond the sea. Every civilized country in the world is represented in these contributions. On the reverse of the pedestal is inscribed the simple fact, more eloquent than words can be, that more than a million people thus testified their devotion to the memory and their appreciation of the life and character of the president who has been well called The Beloved of the People.

During the progress of the work the trustees have found it necessary to hold twenty-three meetings, seven of these in Cleveland, four in Washington, four in New York and eight in Canton. A large and extended correspondence has been carried on through the offices of the secretary and assistant secretary, who have given to the society most faithful and intelligent service. A detailed report from the treasurer, Honorable Myron T. Herrick of Cleveland, will be published in the book which will contain the record of this day's proceedings and embody in permanent form a history of the association. It is fitting upon this occasion that note should be taken of the fact that Governor Herrick has so managed the finances of the association that all its operating expenses have been paid from the income and earnings of its funds, leaving the handsome sum of \$37,000 accumulated from the earnings over and above the entire expenses of the association in soliciting, collecting and disbursing the fund which has built the memorial.

The mausoleum as you behold it today is constructed of Milford pink granite and the stairways are of the same solid material. The interior lining of the mausoleum is of Knoxville marble, and the sarcophagi of Windsor green granite with a base of Berlin black granite. The inscription below the cornice in the interior, "Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of Peace not those of War," is from the last public utterance of the president at Buffalo.

Of the original board of trustees, four have died during the progress of the work: Senator Marcus A. Hanna, Postmaster General Henry C. Payne, Judge Eli S. Hammond and William A. Lynch. All were closely identified with the work of the association, and were most important factors in originat-



Photo by Bells, Washington, D. C.

REV. FRANK M. BRISTOL, D.D., PASTOR METROPOLITAN
M. E. CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ing and carrying it forward. It is with profound regret that we note their absence on this occasion, and with deep sorrow mourn the loss to their friends and country entailed in the death of such men. The vacancies thus created in our ranks, except the one caused by the death of Senator Hanna, whom it was voted there should be no attempt to replace, were filled by the appointment of

Charles G. Dawes of Illinois, Horace H. Lurton of Tennessee and Henry W. Harter of Ohio. With the exception of the secretary while in charge and the assistant secretary, there have been no paid officials of the association, and no expense incurred by the trustees in the discharge of their duties has been paid from the funds.

Perhaps no public man in our history has more attracted the attention of the people by the simplicity and beauty of his home life than did William McKinley. The devoted affection for the invalid wife, repaid by her with a love which never altered, made of the Canton

intended, the trustees of the Memorial Association cannot refrain from expressing the hope that it may serve to commemorate the life and deeds of the illustrious dead, may teach coming generations the lesson of a noble and generous life, and impress upon the youth who shall look upon it in all the coming years that true success is only to be built upon exalted character, and that the highest public honors and universal popular esteem are not inconsistent with a life devoted to the faithful and cheerful discharge of the simple duties of each day which make up the life of a good man and a patriotic citizen.

* * *

Justice Day, the "old friend from across the way," chairman of the McKinley Memorial Association, introduced Governor Harris of Ohio, Major McKinley's comrade during the Civil War, as president of the day. A stirring, homely, affectionate tribute he paid to his boyhood companion in the field. He called attention to the fact that since Abraham Lincoln's time, New York and Ohio had furnished all the presidents of the United States, and that out of nine, five were from Ohio. With this he

gave greeting to President Roosevelt, as a representative of the Empire State.

In the front row of the President's stand was a lady in black with a bouquet of pink carnations; the sweet, gentle face, the violet-blue eyes recalled the features and expression of William McKinley. She was greeted by President Roosevelt, and then standing with the bouquet, tied with white ribbon, in one hand, with the other she drew the chord that gently unfurled the flags veiling the statue; they swept upward and swung aloft majestically to the breezes from the flag staffs on either side prepared to receive them, revealing the statue in its stately beauty. The bronze figure was radiant in the rich

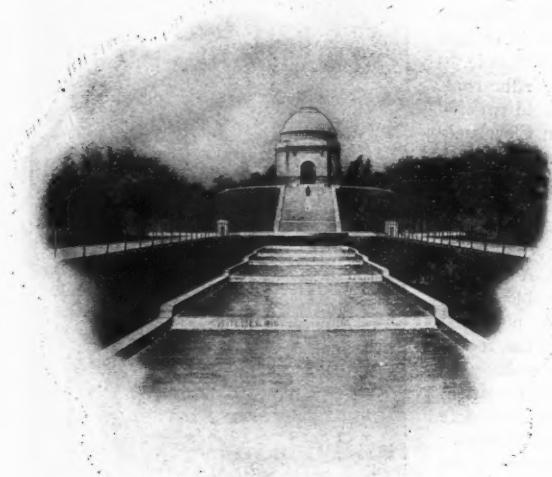


Photo copyright 1907, M. S. Courtney, Canton O.
THE MCKINLEY MONUMENT

home a picture which all the world salutes as the perfection of domestic peace and conjugal affection, and which is forever consecrated in the memory of all who were permitted to behold it.

It is fitting that beside the man whose first thought and purpose were ever for her, the beloved wife should be laid to rest. In the wall of the mausoleum niches have been provided for the two infant children early called from earth. Thousands of loving hands have joined to bring the little family together in this beautiful temple.

* * *

In dedicating this memorial, from this day forth, to the high purposes for which it is



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COLONEL JAMES, VICE-PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, SECRETARY LOEB, AT CANTON

gleams of the afternoon sunlight. There was an impressive hush as the people stood with bared heads and gazed upon the lineaments of William McKinley reproduced in bronze. President Roosevelt, standing beside Vice President Fairbanks, exclaimed, "Impressive — nothing could be more impressive."

At the ceremony of unveiling and dedication exercises, even in the face and bearing of that sorrow expressed in the ancient "Vale eternum," but rather of triumph for one who "wore the white flower of a blameless life," and now had passed on to join the "host celestial."

It was exalting to hear the tribute of that loving sister! She did not think of him as having dwelt in the realms of greatness, but rather as her own—her beloved brother. Her eyes flashed as she caught the thrill that passed over the vast throng.

"It is beautiful! beautiful!" she breathed; "and we were all so proud of William! The pose of the statue recalls to my mind how he used to stand as a little boy, when making his speeches at school."

The cheers of the people stirred the very souls of those who heard them. It was like



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

some great ovation to a conqueror; the artistic beauty of the monument with its setting of graceful trees, as pillars in "God's own temple," seemed as though the great throng had met there in a spirit of worship, to give thanks for a signal victory; indeed many a heart that day did return grateful thanks to the Creator for his gift of such a man as William McKinley.

The poet laureate of the home folk, James Whitcomb Riley, was on the platform, and doffed his overcoat. His voice and hands trembled as he read the verses which so fitly commemorated the great man whose memory was honored that day.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

He said: "It is God's way;

His will, not ours, be done."—

And o'er our land a shadow lay

That darkened all the sun;

The voice of jubilee

That gladdened all the air

Fell sudden to a quavering key

Of suppleness and prayer.

He was our chief—our guide—

Sprung of our common Earth,

From youth's long struggle proved and tried

To manhood's highest worth;

Through toil, he knew all needs

Of all his toiling kind,—

The favored striver who succeeds,—

The one who falls behind.

The boy's young faith he still

Retained through years mature—

The faith to labor, hand and will,

Nor doubt the harvest sure,—

The harvest of man's love—

A nation's joy that swells

To heights of Song, or deep whereof

But sacred silence tells.

To him his Country seemed

Even as a mother, where

He rested—slept; and once he dreamed—

As on her bosom there—

And thrilled to hear, within

That dream of her, the call

Of bugles and the clang and din

Of war. . . . And o'er it all

His rapt eyes caught the bright

Old Banner, winging wild

And beck'ning him, as to the fight

When—even as a child—

He awakened—And the dream

Was real! And he leapt

As led the proud Flag through a gleam

Of tears the Mother wept.

His was a tender hand—

Even as a woman's is,—

And yet as fixed, in Right's command,

As this bronze hand of his:

This was the Soldier brave—

This was the Victor fair—

This is the Hero Heaven gave

To glory here—and There.

James Whitcomb Riley

The oration of President Roosevelt upon this occasion was a stirring tribute to his predecessor. When he declared that the name of William McKinley would take its place with those of the four great presidents of the nation, he made a statement that will be verified by the historian of the future. Fresh from his summer's work at Sagamore Hill, the President appeared to delight in casting aside his manuscript. There was a dramatic touch when the audience failed to applaud the first part of his climax:—"It would be a cruel disaster to this country to permit ourselves to adopt an attitude of hatred and envy toward success worthily won, toward wealth honestly acquired." In the other hand he was wielding the "big stick" with no mercy for the wrong-doers of wealth and power.

The first statement of this paragraph was received in silence, but the President recited his speech, repeating the first section, and persistently demanded that the audience applaud the assertion. It was a rather unique proceeding—an orator commanding or directing the approval of his own words; but Theodore Roosevelt did it. He made a plea for honest wealth, and insisted on holding the scales for a "square deal" for all classes.

He paid a special tribute to the old soldiers in front of the platform, and looked reverently upon the torn and faded battle flags which occupied a position of honor. The President referred to a letter of the late Secretary John Hay, which was given him by Secretary Cortelyou, emphasizing the appropriateness of the inscription on the mausoleum, to "William McKinley, President of the United States, a statesman singularly gifted to unite the discordant forces of the government and mold the diverse purposes of men toward progressive and salutary action; a magistrate whose poise of judgment has been tested and vindicated in a succession of national emergencies."

This tribute, paid to President McKinley on May 17, 1901, by President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California, was secured by Secretary Hay and sent to President McKinley with a touching and almost prophetic letter:—

"DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

President Wheeler sent me the en-



Photo by Courtney, Canton

FREDERICK S. HARTZELL

closed at my request. You will have the words in more permanent shape. They seem to me remarkably well chosen, and stately and dignified enough to serve —long hence, please God—as your epitaph.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN HAY."

The great audience joined in singing "America" at the conclusion of the President's oration, after which an eloquent and feeling benediction was pronounced by

Bishop Ignatius F. Horstman, D. D., of Cleveland, an old personal friend of President McKinley.

* * *

For a few moments after the exercises concluded the audience again looked in silence at the statue, and then passed up the terrace, ascended the steps and entered the massive marble pile. The mausoleum is circular, and the sarcophagus of black marble bears on it the simple inscription, "William McKinley—Ida McKinley." In the niche



WILLIAM N. ALBEE, ADVERTISING MANAGER THE
REPOSITORY, CANTON, OHIO

in the corner rests the remains of their two children. The bronze doors of the mausoleum are said to be the largest ever made in this country.

The afternoon sunlight poured through the aperture in the roof as the visitors walked silently about in that restful, peaceful spot.

An interesting little scene was enacted near-by. When Judge Day referred to the architect and sculptor, he had them rise on the platform, and I readily recognized Herbert VanBuren Magonigle, the architect, with his mother, who now for the first time looked upon the work of her son. As she gazed up at him, the mother's eyes betrayed the affectionate appreciation of her child's achievement—a tribute of approval more dear to

him, doubtless, than any other in the world. She grasped his hand and said, "My boy, my boy!" and there was a gleam of triumph in the young architect's face, which indicated that this praise was well worth all it had cost him. The scene recalled the days when William McKinley insisted that the proudest moments of his whole life were those when he received praise from his beloved mother.

* * *

It was almost sunset before the throngs ceased to pass through the shadows of the mausoleum, as though loath to leave the spot which had on that day been consecrated to the memory of one who had reached the heights of true greatness.

* * *

The statue of McKinley, by Charles Henry Niehaus of New York, is perhaps second in interest only to the noble mausoleum itself. It is of bronze, and of heroic size, and is placed about half-way up the grand stairway leading to the entrance to the tomb. It was there viewed by many artists and by intimate friends of the late president, all of whom were impressed by the success of the sculptor in reproducing the dignified but easy pose characteristic of Mr. McKinley on state occasions, and the kindly yet serious and thoughtful expression of his face. It may be said that the statue represents McKinley as the people remember him best. He stands with his right hand in his trouser's pocket—a favorite attitude—and his left holding the manuscript of his speech; for the statue is intended as a representation of the beloved chief magistrate in the act of delivering his last and perhaps most famous address, that on reciprocity and closer relations with other countries, made on the grounds of the Pan-American Exposition, on September 5, the day before he was shot. Mr. Niehaus has modelled statues of several famous sons of Ohio, among them Garfield and Governor Allen, and General W. T. Sherman, and is a native of the Buckeye State himself. Because of this fact, and of his personal admiration for Mr. McKinley, he gave especial care to the execution of this his latest work, with what success the public may now judge.

Above the door of the tomb is a lunette also by Mr. Niehaus. It contains allegorical figures typifying the State of Ohio, War and



MRS. WILLIAM MCKINLEY

G. M. Anderson
Photographer

Peace. The central figure of the three symbolizes Ohio; that at the right, holding a vase and with one hand resting on an anvil, typifies Peace. War is the male figure at the left presenting a shield and a sword wreathed with flowers. All the figures are in relief, and the composition gives a decorative effect to the entrance without interfering with the impression of simplicity conveyed by the architecture of the memorial as a whole.

* * *

When I first looked upon the statue, I found myself unconsciously waiting for the



GEORGE B. FREASE, EDITOR AND MANAGER THE
REPOSITORY, CANTON, OHIO

lips to move, and it seemed to me that the first utterance after the flags were drawn aside would be those words of brotherly affection spoken in his dying hours, inquiring for his friend Senator Hanna. "Is Mark there?"

On such an occasion one could not but be impressed with the many faces that were missing—those friends of McKinley who would have been foremost on the platform—Senator Mark Hanna, Secretary John Hay, and many others who must have been in the mind of John Hay when he penned those lines in "The Stirrup Cup,"—

"Tender and warm the joys of life—
Good friends, the faithful and the true."

Perhaps the most intimate personal friend

of President McKinley now living is Vice President Fairbanks, and many will recall the beautiful tribute of these friends in those days when "history was made."

* * *

When night had fallen at Canton there was a feeling that it had been a perfect day. True to its associations, Canton people and Canton institutions will recognize that thirtieth day of September, 1907, as memorable in history. On every side—in almost every home—were enduring personal tokens of the loving respect for the memory of William McKinley—friend and neighbor. Laurels were festooned everywhere. Radiating from the Square were white pillars, decorated with laurel; buildings intimately associated with the public and home life of the distinguished president bore evidence that the memory of McKinley will remain to the people of his home city a close, personal inspiration, as evergreen and unfading as the laurel leaves. The intertwined story of William McKinley and the City of Canton is but another proof of the strong influence the smaller cities and towns have upon national life:—"Not nations, not armies, have advanced the race; but here and there an individual has stood up and cast his shadow over the world."

* * *

Returning to the city, after the dedicatory exercises were over, I was waylaid on Linden Avenue, just outside the memorial grounds by a nimble-footed newsboy shrilly shrieking, "Evening Repository! One cent! All about the dedication!" In exchange for my coin, he thrust in my hands a twenty-four-page paper, crammed from first page to last with an up-to-the-second account of the doings of the day, so thoroughly covered, so snappily written, and so profusely illustrated as to give some of its more lordly metropolitan brothers a run for their circulation.

Reading it, I mused over the peculiarly intimate relation the paper bore to the dead and gone president whose memory we had honored that day. Moved by the mood of my reflections, I wrote George B. Frease, the editor, my thoughts:

"It was superb. There was nothing lacking in the splendid way in which The Repository covered the great event. Heart, soul and enthusiasm are rarely reflected so muni-

ficiently in a newspaper, as indicated in the enterprise of *The Repository*."

Many visits to Canton and calls on the late president had made me familiar with this paper's unique history. John Saxton, Mrs. McKinley's grandfather, had founded the paper in 1815. This pioneer newspaper-maker of the West lived to chronicle in his pages the fall of the first and third Napoleons, of Waterloo and Sedan.

In 1884 Thomas W. Saxton, Mrs. McKinley's uncle, and owner of the newspaper, died, and the late president, as administrator of Mr. Saxton's estate, became intimately connected with *The Repository* in later years to the extent of editorial contributions. The "Major," as the late president was familiarly known then, and ever after, to his townsmen, started the aspirations of young Frease the present editor, newspaperward, and later sold him stock in the concern. Ever after he maintained a more than friendly interest in his protege. Times and events were never too exacting to prevent close inquiry concerning *The Repository*, and news from home. The interest of the late president in the present editor of his old paper may have had its beginning in an incident at the outset of his career of which the late Senator Hanna liked to tell.

William McKinley had come to Canton to carve out his fortune at the close of the Civil War, at the request of his sister Anna, a teacher in the public schools. He hung out his shingle above "a store box of an office," as he laughingly called it in later days, and waited for business. But business for young and unknown lawyers was almost as fickle then as now, and William McKinley waited. Belden & Frease, lawyers, grandfather and father of the present editor, were in partnership. Judge Frease had been elevated to the common pleas bench, and another partner was needed. "Mack, I want you to plead a case for me tomorrow; I'm too sick to handle it," said Judge Belden to the future president. "I can't make a plea," desisted young McKinley; "I never made one in my life."

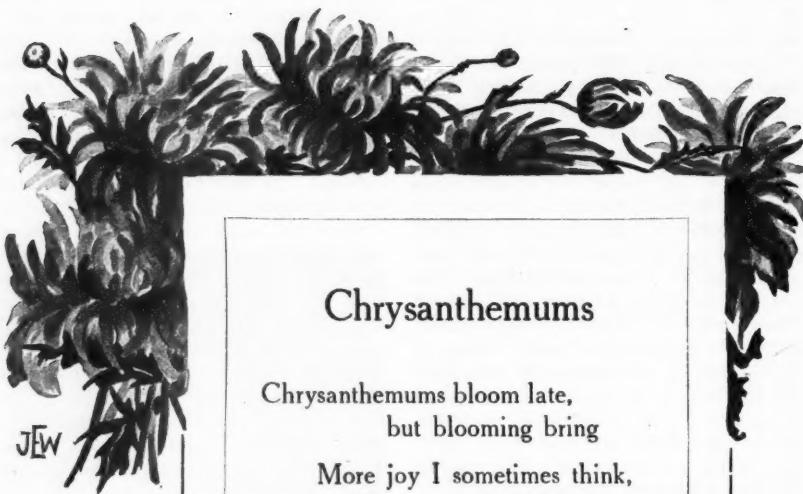
"You've got to do it; I can't be there," said the judge, and left.

McKinley spent midnight oil that night, and went into court next morning. He made his plea and won his maiden case. Looking around near the close he caught a glimpse of his benefactor, who had been keenly watching the youngster win his spurs. Ten days later he called on McKinley, threw twenty-five dollars on the table and said, "Here, Mack, take that for your day's work." "Oh, I can't," demurred McKinley, "that's too much." "That's all right, Mack; I got a hundred." A short time later he was taken into partnership.

From the outset of McKinley's national political career, when he was elected to Congress, through his gubernatorial campaigns, until he reached the apex of his triumphs at the White House, the paper was his staunch supporter. It was in the memorable campaign of '96 that it did its most effective service. In that year the publication printed thousands more papers daily containing his front porch speeches than the city had inhabitants. Every night during the campaign a copy of *The Repository* was sent to every public speaker, committeeman and others of prominence in the political field, from Ohio west to the Pacific.

It was during the lively times of that campaign that Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat, owner of the *Chicago Times-Herald*, and a close friend of the president, sent his men down to Canton to get a photograph of the president reading the *Times-Herald*. The president was posed on the sofa, reading, by the photographers. The shutter was about to click when the president interposed. "Sam," he said to his nephew, "get me my favorite paper." Sam handed the president *The Repository*, and the president gave the word to proceed. A writer in *McClure's Magazine* said that during the McKinley administration *The Repository* was the most religiously read paper in the White House.

Commercially, as well as from a political or sentimental viewpoint, the paper occupies a unique position. With a circulation of 15,000, it circulates more papers in the city than there are homes. It has been credited with the largest percentage of home circulation in the United States.



Chrysanthemums

Chrysanthemums bloom late,
but blooming bring
More joy I sometimes think,
than summer flowers,
For when they come,
the birds are on the wing
To summer climes;
and every summer thing
Is bidding us farewell!

Then these, bright, spicy,
like a well known guest,
Remain to cheer us,
lest we miss the rest.

—*August Lane*

THE LAST HOUSE

By Jessie M. Whittaker

THE florist's workroom was tropical with the fragrance of flowers and greenery and the heat from the glowing stove, though outside the snow whirled and drifted at the mercy of the wind, and now and then a gust of sleet sent a shiver along the lustiest veins.

Close to the fire sat two men, middle-aged, thick-waisted, prosperous, and a boy of twenty, waiting none too patiently the end of their errand. When they spoke at all it was in subdued monotones, for they were lately come from the presence of the dead, and the spell of the house of mourning was still upon them.

A little apart, to catch the best of the gray light, Louis Labrie sat weaving upon a foundation of wood and tinfoil a great cross of ferns and narcissus. It could not be said that he listened; he merely heard the tributes to the dead and felt the presence of a profound and irremediable bereavement. In silence and apparent apathy, he heard the interchange of low broken sentences, adding no word of praise or regret. Then suddenly, like a smouldering, ash-covered log that, eaten through the heart by fire, falls apart with a tempest of sparks and fierce flame, he began to speak rapidly and scornfully:

"Gentlemen, to hear you talk, one might believe that you had thought your friend above all mortal weakness, even immune from death itself. Had you never thought when his hand clasped yours, how cold that hand must some time lie? Had you never thought when he walked among you—a leader of men—to what idleness he must sooner or later come? Your grief amazes me. I can only wonder at it."

He laid the finished cross upon the table, and gathered about him the material for an anchor of violets. "What is life?" he resumed, "but a long death? And yet, when the process is finished, you cry out in awe or horror or grief, as if something unexpected, unprecedented and unknown had befallen you or your fellow-creatures. Bah! Are

men hypocrites or fools? I watch your endless, forever-new, eternally-old panorama of life and death, and I sometimes think there is no grief, no sorrow, no despair; it is all some fine, unconscious dissimulation, or it is the attenuated inheritance of the first man's consternation and frenzy at the first death.

"*Your* loss is real? *Your* sorrow is sincere? You are sure of that? Then do you belong to the other category?

"Today, perhaps, you hold in your arms, warm and sweet and clinging, your wife. Tomorrow that soft body lies dumb and cold, at the mercy of what a touch, what an embrace! Or tomorrow you teach your child that 'God is good;' that 'God is love,' and the next day he watches the heavy coverlet of clay spread over you, and with all his feeble might he flings your dogma into the face of the universe as a lie.

"Yet, day by day, year by year, you bind yourself to life as a banyan tree drops its roots to the earth, knowing—it is the only thing you do know—that one by one, soon or late, every cord must be severed, by violent wrench or slow disintegration, at the cost of what wounds, what pain! Is it a wonder that I maintain that my fellow-men are either fools or stones?"

At first the men by the fire had received Labrie's storm of denunciation with silent forbearance, offering neither protest nor defense; but now the older man, a stranger to the florist, turned his keen eyes upon him.

"And which of the two, my friend, are you?" he asked. But his scorn fell short of its mark. Labrie tossed back from his forehead a lock of hair, singularly gray among the brown, and returned the questioner's gaze.

"By the grace of my own strength, I am neither," he retorted on the instant. "I was not a fool, and I could not be a stone, so I became the wise man."

"The end of desire is the beginning of wisdom," quoted the man by the fire. "Perhaps you are one of the rare mortals who can attest the truth of that."

"I will not pretend that it was the beginning of mine," replied Labrie, though the thrust brought the blood to his face in dull splotches.

"I suppose that you are not made of the same quality of clay as the rest of us," pursued Labrie's aroused victim.

"I am forced to believe that I am not," returned the florist. He rose and stood looking down on his little audience with an expression on his rugged features that justified his haughty assumption. "Do you wish to know why I think so?" he continued; "do you wish to know? It is because I could not live as Mr. Wainwright there lives, as young Harold there lives, as you perhaps live, and keep sane. You have your wives, your children, your sweethearts, your friends, your ambitions, your dearly-bought successes; and I maintain that if you are not the stones I suspect you of being, you tread hourly the brink of such a hell as would drive me mad. Call it cowardice, call it heartlessness, call it what you will—for myself, I chose a different road."

"And may I ask what that road was? Will you prove it was a wise choice?" asked the stranger.

"I chose the path that thwarts *your* pursuer at every turn save one. I will not live in your demon world of anticipation, and I will not live in your ghost world of memories.

"The Thing that robs and cheats and mocks and defies *you*, that maims and sears and tortures you from your first breath till your last, has no terrors for me. I yield him but one victim—this!" He made a swift gesture that embraced his own superb body. "What are we but sheep huddled in the shambles? I wait my turn alone—that is all! If I am ever happy it is at the thought that in all this spinning world not a heart shall ache, not an eye shall dim when I fall." Still standing, he finished covering the wire and moss anchor with violets.

"You have no mother?" queried the stranger.

"No."

"No wife nor child?"

"No."

"Nor friends nor ambitions?"

"None."

"Why do you live?" he persisted quietly.

"Why should I die?" came the calm response.

Wainwright, seeking to break the tension of the uncanny dialogue, interrupted with: "Did it ever occur to you what an incongruous trade you follow?"

"Growing flowers for your fetes and dinners and weddings and funerals? I should think you would see that in its very incongruity lies the exquisite appropriateness of my occupation. Here are your flowers to celebrate another victory of your arch-enemy. Go give them to your dead mayor, and pretend they are for him. Here you are—wreath, cross, anchor; I have wrapped them well. The drive will not injure them, I think."

Wainwright received the parcels silently, with a sort of patient dignity; it was no time for words. But Talbot lingered a moment. He had been touched by what to Wainwright was repugnant braggadocio.

"I hope we may meet again," said he, "at a time more favorable for talking."

"Thank you," said Labrie, but something in his tone brought a swift revulsion of feeling to Talbot.

"We were both mistaken," he said sternly; "you are not made of clay, either coarse or fine. You are black adamant!"

"Which is all the rarer and more valuable," retorted Labrie.

The three passed out into the storm, but in a moment the boy came back, made a pretense of looking for his gloves, flushed, stammered, and finally blurted out: "I want to tell you how glad I am that I came out this afternoon. I want to thank you for what you said. I think I understand. I have thought about these things so much, but a solution like yours had never occurred to me. You are the bravest man I have ever known. I wish I could be like you, but I'm afraid I am a fool—or a stone. I don't know whether I can be strong or not.

He held out his hand, that trembled a little, to Labrie, but the florist retreated to his table, thrusting his hands behind him.

"That would be against my creed," he said slowly.

The admiration in the boy's eyes only deepened. "May I come out to see you sometimes?" he ventured.

Labrie looked long and deep into the young fellow's eyes, then his answer came, cold as a naked knife, "No."

"I need you," said the boy unsteadily.

"Your father is waiting," said Labrie significantly, and opened the door.

It is a good occupation, that of a florist, for a man who can put his body to his task fourteen hours a day, and who is content with a tread-mill sort of work that the year's end leaves as far from complete as the new year found it; a good occupation for a man who would be much alone and who wears the plain though intangible placard, "Touch me not."

If you wished violets for your sick, or roses for your sweetheart, a wreath for a bride or a cross for the dead, in season or out of season, you took the Lennox Road at the end of High Street, the left turning half a mile out, and another five minutes brought you to the last house and Louis Labrie's little greenhouse, outdazzling the sun on the southern slope of a low bare hill.

To come upon a sun-warped ship stranded upon the desert, or a vine-clad homestead breasting the flood, and to see Louis Labrie for the first time among his flowers, would create something of the same impression—the sense of gigantic mistake, irretrievable loss.

Dwightshill had seen him for the first time twelve years before, and the first impression had faded long ago. But Louis Labrie continued to apply energies that might have been useful to a nation to the uplifting of flower-pots and the wielding of trowels; continued to expend powers that might have brought him a pleasant fame to winning the contemptuously familiar title of "Old Louis Labrie, the Flower Man." Not that he was old, but it is an adjective people are fond of misusing.

Even such a night as this—a blizzard late in March—could not exhaust or daunt those resourceful faculties. Hour after hour he waged battle with the implacable foe that threatened his ruin. The heating pipes ran cold a few yards from the furnace, and the wind found unsuspected crevices faster than three men could have kept them calked. By infinitesimal degrees, slowly but surely, the thermometer began to drop. Then he began carrying the tenderer and more valuable plants into his little dwelling that adjoined the greenhouse. It was an endless task for one pair of hands, and by eleven o'clock he had become a sort of automaton oscillating between the plant house and the living rooms.

Then suddenly that magnificent man-

machine ran down. There was no flaw or break in the mechanism; the motor-power was dead. He was not panic-stricken, he was not even greatly surprised. It had come at last; the thing he had so long expected that he had ceased to speculate on the time and manner of its arrival. He had simply ceased to care.

"This," he said to himself grimly, "is the last death but one. The ossifying process is complete. If it were possible and consistent, I should be glad. Wainwright's friend was a true prophet; behold yourself, Louis Labrie, the figure of a man hewn in black adamant! I think it must have been the boy who did it. He aggravated the symptoms. It's a bit untimely, a little premature—but no matter."

He made an orderly and dispassionate review of like calamities that had befallen him. His amusements, his finer tastes, his friends, his loves, his hates, his passionately loved profession, and now his bread-winning trade—all, one by one, had gone by the same way. Was there nothing left? "A chair and a candle-stick," he answered himself. "Oh, the inconsistencies of women! Multiply them by ten thousand, and you have the inconsistencies of men!"

He drew to the fireside a chair whose ample velvet cushions had once been crimson, suggesting luxurious repose. Now they were corrupted by moth and dust, and the rich color was all but gone. He laid his hands upon the high back, and drew his fingers along the broad arms. But for a Hamlet-like madness that had once beset him, and still held him in its grip, a woman's head might have rested there and a woman's hand might have met his own on the arm.

He put out his hand toward a candle-stick of crystal glass upon the mantel-shelf, then sharply stayed the impulse. What years had passed since one giving it to him had said: "When your darkest hour comes, no matter how or when, you will put a light into it, and it will remind you of another light, a different light, that will be burning for you somewhere."

His hand ached to touch the spark to the wick, but his stubborn will cried out against it. "I do not need you. I shall never need you," he persisted doggedly to the candle's challenge.

The room grew chill and the lamps flick-

ered out. The turn of the night came, but it brought no abating of the storm

"What a night!" he cried, partially rousing himself from the stupor of mind and body that had come upon him. "What a night! Darker and colder, colder and darker. Within and without. How much colder? How much darker?"

He rose to his feet, flinging his arms down, hands clenched, muscles rigid. "Will the end never come? Never, never—"

Slowly his dulled senses became aware that something, not the wind, rattled at the hall door, and a cry almost human—or was it distorted fancy—pierced the storm. Whether seconds or hours elapsed he could not have told. He found himself in the hallway, the lighted candle in his hand, just as the outer door fell open and a woman swaying and groping, fell to the floor on the threshold. He gazed at her in a sort of perplexed terror, laid his arm across his eyes for a moment, looked again at the pitiful thing on the floor, and then turned quickly back into the room.

"Louis Labrie," he explained calmly, "you are stark mad. You have lit the candle 'Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.' You are crazy, crazy—"

He put the candle down and listened. Surely no phantasm of a crooked mind could sob so pitifully. He took up the light and went out again to the door. The woman had raised herself to a sitting posture, leaning heavily against the wall. He bent toward her, and put out his hand.

"Lottie," he whispered. He thought he called aloud and many times. The woman started and gave a low cry as if a white-hot iron had been laid to her flesh. They looked long and long into each other's eyes, as two souls, parted in one world and meeting many eons after in another, might regard one another.

"You!" she cried in a hushed voice of bewilderment and wonder. "You! How could I know? I only saw the light. I—" She hid her face and shrank from him.

"This is no time to think of that—of who I am—of other things," he said. His voice was steady again, calm to sternness. "You are half-frozen, hurt, suffering—no, no, not now, there is no need to explain. Come."

He lifted her, weakly resisting, and carried her to the cushioned chair by the fire. "There

is no one else. You will have to let me help you," he answered to her look of inquiry.

She lay back in the deep chair, white and motionless, submitting mutely as a desperately hurt child, while he removed her wet cloak and shoes, wiped the snow from her hair and chafed her hands. But no words passed between them, and their eyes met no more. Between these two all must be said or nothing; so they threw out a wall of silence to stay the deep sea of speech. He knew that the slightest trickle of words might widen in a breath's time to an irreparable breach; and though for the moment those pent floods might find relief, in the end nothing could come of it but destruction and desolation.

He drew a couch by the fire, and hastily, almost roughly, wrapped her warmly and put her upon it. He built the fire to a roaring blaze, and set the lamps to burning again.

"And now," he said brusquely, "we must have a doctor."

He stood in the center of the room, his eyes averted and his shoulders set squarely away from her. "You will not be afraid?" he asked; "and you must not go to sleep," he commanded.

"I will be good till you get back," came the reply, pathetically cheerful. "The cold is terrible," she ventured; "is it far to go?"

"You must not—you can stay awake till I come back?" he asked again.

"I'll not go to sleep till you come back," catching the desperate meaning of his demand. "But you must protect yourself better than that," she begged

"Let me go."

The revelation of the words was like a lightning flash at midnight. The woman half lifted herself on her arm.

"Louis!" The word was a chord of wonder, pity and remonstrance, but it fell on deafened ears.

Labrie strode out of the house and into the storm. But he was callous to the scourging of wind and sleet and blind to the obstructions of the road.

The whole universe had in the space of an hour resolved itself into two infinitely separated worlds, and the larger was the fact of the existence of two persons—himself and this wounded, storm-beaten woman.

Was it for this, that fourteen years before he had pitted his great will against his great

desire? Was it for this that he had set his head against his heart, and betrayed his own nature? Was it for this that he had hurt a woman's heart past all healing and looked upon her face in the hour when its girlishness faded forever? Was it for this that he had chosen a "different road" and had deliberately hardened himself in his mad whims till in his inconsistent pride he had welcomed but a few hours before the suggestion that he was now but adamant? Was it for this that now at last fate or chance or accident had brought Lottie Barron back into his life, only that he might lose her in the end by the intolerable way that he had so long and so bitterly defied?

Yet the shaft of granite may have its keynote, which, if sounded with persistence and rising stress, may rend and shatter it, and reduce it to the humblest dust. Slowly, lightly, unacknowledged to himself, the sympathetic vibration had begun to tremble through him.

Out there in the darkness he could see and think of nothing but her: her face, worn with the years, even as his was; the rich hair with the silver threads beginning to show about the temples; the frail, thin hands—nothing had escaped his minute though unconscious observation. The years dropped into a gulf, that closed upon them at the thought of her eyes and her voice; and it seemed but yesterday that he had last looked into them and listened to her speaking.

A thousand memory-jewels began to glimmer and glow for him; memories of summer days and autumn weather and fireside twilights; memories of her tears and smiles, her fancies and jests, her pensive moods and her sober wisdom; memories of what she wore and how she looked and what she said at a hundred times.

He took from its hiding his last memory-jewel. It was stained with heart's-blood, blackened with soul-fire, and corroded by the biting acid of remorse. And, even if he were other than he was, he felt that nothing could restore that memory to any semblance of beauty, or atone for its defacement.

Yet, turning away from the doctor's door, with the accomplishment of his errand, both memory and foreboding seemed to have died within him. He seemed again incapable of all feeling—incapable of all but one thought: He must make the return journey slowly,

that the doctor might overtake and pass him, and reach the house before him. He stopped often to listen for the sound of wheels and horses' feet on the road behind him. Sometimes he waited by the roadside for what seemed a quarter of an hour, but which was barely two or three minutes. For Lottie's sake more than for his own, he must go slowly—perhaps he had best not go at all. Yes, that was best, not to return to her at all. He would turn back and urge the doctor to make all haste, but he himself—and then a point of light trembled into view and in a moment vanished. He saw it vaguely, and idly reasoned that it could not be a star, for the thick, fury clouds seemed but a few yards above him. Again the light danced across his vision, darkened, and then came out and lingered, a distant but steady glow.

He knew it now as a light from his own window. A pang of self-pity seized him. In all the years, never before had a light been set in a window to lure and guide him home. Home! Never before had he thought of his solitary house on the hill as that.

Now, because a woman was there, and a light shone from the window, the place was transformed, and—he was going home. He plunged forward like a moth to the flame. The simile occurred to him, but the consequences could not daunt him.

Yet, when he reached the door, his strange elation forsook him. The old fear for himself and dread for Lottie gripped him again, and only the lash and spur of conscience and human compassion compelled him to enter the room.

A faint movement from the couch told him that she was yet awake.

"The doctor will soon be here," he told her, his hand still upon the latch behind him. "His wife is coming, too, and—" the dead whiteness of her face and her closed eyes shook him out of all self-control. He ran to her and laid his fingers on her feebly-pulsing wrist. Her brow was drawn and dewy with pain. As he bent over her to listen for the weak breath, she opened her eyes wide upon his, and for a moment he could only lose himself in their depths. But had they been the gates of Paradise he could only have stood and gazed. He had welded his purgatorial chains too well to escape them with a single bound.

"You will soon be better," he assured her,

drawing himself up stiffly. "The doctor's wife is even better than he, and she is bringing everything you need."

He drew the coverlets more closely around her, and made her taste a little wine.

"I am better now," she sighed drearily, and turned her face away from the light.

"Could you sleep now?" he asked.

"Perhaps," she answered dully.

He sat down at the further side of the room, folding his arms upon the back of his chair and bowing his head upon them. There was nothing to do, nothing that he could do, but to wait. Would the doctor never come!

"Louis." The whisper startled him like the unexpected peal of a great bell. He lifted his head and placed his feet more rigidly on the floor.

"Louis."

"Can't you sleep?" he asked gently, but did not move. The silence that followed almost persuaded him that he had heard nothing. Then, "Louis," came the call again, hardly above a breath, with the ethereal sweetness of the first notes of music that arouse a sleeper. He clenched his hands together, and caught a deep breath before he answered, "Is there something I can do?"

There was no reply, and his heart began to plunge with terror. He strained every nerve to catch the faintest sound or movement across the room, yet when she called again he made no answer.

"Louis."

He sat motionless as a stone. Would the doctor never come!

"Louis, surely there can be truth between us—now—at last. It cannot matter now—tonight—for this little while, Louis!"

He rose heavily, and, without turning, walked to the window, and pressing his forehead against the icy glass, stood staring out into the desolation of the night. His answer was a two-edged sword held by the blade.

"It was no wish of mine that we have met again," he said with slow distinctness.

"Yes," she said softly, "I know."

Her answer stirred in him a subtle wonder; there was neither anger, pain nor ~~reproach~~ in her voice; only a boundless compassion. He hid his face against his uplifted arm and leaned heavily against the wall.

"Louis."

"Are you trying to drive me mad?" he asked in a low voice.

"I am trying to win you from madness," she answered calmly. "Have they been such happy years?"

He made no answer, but his heart beat like great hammer-blows, and the blood surging in his ears was like a seething flood. The palpitant silence and the dread of her pleading became alike intolerable.

"You had lit the candle," she reminded him.

With the desperate effort of a fatally-snared lion, he summoned his strength to answer: "The lamps had gone out; that was all." He felt that she had half risen on the couch; he felt the imploring stretch of her hands; most keenly of all he felt the look that he knew was in her eyes. His nerveless fingers beat a tremulous involuntary tattoo upon the window-pane.

"Louis!"

He knew what was coming, as the lightning flash prepared the nerves for the blow of thunder, and his fingers gripped the window-ledge with an iron hold.

"Louis, I am the woman you loved!"

Slowly, as a tortured body might writhe and wrench itself from the rack, he turned and faced her; then, reeling and blind, he crossed the room and fell on his knees beside her.

The seconds lengthened to minutes, the minutes measured half-way round the clock, and still he knelt, his face buried upon his arms, silent, motionless, save for the heavy breath that now and then shook his great body.

The stone had been riven and crushed and softened to impalpable dust. Slowly, with consummate skill and infinite patience, that humble dust was being remolded into new being. Plastic and pliant, mute and awed, he waited the consummation that needed but the breath of a voice to make him a living man.

At last the woman laid her frail hand on his bowed head; he quivered at the electric touch.

"Oh, my poor, foolish, mistaken Louis! So foolish, so foolish, and so miserable."

He lifted his blanched and quivering, tear-stained face and sought her eyes with his. "Lottie! Lottie, my love," he whispered, and gave her all the long-denied truth from his eyes.

"Forgive! Can you?"

"I have understood," she answered under her breath.

He drew her fingers to the pulse in his wrist. "Is there real blood beating there?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"Look at me again, Lottie. Am I really alive? Do my eyes look like a living man's?"

She smiled her answer, and then studied him gravely. "You had the candle-stick in your hand," she mused. "How strange! Was it all an accident?"

"No, not all accident. Let us not talk of that, now."

The swish of wheels and the crunching of horses' feet through the snow broke in upon them. He rose and went into the next room, and, groping in the depths of an old trunk, went back to her with that circlet of magic gold, an old engagement ring. He held it out to her. "Look, Lottie; do you know what it is?"

A pitiful flush swept across her thin face, leaving her paler than before, and her eyelids trembled upon brimming tears.

"You are thinking of that day at Willow Haven! Forget that!" he begged. "Think of tonight and tomorrow, and of all our tomorrows."

"Louis." Her low voice rose and fell like the murmur of distant waters on the wind, sometimes slipping out of hearing altogether. She spoke rapidly, between soft little breaths, and Labrie leaned close to her lips.

"Once—you loved for its sweet—and hated it for its bitter. Once—you wanted only the roses—and the sun and the song—and would have none of the thorns and the clouds—and the tears. You—Oh, Louis, can't you see that there is not much left—nothing perhaps—but the thorns and the cold and the dark? You—"

"Then I want the thorns and the cold and the dark. I will take all, I want all. I want to live. I want all love brings; I will yield all it asks—quick, Loftie, they are at the door. Answer me, Lottie. Do you remember what is in the ring? Will you put it on again?"

Her left hand moved feebly, and he slipped the ring back to its old place.

The doctor and his wife looked with un-

concealed wonder at Labrie when he let them in. Perhaps they had never before seen a fellow-creature in the hour of his transfiguration.

The white light of it did not leave him, even when the doctor came out to him at dawn with the news of his patient.

"Will she—?" His eyes finished the question that his lips refused.

"No," said the old physician, who was a stickler for truth; "it is worse than this. She will live—such a life as it will be. The fall from the moving car, the fright, the long exposure, the super-human effort she must have made to reach shelter—I wish I could give you more hope, Mr. Labrie—even a strong man could hardly hope to recover from a shock as terrible as your poor friend has received."

But Labrie looked, as the doctor afterward told his wife, like any but a man whose hopes had been dealt a mortal blow.

Indeed the glow of that night's miracle had not left him when he walked in the June gardens, cutting roses for Lottie to send to the doctor's wife.

"She is wonderful," the doctor was remarking for the fiftieth time. He had just come from the room where Labrie's wife lived out the measure of her death-in-life days. He was not a fool, yet he often ventured where an angel might have passed by.

"Labrie," said he, "it is told in Dwightshill that you once said that such a life as this—yours and our poor Lottie's—was a hell you refused to be suspended over."

Labrie's eyes met the doctor's with an undisturbed affection, and then turned to his wife's window.

"Most of us are more or less mad, for a longer or shorter time, at some period of our lives. Haven't you found it so, Morrison? Mine lasted longer than most men's, perhaps. Doubtless I said something like that. I haven't recovered entirely, but—there are glimpses of paradise, too. And it is so good to be alive—after all those years of ice and flint.

"But see how selfish a man is—always thinking of himself. Roses and thorns! They are made so. Nature could not grow a different species—even for me."

A NIGHT *in* OLD MEG'S HOLLOW

By Charlotte W. Thurston

I THINK it all came to pass because my middle name is Dulcinia. A yearning grandmother begged to have me named for her—Jerusha Dulscreech; an erudite though fanciful grandfather plead for Cervantes as a middle name. My poor parents compromised on Dulcinia. How indeed should such an adventure happen to me, plain Jerusha D. Grey? To J. Dulcinia Grey, however, it might well be an every-day affair. Jerusha and Dulcinia were terrible trials to me during childhood, but when I was twenty, and dear old Ralph appeared and said that they were the sweetest names in all the world, and so particularly suited to being followed by his own name of Grey, the only thing I could do was to fall straightway into his arms, knowing there was nothing in all the world for me worth the having if I did not follow this suggestion of his.

“Ralph,” said I one morning after we had been married some two years, as I helped him to a third cup of coffee,—Sir Isaac Newton and Paracelsus having helped themselves to a third dish of catnip, meanwhile propelling themselves across the floor on ecstatic backs—“Ralph, I think I’ll go to spend the night with Aunt Harriet, and be back tomorrow, long before you get home.”

“Sir Isaac,” said Ralph solemnly, “you, Paracelsus and I, we three, are to be left alone, deserted, ostracized from the land of smiles.”

Sir Isaac slowly arose, with one light spring was on the table, and, after polishing Ralph’s hand with the back of a glossy maltese head, seated himself, his long tail curling in an effective arc over my best damask breakfast cloth, and beaming on Ralph with overweening sentimentality through narrowed eye-slits, set up a loud insistent purr.

“Merciful heavens,” ejaculated Ralph, “is that the way you take it? Well, well, Sir Isaac, perhaps you are right, perhaps you are right.”

It was so early that I went in to talk with Edith for a few minutes on the way to the train. Her house stands directly opposite the little station, and thus I felt myself on safe ground.

Here enters the real villain of my tale. Edith possessed an old Indian relic, a ruby—and what a ruby! In mere size it was (Ralph, who is looking over my shoulder, says, “Now, be careful, be careful!”) simply enormous, but the way its red splendor glittered and dazzled is unspeakable. There was a winking of sinister intelligence about it; a glint of occult human—or inhuman—wickedness in the depths of that gorgeous Oriental eye. I had long ago (with disregard to ethnological considerations) named the thing the Cyclops.

Edith, from a freak, had slipped it on her finger this morning, and on being called off to the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker, at the back door, had tossed the ring into my lap, saying, “I can’t wear *that* down to them. I’ll be back in two minutes.” As she disappeared, she glanced over her shoulder with her merry smile, and cried airily, “If not, keep it till called for.”

I had slipped the ruby mechanically on my finger, and ceased to think of it as I stood gazing out on the people hurrying to the station. A rumble and some wisps of blue smoke awoke me to the fact that my train was coming. I seized traveling-bag and gloves, flew across the street, scrambled into the train, settled myself down in comfort, laid bag and ticket on the seat beside me, and we were all off and away. All—including the Cyclops!

Across the aisle sat two of the most villainous-looking men eye hath ever beheld, and suddenly I realized that they were staring straight at my still ungloved hand with an expression that “harrowed up my soul and made my two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres.” It was no jesting matter, nevertheless, for nothing short of murder

lurked in those protruding eyes. With what calmness I could assume, I drew on my gloves, and sat in uncomfortable self-communing.

To my unspeakable relief, however, the two men left the car at the station some ten miles before we reached my alighting-place, and I had the satisfaction of seeing them left behind on the platform as our train pulled out. It was a little disconcerting to find that we had only pulled out on a siding, to wait for the up-train to pass; but as the men did not reappear, my natural buoyancy reasserted itself, and I threw fear to the winds and fatuously enjoyed myself. I should have been very thankful, nevertheless, to have had the Cyclops safely out of my keeping.

The stage-coach that was to carry me farther on my little journey was in waiting as the train drew up, and in a few minutes we were rolling gaily across the open country behind four magnificent gray horses. Gaily, I have said, but after some seven or eight miles were stretched behind us, the not altogether pleasing knowledge was thrust upon me that on the driver's seat, in apparently amiable converse with him, although most of the time out of my view except for an occasional glimpse of their legs, sat my two friends of the train.

Why need the wheel have given way on that particular trip? Why need we have been delayed by it so long that when we reached the cross-road where I had many a time alighted and met the north-bound stage that passed Aunt Harriet's door, this had already gone by, and why did I not learn of it until the four great gray horses were galloping miles away?

A small, untidy-looking cabin stood near the intersection of the roads, and it was here, after waiting rather impatiently in the now gathering twilight for half an hour, that I learned that to stand longer staring down the road for the stage was a useless amusement.

The place hereabouts was known as Old Meg's Hollow; a wild romantic, mystery-loving spot I had always considered it, and had enjoyed the brief waiting on the edge of the solemn forest, with the sunlight yellowing the curves of the four ascending roads, and even Old Meg's cabin, viewed from a distance, the fields behind it sloping gently

upward in the cheerful daylight, had added its fascination; so it was with no feeling of uneasiness that I made my inquiries as to the passing of the stage.

The only inhabitants of the cabin seemed to be a man and a woman. The former was about sixty years old, with a smooth face and cold lack-lustre eyes; bald save for two or three short gray hairs which stood straight up in the air from the exact top of his head. The woman looked older. Crafty, bead-like eyes surmounted by a forehead possibly one inch in height, from which the streaky hair was drawn tightly back, and a mouth which possessed every expression that a woman's mouth should not possess, and not one that it should, gave me an uncomfortable desire to hasten my departure.

The cross-road at Old Meg's Hollow, where the west-bound and north-bound stages should have met, as my charming hostess assured me, was a dozen miles from the nearest settlement; horses in this vicinity there were none to be had. I was exceedingly sorry to learn this, but I would walk; I was a good walker, and would keep on my way; I should come to other houses before long?

"There ain't another house for three miles, and that's one a leddy like yer wouldn't dares ter go ter," answered the woman with a mock deference that warned me to be on the defensive.

"But," I persisted, "I saw the chimneys of a house that seemed to be only a little way off in the woods."

The creature leered at me.

"O yes, there's a house all right, but there don't nobody go *there*. It's haunted; the noises they say is something awful; and the lights, and the steps folks hev heerd there o' wild windy nights—there ain't a soul would go near it now for anything yer could offer 'em."

Old Meg surveyed me with a baleful grin that was intended to be reassuring. "Yer kin stay right here, ef yer want ter; I'll give yer some supper an' a good bed," she added with obvious alacrity.

Despair gripped my heart. What could I do? I pled my inability to eat, but gladly shut myself into the proffered room. A doleful hour dragged by. I could not sleep; I stepped softly to the window and looked out.

The moon was just coming into view over

the tops of the forest trees, and cast long level rays across the road and two or three outbuildings below the cabin. There, leaning against one of these, stood my two friends of the morning, whose faces I had earnestly hoped never to see again. They, leisurely, hands in their pockets, slouched toward the cabin, and I heard them calling on Old Meg. Evidently they had no desire for secrecy. Their quarry was safely housed.

A bad quarter of an hour dragged by.

That my room was on the ground floor filled me with alternate terror and rejoicing. I felt sure of a visitor ere long, and flight seemed the only help. Where to go? I could not stay out until morning. I certainly could not stay in.

I stepped again to the window; the moonlight streamed white over the fields, and a hot night-wind was tossing the tree-tops madly to and fro. Could I hide in the woods? My pursuers would find me—the haunted house! It flashed into my thoughts and at once I felt it my only chance. Small fears had I, a twentieth century woman, of the ghostly guests; and it might be my haven of refuge from only too real mortal terrors.

My mind was instantly made up. I waited in an agony of impatience until everything was still in the house, and then made myself wait still longer. I waited, waited, until the breathing of the sleeping man and woman in the room next to mine grew loud and regular, and then, the accursed Cyclops buried in my bosom, slipped out of the window and made with frantic haste for the forest.

At every step a grasp was on my shoulder, a hideous voice in my ear. I think for the time being I was actually crazy.

There was no difficulty in finding the house; what had once been a path led near it and on into the wood beyond. It was a low one-storied building, with trees growing thickly about it on three sides. As the hot gusts of wind seized them, the branches thrashed against the roof and rasped fiercely at the weather-beaten walls, adding vastly to the weird gloom of the place. My fears, however, were not of the house; I tried the door; it resisted; a window; it opened, and in a moment I was in what might be by force of contrast, considered safety.

By slow degrees my senses came back, and I looked about me.

The moonlight flooded the front room, which was low-ceiled, with woodwork which must have once been painted white. The house stood on the verge of a deep hollow, and although it had but this one story, the ground sloped away so sharply at the back that one of the windows in the room opened upon the flat roof of a sort of shed or L about three feet below. A rough board table and two or three chairs and boxes stood about in confusion. There had once been a fireplace, but this was now boarded up and an airtight stove with a long funnel had been substituted. Not a room to encourage ghosts. As I glanced about thinking how lacking were the true accessories to such visitants: no mullioned windows, sliding panels or waving tapestries, I almost smiled. But the stiffened muscles refused their uncanny work, and I shivered instead; and as I shivered I noticed that there was another door in the room. This door was close beside the fireboard, and led into a long dark narrow closet, the walls of which were rather oddly covered with hangings of faded chintz. A number of old garments still hung from the pegs.

I turned away with scant desire for further investigation, and sat dolefully down to wait for daylight.

My thoughts indeed were ghostly enough. The wind fairly snarled around the house. Cyclops' gorgeous eye seemed to be burning a triumphant hole through my breast. How villainously would that wicked eye blaze there in the moonlight if I durst draw it forth! How would the Thing bore itself a tunnel down into my heart's blood, if I did not swiftly tear it out of my bosom!

These cheerful forebodings were disturbed by a sudden louder onslaught of the wind, and a noise the like of which I had supposed neither earth nor hades could offer. It was a vibrating, quivering sound, rising into a wild shriek, changing to a fierce clatter, falling to a muffled rumble and ending in a high, shrill, prolonged moan. From no mortal throat could such a sound come.

I started up, cringing, abject terror utterly demoralizing me. Then I drew myself together. I—my father's daughter—fear ghosts? I—a twentieth century woman? Whatever this is, it is actual, it is the logical outcome of Something; I cannot yet grasp it. With grim whimsical humor it came into my brain:

"Here is a graphic illustration for your latest article on subjectivity and objectivity."

Then I sat down. But I thought of Ralph, at his serene vigil before the wood fire of a September evening; Paracelsus basking under the table lamp, one paw confidingly outstretched on Ralph's arm; of a furry ball on the rug that would lift an acknowledging head if Sir Isaac were addressed, probably utilizing Ralph's slumped foot as a bulwark to lean against—and Ralph lovingly looking at my empty chair.

The real horror of the night was, however, yet to come; for now with terror unspeakable I heard human voices. This was something before which even my vaunted stoicism was overwhelmed.

There in the moonlight, making straight for this house, came the men to escape whom I was spending this awful night in this awful place. I had, in truth, chosen their rendezvous as a haven of concealment.

There was no time to fly, no place to fly to under the moonlight. I folded my arms and stood waiting. But instinct rebelled, and, without rhyme or reason, I rushed into the long narrow closet, stumbling as I did so against the closet wall. It gave way, and I was precipitated into darkness.

When the old fireplace had been closed up for the substitution of the air-tight stove, the great chimney in the middle of the house had been rebuilt into a small central shaft, and the space occupied by the huge chimney had been left, a dark cavity surrounding the now slender chimney, intersected horizontally by a long stretch of funnel from the stove I had seen. An opening into this space had been cut in the wall of the closet, the door-like slice of the wall and the button which should have held it in place being concealed by the chintz hangings. Of course I knew nothing of all this at the time.

Here, then, in this long low space I lay, haggardly forecasting what was next to fall on my unhappy head. Soot, apparently, judging from what seemed to be scattering down upon me. My hand rested on something cold and hard; my head on a bag of—Good God! I was lying in the robbers' treasure hole, among their ill-gotten gains.

The men evidently settled themselves down as in a familiar haunt. I heard one of them start up and throw open a window. They talked low, but now and then a word would

penetrate to my ear. Of what did reach it, however, the least said perhaps the better.

I dared not stretch out my feet, for the floor might end in the darkness, and what if I should slide down the hole! I dared not reach out my head an inch, lest at a touch the crazy funnel might come rattling down, but yet was I grateful enough for this suddenly improvised Procrustean bed.

I knew that the men must be talking of the Cyclops and of me, but in vain I listened. Had they been to my room and discovered the flight of their victims? They would never be satisfied to let matters rest there. What were they planning next?

Something ran softly and lightly, with little tripping feet, across my hand. Involuntarily I shrank back, repressing a scream, and then as quickly came the thought: A twentieth century woman, and after all she has gone through tonight, lost because of a mouse? Yet what if there were rats around me! That is a very different matter, and enough to make her hair look like the quills of a fretful porcupine, even on a twenty-first century woman. But I set my teeth and bore even this. It might have proved too much for me, who knows? and I might have flung myself screaming upon human mercy, nad run on a sudden a sentence come loud and clear.

"Hello! I left that door open!"

One of the robbers jerked the closet door shut, and I heard a sound as of the key scraping in the lock.

The discussion was evidently at an end, for the voices were no more to be heard; footsteps echoed for a moment, and all was silence.

So dazed was I with all that I had gone through, that at first I did not grasp what had happened. When I did—I cannot write even now of that awful moment. I was beyond all earthly help now; locked into that hideous hole. The robbers would find a raving maniac, or if God were merciful, my dead body.

Mortal woman could bear no more. I flung through the opening into the closet and hurled myself fiercely against the door. The stanch old wood hardly quivered. Mad now with a ghastly gripping terror, I dashed myself again and again against the panel. My breath came in agonized gasps. I tried to cry out, but could make no sound.

Once again I flung myself in impotent despair against the woodwork. I shook the handle of the door furiously—which instantly turned under my hand, and the door (like the much-abused but perfectly well-behaved door which it was, and in logical co-operation with the laws of mechanics) opened. My fears had run away with me; it had never been locked.

My dazed mind had little time for rejoicing, for footsteps echoed on the steps outside; footsteps of no blessed ghosts, but of mortal men. Probably the noise I had made had been heard, for the robbers were certainly coming back; or possibly they had intended a quick return, for the window was still open.

The closet door was still clenched in my astonished fingers. Mechanically I jammed it shut, and in an instant had sprun out through the open window to the flat roof of the shed below. I dared not stay here, for the moon though now far in the west, still flung her light across the house. The wind raced over the roof with a bang and grinding at the creaking tiles that hung thick and heavy over the building. The great oaks beyond were in deep shadow, and it would be no easy work, with the help of a drooping branch, to swing myself in the darkness in the crotch of a huge tree. Rather I fled, a suppliant Daphne, and the tree was faithful also unto me.

The men, probably reassured at finding everything as they had left it, after prowling a few moments about the house, went off in the direction of Old Meg's cabin. I speculated as to whether they were now going in quest of the Cyclops and me.

Flimsy black clouds kept swirling across the moon's face, and the night-breeze still came in hot sudden gusts.

As I sat at my ease, waiting for daylight to give me courage to go back to civilization, represented by the morning stage-coach, a wild rush of the wind came, and again burst

forth that ghostly sound vibrating between a shriek and a moan, quivering away into a piteous plaintive wail. Terrified, I nearly fell from my throne, but, nevertheless, daring to look upward, saw on the slope of the upper roof the cause of the ghostly visitants—an innocent but loosened shingle, rising, falling and careening in the arms of the night-wind. The scraping and grinding of a bough of my giant oak tree against the walls and the roof at intervals, came in as the weird ghost chorus.

I was fearless now; with nature simply carrying out her laws, I was with a friend. When my Dodona oak-boughs made heard the impressive but not melodious voices, it was but the Oracle foretelling a pink flush in the eastern sky, a stage-coach, a short journey—and Ralph.

Thus it befel. The morning light brought with it courage for the flight to the road, and the early stage was as the chariot of the gods.

I was lying on the sofa before the blazing logs, in the cool September twilight; close beside me, with tucked-in paws and sleep-overpowered eyelids Paracelsus roaring loud contentment; and Sir Isaac, with long tail extending straight out behind him in an ever-diminishing perspective, sitting bolt upright before the fire, intent eyes following the ascent of every spark as it vanished up into the mysterious darkness—when Ralph came into the room.

"Merciful heavens, Paracelsus, she's back again! No high old bachelor time for us tonight, Sir Isaac,"—when he caught sight of my face.

"My darling, what is it, what is it?"—and I was crying my heart out in his arms.

Paracelsus roared a louder contentment, and Sir Isaac Newton, reversing the conundrum of his namesake, continued the pondering of his problem as to why a spark falls upward.



MORN

By Agnes Haskell

WHEN Morn kisses awake Earth's drowsy eyes,
As open her rosy curtains swing,
To souls awake, glad orisons rise,
And rapturous alleluias ring!

Hoar hills lift their foreheads of burnished gold;
Dusk rivers leap and blush at her glance;
Brooks babble their bliss to wood and wold;
Bird pipes to bird, in a joyous trance.

From dale and down of sumptuous blooms,
That smile thro' tears which Erebus weeps,
God's censers, exhaling rare perfumes—
The silvery mist soft heavenward creeps.

Her white-winged shallop before the breeze,
Careen and float where the eagle whirls;
Her fingers comb the locks of the trees,
And strew them thick with glistening pearls.

Up!—Up!—from slumberous woodland deeps,
A-wing for luminous heights of space,
The skylark, wildly jubilant, sweeps,
And pours his soul in her laughing face!

Swift roll the lambent billows of light,
And silently swell an ocean vast;
As—gaunt, denuded, tottering—Night
Silently sank in the grave of the Past!

First-born of Day!—Bright herald of good!—
Thrice welcome thy smiles on sea and land!
Glorious! as when the Creation stood
A *marvel*, fresh from Jehovah's hand!

UNDER THE JACK-LANTERNS

By Catherine Frances Cavanagh

HEAVY it hangs over your poor head! What shall the owner of this pledge do?" Miss Carmody dangled a bracelet over the head of blindfolded Mr. Dale, who was playing the part of judge in the game of forfeits, at the Misses Chilton's hallowe'en party, which was being held at Judge Chilton's Delaware farm. In response to the inquiry, Mr. Dale answered by another:

"Fine or superfine?"

"Superfine!"

"Um! Another fair damsel on my hands," said Dickie Dale, as he was familiarly called. "Well, let me see! I'm almost at a loss for stunts. I don't want any more impromptu songs, after hearing Miss Kennedy's 'a grasshopper sat on a sweet tater vine,' nor do I want any more *poems*, after Jack Forrest's 'Bingen on the Rhine,' it's too much like making the judge suffer for the offences of the criminals before him. I can't ask her to slide down the banister, can I? Nor to bring in another big log for the fireplace; nor to walk backward down the cellar steps; nor blacken the kitchen range; nor go out and dust off our automobile; nor any of those nice little jobs I am saving for the fellows! Well, I'll tell you, Miss Superfine can meander down the lane until she comes to the stile between the orchard and the woods, and there, under those two jack-lanterns which we hung there this evening, she must sit and think on her past sins. In a little while I will send to her a father confessor, who will ask her about her crimes and absolve her, if he sees fit. As for the penance; well, let *him* see to that—I don't pretend to know the different measures of penance for different sins. Fair penitent, move out into the night," he concluded, waving his hand majestically.

"But it's lonesome up there near that woods," expostulated one of the young women of the party—not the one who received the sentence, though; she was moving slowly toward the hall.

"Oh, it won't be, soon," airily answered

Dickie. "Besides, you girls run around enough in boogy-holes on hallowe'en for the sake of peeping into the future—places you wouldn't dare to go on any other night in the year. Oh, I know you! Run along, fair maid. I'll soon send your father confessor," he called cheerily to his unknown victim. But she was already on the way. Catching her white shawl from the hall-rack, Alice Brierton passed out into the frosty autumn.

There was no moon, but the stars were out in countless legions, and a pale light seemed to hang over the peaceful, sweet-smelling land. She drew a deep sigh as she passed down between the garden beds, where dahlias and chrysanthemums bloomed, with here and there a wax-like autumn rose, and lemon verbenas saturating the air with their dying fragrance. She gathered a belated rose and a sprig of the verbena, and then, opening the little wicket, passed into the orchard and up the long lane, at the end of which was the stone stile leading into the woods. Seating herself on the top-most step, she waited for her father confessor, idly wondering who he would be, and when he came what he would ask her, and what she would tell him. She thought that she would tell him that she was growing old, or felt as if she were growing very old, in spite of her twenty-three autumns; and that, somehow, hallowe'en seemed a very foolish institution, anyway.

There was one thing certain: she was not enjoying herself this night. Had she known that Mr. Geoffrey Townsend was to be there that evening, she certainly would not have come. She was heartily sick of meeting him at places, and inventing ways and means of trying to avoid speaking to him; as she knew he tried to avoid her and yet not draw the attention of others to their conduct. It seemed harder than ever, tonight, for it was the anniversary of their first meeting, and once he had told her he would never forget it; and she—well, she told her heart

that she never would, either! But all that was past now, and hallowe'en and all its foolish pastimes seemed very distasteful to her.

Her father confessor was a long time in coming. The candles in the jack-lanterns sputtered noisily; some persistent katy-dids and katy-didn'ts renewed their old-time controversy in the dark woods, a cricket chirped sleepily, a hare scurried by, acorns pattered down on the fallen leaves, and all the noises of the open gave her an oppressive sense of loneliness and of being totally forgotten by the gay crowd up at the stone house.

She was not forgotten, however. Dickie was just biding his time. After sending her away, he gave the next victim and the next some tasks in different directions, and then, being informed that it was "fine" and a gentleman waited to be given a task, he called out cheerily:

"Well, I don't know who you are, or who that poor girl is who sits up near the woods waiting for your coming to hear her confession, but off you go, sir; and don't be too hard on her!"

There was a profound hush in the room as Miss Carmody held Geoffrey Townsend's Masonic charm in her fingers. She seemed to hesitate a moment, and then put it into his hands and indicated that he was the man. He took it, and without a word stalked from the room, and a few minutes later they heard the hall door close after him. Then such a clamor broke loose!

"Now Dickie Dale, you've put your foot in it!" cried Miss Carmody. "You have sent Townsend after Alice Brierton, and they have hardly spoken to each other for months and months."

"How was I to know whom I was sending after her?" cried Dickie, snatching the bandage off his blazing blue eyes. "And, even if I hadn't been blindfolded, how was I to know about this Brierton-Townsend feud; I who have been an exile from home and mother for twelve months and two! I never listen to gossip, either, you know! Oh, you wicked people!" he continued, wringing his hands in mock helplessness, "this is how poor Justice gets into trouble, being blindfolded!"

They couldn't help laughing at Dickie, and, as if to console him, Arthur Blair spoke up: "Never mind, Dickie Dale, others besides Justice are blind."

"Love, for instance," sighed Dickie. "Well, I wish them a happy reunion. By Jove! You don't think he'll shirk, do you? If I thought he would, I'd scoop up there to her by a cross-cut right off."

"No, you don't, Dickie, dear!" cried Mrs. Chase, a young chaperone, pulling him back. "Please leave them to the care of the good fairies that are abroad tonight. He'll go for her, even if they don't exchange a word; I know he is a gentleman who will keep his pledge."

"In the meanwhile, we must sit here serenely and wait for news," sighed Dickie. "For mercy's sakes, Billings, give us one of your songs,—anything, anything to break these moments of suspense!"

"By request," said Billings, rising and bowing to the ladies, then to Dickie, "I will sing my little song, and here it is—

"Oh, Dickie Dale, little we knew
The mischief you this night would do!"

"That's right, pile it on!" cried Dickie. "Blame me, instead of the evil witches that run around this night, do!"

"Meanwhile, Townsend was hurrying through the orchard and up the lane to the stile near the woods. He could see the Jack-lanterns grin as he approached the stile they guarded, and, gritting his teeth, he could, in imagination, see the grins of the company that he had left behind him. Dickie Dale always had a knack of making blunders, and they should have known better than to have let him give out the forfeits. But they should never know that he, Townsend, wanted to flatly refuse to go after Alice Brierton; for had he not told her that he would never go to her again unless she sent for him; and hadn't she told him that that hour might possibly come when heaven and earth met! The months had been very dreary since that bitter misunderstanding, and, somehow, he wasn't feeling so sure of his getting along without her friendship now as he had been some months ago.

He drew near the stile, and could make out plainly the slight figure sitting on the top of it, the dim yellow light of the grinning lanterns falling on her pensive face, one white hand holding the fleecy shawl around her, to ward off the night air.

"Miss Alice," he called, as he stopped at the foot of the stile, "it's a shame letting you or any other woman stay out in this damp

and lonely spot, just for fun. I am sorry that you are not to have a more agreeable escort, but I had to come, as it fell to my lot."

The girl laughed nervously. "Oh, I suppose it's fun for the others; and if it will amuse them, I don't suppose either you or I should object, should we?" She arose, shaking her skirts and prepared to descend. He put out his hand and motioned her to wait. Seating himself on the step below her, he began steadily:

"Well, so long as Fate in the person of Dickie Dale has made us break our vows, and meet and speak again, I might as well take all that is coming to me, and hear your confession. I am tired of all this, Alice; tired of this long misunderstanding; the going day after day without one word of even friendship from you, when you know that I had hoped for something more. I will ask you, Alice, if you can, and will, give me an explanation of your conduct toward me last spring; why you should break an engagement you had made to go to the theater with me; to refuse to see me when I called for you, and yet to let me hear you entertaining that despicable cad, Darby, in the library. I told you then that no explanation seemed necessary; I thought there could be none, excepting that you wished to trifl with me. Now, as your father confessor," he gave a weak laugh at this, "I am going to ask you for the reason and make the punishment as light as I can, under the circumstances."

"Punishment! It is you who deserve to be punished, Sir Hotspur!" she cried. "If you hadn't demanded an explanation—demanded—at that time, and also told me that you would never come near me again until I sent for you, I might have told you, and we might have laughed over it together—even if it did make both of us very provoked on that night!"

"You too!" he cried, leaning toward her and catching the hand that was not occupied in drawing the shawl tighter, for she was shivering now with excitement, as well as from the night dews. "Oh, Alice, if I had known that it was not all your fault! I beg your pardon for being so hasty, so stubborn, too. Now, will you tell me?"

"It's so simple, so silly, even if it did turn out to be tragical," she began. "I couldn't come out in the hall to you, or get up, while Mr. Darby was in the room, for—well, if you must know, you horrid man, I hadn't any shoes on! When I went to put on my opera slippers, I recollect that I had left my one precious shoe-horn down on the library table—the carved ivory one you brought me from Japan, you know. I had had it down in the library, showing it to Cousin Nell that afternoon, and I forgot to carry it up stairs again. I thought I could run down and get it without anyone seeing me, but I had no sooner gotten into the library when the maid answering the bell ushered that hateful Mr. Darby right in on me. I sank into a chair and didn't stir out of it till he took his leave."

"Oh, Geoff, you don't know what misery I was in! And you acted as if nothing I could say or do would make you have any faith in me. I don't know how I can ever forgive you, anyway, for thinking I'd neglect any nice young man for that horrid Mr. Darby!"

"So, I am the one to cry pardon! Dear Alice, if I ask for pardon, and I do from the bottom of my heart, mayn't I give you just a small penance for making me worry needlessly? Why didn't you let me go in and send that fellow about his business?"

"And have to get up! And have him tell it all over as a joke! You don't know what you are saying, Geoff!"

"Well, let's dismiss that cad! Alice, dearest," he said, sitting on the step beside her and putting his arm around her waist. "It's a little too cool to be out here without much protection, and so—and so! There, that's your penance and my paradise!"

"Well, what kept you two out so long?" cried Dickie Dale, when the engaged lovers came in almost an hour later, after they had been sent out. "Was the penance so long; so severe? Do tell us about it, unless it was *sub rosa*."

"I assure you, Dan Cupid," said Townsend, beaming with a happiness none could misunderstand, "the punishment is great—a life sentence! And the verdict was not given *sub rosa*, but *sub Jack-lanterns*."

A MAN AND A MAID

By Celia Myrover Robinson

IF one could only eat ancient portraits or old china or mahogany furniture! But, unfortunately, the choicest Sevres doesn't mellow with age, and one's defunct ancestors might prove indigestible."

"I don't see how you can!" Mrs. Belknap turned a pathetic, red-eyed face to her younger sister. "It is no season for jesting. Do you realize, Elizabeth," she drew her damp, lace-bordered handkerchief from her face and threw her hand out tragically, "do you realize that we are facing starvation?"

"That I do realize it, my speech has just shown, but I don't think we are facing it very bravely. It is now nearly two months since—since—" She broke off helplessly, as her sister turned from her and sank into a chair, burying her face in her hands and sobbing convulsively.

The younger girl rose and went over and knelt down beside her.

"Anna," she said, piteously, "if only you would not give way so! Oh, don't you suppose that I suffer too? It isn't easy to laugh when one's heart is breaking, but it is better and easier to laugh than to cry."

"It is now nearly two months since Roy—left us. We must try to think; we must do something."

"We might sell the place," said Anna, between sobs, "but it would break my heart."

"Sell the place! Anna, I told you—surely you understand; the place is mortgaged, dear. We do not own a thing but the furniture and pictures, and our own personal effects. It is only through Colonel Hempstead's kindness that we have remained here so long. And there is no money, dear. After I have paid the servants there will be nothing left. We must find work, Anna."

"What can we do?" asked Mrs. Belknap, helplessly.

"If it were a magazine story, I should marry Colonel Hempstead, and it would end happily. But it isn't, and so I must find

something to do. Oh, if I only knew how to do some one thing well! I wonder if, in all Kentucky, there are two women as helpless as you and I?"

"I can paint a little," began Mrs. Belknap.

"Yes, you can paint a little, and I can sing a little and play a little and dance a little, and I know a little French and a little German. Together, we know a little of everything under the sun. But we neither of us could earn a penny with any of our numerous accomplishments."

"You are so pretty, Elizabeth. I don't see why—"

"You don't see why I couldn't captivate Colonel Hempstead or some other eligible old or young man? After all my seasons and my many advantages, it is strange that I should be an old maid, isn't it? But I am, and we must make the best of it."

"You are so strange, Elizabeth," said her sister, plaintively. "You know you might have married anybody—anybody; and yet—"

"And yet, I have married nobody. I am not so sure that I could have married 'anybody,' but I am sure that I have reached the time of life when one's years are a reproach. I am twenty-eight, and I wouldn't wonder if I am growing gray."

"Gray! You never were so beautiful in your life as you are now."

"Your personalities are delightfully flattering, Anna; but this isn't discussing the question of bread and meat. We are two lone women, thrown on the world; and, unfortunately, as rich in pride as we are poor in pocket. Now, if you will be sensible, Anna, and try to listen quietly, and help me a little, I will tell you my plans; for I have not been altogether idle during the last month, and have formed some plans for our future."

"I am listening," said Anna, resignedly.

But Miss Bethuen did not proceed at once to divulge her plans. She sat for some moments in silence, and when, at last, she

looked up at Mrs. Belknap, there was a hot flush on her face. She ran her hand into the bosom of her gown, and drew out a scrap of paper, which she threw to her sister.

"Anna, read that," she said.

"What on earth, Elizabeth? It is an advertisement for a maid, and signed Lucia Pemberton. Can it be our Mrs. Pemberton?"

"It can be and is; it is our Mrs. Pemberton; and she wants a maid."

"Well, I don't see—" And then a light slowly dawned on Mrs. Belknap's face. "You don't mean—oh, Elizabeth, you can't mean—"

"But it is just what I do mean," said Elizabeth, cheerfully. "She offers a very good salary, and—"

But Mrs. Belknap had burst into tears.

"Oh, Anna! Must all our conversations end in a flood of tears?" cried Elizabeth, despairingly. "Can't you see it is providential? It is the only thing, the very only thing that I can do. Even you can see that I am cut out for it. Listen, dear," she put her hands on her sister's shoulders and laughed down into the tear-stained face; "it isn't as though it were here in Lexington, where I am known. No one need be the wiser. If I am to earn our bread and butter, I must do it honestly; and this is the one thing that I believe I can do. You know you always said I could do your hair better than Nanon herself, and I am a genius where clothes are concerned; you know I am. I have always had the most unbounded curiosity to see this usurper of the family purple and plate. No one will ever know, and it will mean daily bread for us both; for I shall be able to save nearly all my salary, and—" she broke off rather helplessly.

"And support me in idleness," said her sister, bitterly.

"Well, it won't be very luxurious idleness, I'm afraid; but I think it will be enough. And as for supporting you—for how many years have I been dependent on your bounty, I wonder? You must let me do it, Anna."

"Elizabeth, I'd rather sell all the furniture and the portraits."

"Well, you shall not sell them," declared Elizabeth, with decision. "Not so long as I have my hands to work and save them; and, my dear, it is too late to deplore it, because I am already engaged."

"Oh! Elizabeth!"

Elizabeth's lips trembled, and she laid her hand on her sister's, pleadingly.

"Help me to be strong, Anna," she said.

* * *

"Has Fido had his airing, Liza?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the maid, respectfully.

"Have you fed the gold-fish?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And the canaries?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And did you find time to do my laces?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"For heaven's sake, don't ma'am me again!" cries Mrs. Pemberton. "One would think you didn't know how to use your tongue. But I warrant you can wag it fast enough, when you've a mind."

"But I thought—"

"You aren't paid to think; you are employed to do your duty and behave like a rational human being. When I wish you to talk, you are to talk; and when I wish you to hold your tongue, you are to hold it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the maid, demurely.

Mrs. Pemberton took off her spectacles, rubbed them, and then put them on again and looked at the girl with something like a smile lurking in her sharp eyes.

"Do you know how to read?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The old lady bounced in her chair. "If you use those two over-worked words again, Liza, I shall box your ears."

The girl bit her lips, and her cheeks flushed. "I don't know how else to answer in the affirmative, ma'am," she said.

"You are as bad as a poll parrot. Here, if you haven't anything else to do, you may read to me; my eyes are tired. But don't swallow your words, and don't mumble, and don't read down in your throat like a third-rate elocutionist. That is the way most young people read. No, I don't want that namby-pamby novel. Whoever wrote it had much better been sawing wood. It is a disgrace to the American people. An historical romance! Historical fiddlesticks! Here, read me the newspaper. The newspaper and the Bible are enough for any Christian woman to read. There, child, what are you waiting for? Why don't you go on with your reading?"

At the end of an hour Mrs. Pemberton interrupted in the middle of a sentence.

"There! that's dry enough, heaven knows. That will do. You read very well. Do you know how to write?"

"I do," said the maid, a little smile trembling about her lips.

"Well, let's see if you do. Most young people these days write as unintelligibly as they talk. I want my letters written plainly, and I do not wish you to use a stub pen. You might as well write with a stick. You are to write with a decent fine pen, and you may read to me for an hour every day, and write my letters, when I don't choose to write them myself; and I shall pay you ten dollars more a month. You needn't thank me; it will be no sinecure. I shall expect you to do it, and do it well. I shall take a nap now, and you may fix that cap I told you of. Shut the door after you, and don't bang it."

* * *

The doctor left the room, and the maid followed him, closing the door softly after her.

"She is very ill," he said, tentatively.

"She is very, very ill. She must have a trained nurse, and at once."

The maid shook her head. "She will not have a nurse, Doctor Michal."

"She need not be consulted. She must have a nurse immediately; and I will send one to you this afternoon. I know a young woman who will suit admirably."

"You don't know Mrs. Pemberton, then. I am sure she would not permit—"

They were interrupted by a voice ringing from the sick-room. The maid opened the door quickly. The old woman was sitting up in bed, very much disheveled and very angry.

"What are you two mumbling about out there in the passage. Deliver me from people who whisper behind closed doors. A nurse? No, I will not have a nurse. I told you, Jimmie Michal, that I would not have a nurse. A trained nurse, indeed! Much training they have! Young wiseacres, with their theories and their homilies. Half of them don't know how to make a decent gruel. I wouldn't call one of them in to nurse Fido. I know them. They are all as alike as black-eyed peas. Didn't I have one when I was in Louisville, at Hannah's? A pert

chit of twenty, who thought she knew more than I did, and forbade my drinking tea. Forbid me to drink tea—and I've been drinking it three times a day all of my life! Little upstart! No, I shall have Liza and old Aunt Jinny. Old Aunt Jinny is better than all the nurses and half the doctors, if her skin is black."

"But, my dear Mrs. Pemberton"—

"Oh, don't 'my dear' me, with your grand seigneur airs. I shall do as I please. All you have to do is to prescribe your medicine; that is what I pay you for; when I want advice, and that isn't often, I go to my lawyer. You are a very good doctor, in your way; but your father was a better, and I wish he were here. But he isn't, and I shall have to put up with you. Hoightly, toity! you needn't get red. I have no doubt you will pull me through; you with your physic and Liza with her messes."

The doctor bowed. "Then I shall leave you in your maid's charge, Mrs. Pemberton. But I beg that you will be as quiet as possible, and not excite yourself in any way."

"Oh, I shall do very well, I dare say. Good-bye, Jimmie."

Dr. Michal bowed himself out.

A fortnight later the old woman lay quiet and white and spent with suffering. Liza stood at the foot of the bed, a pale ghost of herself, worn with work by day and vigils by night. The patient was too weak to rail today; her eyes were closed, and her breathing heavy.

As the doctor left the room he beckoned the maid, and she followed him.

"Why don't you lie down?" he asked abruptly, when he had closed the door after her. "You are as white as chalk."

"I am not very tired," she said mendaciously.

"You are tired. Your eyes—your palor show it. Human nature cannot bear such a strain, and it not tell. She is an old woman with a heart of gold, but she is a terrible old woman, none the less."

"She is a very pathetic old woman, now," said the girl rather hotly.

"I do not mean any disloyalty to her. No one knows of her noble qualities better than I. But I did not bring you out here to discuss her. It is of you I am thinking now."

The girl lifted her head rather proudly.

"You are very kind," said said, "but I can take—I am taking care of myself."

"No, you are not. Why don't you leave her more to Aunt Jinny?"

"Aunt Jinny is old and sleepy-headed."

"Then we must have a nurse," said the doctor, decidedly.

"She shall not have a nurse now, when she is too weak to protest. Indeed, Doctor Michal, you do not know how strong I am."

"I know how brave you are," he said, "but strong—I do not know about that; you look very frail and weak to me, tonight. You must spare yourself more."

"I am doing very well," she said coldly. "Are there any further instructions, Doctor Michal?"

"None others except a nap for you, and I suppose it would be useless to prescribe that?"

She smiled faintly, and went back into the sick-room.

She had grown rather fond of the irascible old woman in the three months she had been with her. But the strain of nursing was telling on her she knew. Yet, what was she to do? She would not go against the old woman's wishes and call in a nurse; she could not leave her to Aunt Jinny. And now that the crisis was so near at hand, she felt that she must be faithful. She felt almost as if she held the frail life in her hands, and the responsibility of the position appalled her.

She seated herself in a low chair and leaned her aching head against the cushioned back, and scalding tears splashed their way down her cheeks.

She felt unspeakably lonely and homesick. Homesick for the old place in Lexington, and for Anna. She could see the old pretty garden, and almost smell the flowers. She had tried to be brave and not think, but the thoughts would come crowding sometimes. The life had not been as hard as she had expected, but it had been unbearably irksome, and, she could not help it, it was degrading. She had thought she could bear it for Anna's sake, and because there seemed to be no other honest way.

She had told herself that a Bethuen could do even this and not lower herself. But tonight she felt that this was not so. Her hands were not the only things that were roughening. She could not bear it any

longer; she must try something else. When Mrs. Pemberton was better she would give it up and try some other way. O, why had she ever been such a fool as to place herself in so false a position! The shame of it had never so bitten into her soul as it did tonight.

"Liza!" called Mrs. Pemberton, faintly.

She rose quickly and bent over the invalid.

* * *

"You are worth more than half-a-dozen trained nurses," said the doctor.

Liza smiled faintly.

"No wonder she wouldn't have one of her *bêtes noires*; she knew whose hands she was in. You have saved her life."

"She owes that to you," said the girl.

"She owes it to your good and faithful nursing."

"She is entirely out of danger, then?"

The doctor laughed. "I think we may safely say so. When one is spirited enough to throw a book at her physician's head, it is probable that she is in no danger of leaving this world for a better. But if she is out of danger, you are not. You must let me prescribe for you, now. You may safely leave her to Aunt Jinny. And will you let me thank you for being such an efficient helper?"

"I am glad I was of service to her," said the maid coldly. "I only tried to do my duty. I was paid for my services, Doctor Michal."

She was standing beside him, looking very tall and very pale, and in the light that fell from the stained-glass window above her, her face looked ghastly. She felt a strange giddiness and choking in her throat, and she put out her hand to steady herself, and reeled a little.

"Liza!" he said, and caught her. She had fainted.

He carried her to a couch and laid her down, and then, stooping with a sudden passionate tenderness, kissed her on the lips.

* * *

"you have come to pay a professional visit, you may go home," said Mrs. Pemberton; "but if you have come to gossip, you may stay and have a cup of tea with me."

"I will take the tea then, please," said Michal. "Your tea is always better than

anyone's else. Are you feeling quite fit again?"

"You are not to ask me how I feel, any more. Am I to put out my tongue for your inspection every time you enter my doors? Tut, tut, child! I know more about medicine now, than you do. It wasn't your nasty physic that saved my life; it was my own good constitution and Liza's good sense. Not that I would deprecate you, Jimmy. Your father and your grandfather were good doctors before you, and it is said you are eclipsing them with your advanced ideas and new methods. I never was one to call in a doctor for every toe ache, and I don't believe in your new-fangled notions; but you have gotten the credit, and I am perfectly willing to give you a credential if you want it; it would be honester than most of them, at any rate."

Michal smiled somewhat dryly. He was used to Mrs. Pemberton's blandishments.

"How is—your maid?" he asked, flicking away an imaginary speck from his immaculate self.

"Liza? She is now engaged in writing letters, and then, I suppose she'll have strength left to pack her trunk. She is going back to Lexington."

"To Lexington! I didn't know—that is—it is a pity she should leave you. She seems—" He broke off lamely and flicked away some more imaginary dust.

Mrs. Pemberton put up her lorgnette and regarded him severely until he looked up, flushing a little under her scrutiny.

"Jimmie," she said, "when next you choose to kiss my maid, I would advise you to pick out another place than a couch directly in front of my bed-room door. My eyesight is failing me, it is true, but I can see pretty clearly what goes on under my nose. And I should like to ask you if you think it very honorable—"

"On the contrary," he broke in, "it was the act of a cad. But I am not as black as I seem, Mrs. Pemberton—"

He got up and strode about the room for some minutes, as if to collect himself. When he came back he laid his big hands on her little claw-like fingers.

"Do you remember," he said, "when I was a little shaver, how I used to steal away from home and over here, and beg for sugar-cakes, and help myself to your jam?"

"Yes, you did begin filching your sweets rather early in life," she said.

"And do you remember how I always called you Aunt Lucie?"

"For mercy's sake, don't be sentimental, Jimmy. If there is anything I hate, it is sentimentality."

"You know me pretty well," he continued, undisturbed. "Did you ever know me to lie to you?"

"Well, I don't remember that I ever caught you in a lie," she said.

"I have never lied to you. And I have not, knowingly, done a dishonorable thing. Whatever my sins may be—"

"And they are many," interposed Mrs. Pemberton.

"I came here this morning to ask you to help me. Aunt Lucie, I want to marry your maid."

Mrs. Pemberton stared at him in silence for some moments. "I wonder your father doesn't turn over in his grave," she said at last. "And your mother! I suppose you have told her of the proposed alliance. If you have, I should like to have seen her face. A Michal marry a lady's maid! It's true they have made a mesalliance or two in their time. Your Grand-uncle Hugh married an opera singer. But none of them, so far as I know, ever married a servant."

"She is not a servant!" said Michal hotly.

"What is she, then?"

"She is the woman I love!"

"Houghty, toity! She is my maid; and that is the long and the short of it; and if you marry her you may have a hornet's nest about your ears, boy."

"I do not know that I shall marry her," said Michal, "for I don't know that she would marry me. But I love her, and I should be proud to make her my wife. Why," he burst out, impetuously, "she is the loveliest woman I have ever seen, and the noblest."

"What a young fool you are," said Mrs. Pemberton. "Well, you're none too good for her, I can tell you that."

"Will you help me?" he asked.

Mrs. Pemberton sat staring before her for some minutes and laughing softly to herself. It was somewhat disconcerting.

Michal tramped about the room with his hands in his pockets.

Suddenly she turned to him with her eyes twinkling.

"Come here," she said, "and sit down. Did you ever hear of Harold Bethuen? Yes, of course you have; every Kentuckian has. He was the handsomest and the fastest and the proudest man in Kentucky. The Bethuens were wealthy from time immemorial. Old David Bethuen was a Croesus. He owned this place and twenty others, and the fastest blooded horses, and the best blue grass land in the state. He had six sons, and, before his death, he divided up his property. The bulk of it went to Harold, who was the eldest. And his sons made ducks and drakes of their fortunes as fast as they could. This property and a good income he retained for himself. When they had squandered their substance, they looked to his death for reimbursement. But there was a quantity on which they had not counted. And that was his marriage. He married me, as you know, and they have hated me cordially ever since. Nor were they suited when, after his death, I married Mr. Pemberton. He is dead, now, too, these many years. Harold Bethuen lived in Lexington and had two daughters. One of them married Roy Belknap, and after her father's death her younger sister Elizabeth lived with her. You remember hearing of Roy Belknap's failure and suicide some months ago. Have you ever seen Elizabeth Bethuen? She is as beautiful a woman as Kentucky has ever boasted. Well, you'll probably see her some day, and who knows? maybe you'll lose your heart to her, and then where will the maid be?"

"Aunt Lucie," he said, "it is hard to tell what you are driving at sometimes. If you mean to intimate that I am fickle enough—" "Oh, you are as constant as most men, I dare say," and she arose. "I am going to leave you now. No, don't go. I shall be back presently. I have not finished with this interesting subject." She left the room.

"When she opened the door of her morning-room she found the maid still writing letters.

"Elizabeth Bethuen," she said, "when do you propose to pack your trunk?"

The maid dropped the pen, and came very near tipping over the ink.

"Mrs. Pemberton—" she began.

The old woman laughed wickedly. "You little fool!" she said. "I wonder if you thought that I was blind? Why, you have

your father's face and his walk and his very voice. I'd know Harold Bethuen's eyes in anybody's head. Did you suppose you could hoodwink me so easily? La! child, few people can fool Lucia Pemberton. A cap and an apron don't make a maid. Much you know about being a maid. You've been very companionable, and you've saved my life; and that's a good deal better than washing my poodle. You read very well, though rather too fast, and you write more plainly than most women. You were rather too respectful for a maid, but you did your best —you aren't a very good actress. I'd like to know what that sister of yours meant by permitting such an escapade?"

"She didn't permit it."

"No, I don't suppose she could help herself. You are probably as heady as the rest of the Bethuens. Well, you saved my life, my dear, and so your novitiate wasn't all wasted. But you don't suppose I am going to let you run off to Lexington thinking you are keener of wit than I am. I don't see why you want to go, anyway. I believe you rather like me, if I am crotchety."

"You have been very good to me, Mrs. Pemberton."

"I like you, child. And let me tell you something. You may go back to Lexington and keep your secret, and nobody be the wiser, unless your sister has blabbed it. Those people who knew of you at all knew of you as my companion, and I am sure that is no disgrace. And there is just one thing more: you may come to see me whenever you like, and I hope that may be very often. You've probably never heard any good of me, but maybe you think better of me than you did. I was poor, and I married your grandfather for his money. There are several people who are waiting for my death, as they waited for his, but they'll not profit by it. Now, go down stairs; there is someone in the drawing-room who wishes to see you. Never mind whether they are from Lexington or Kamchatka; go and see for yourself."

Elizabeth, thinking of Anna, flew from the room, and raced down the stairs. When she flung open the door Michal's tall form confronted her.

She looked beyond him for her sister.

"I thought," she began, "Mrs. Pemberton said someone wished to see me."

"Someone does wish to see you," he said.
"I want very much to see you. I—"

Elizabeth's hand was still on the door-knob.

"Doctor Michal," she said, "I am afraid you are forgetting your position and mine."

"I am not forgetting," he said. "I have come to tell you—to ask you to be my wife. I love you. I think I have loved you—"

"Do you know that you are speaking to Mrs. Bethuen's maid?" she said huskily.

"I am speaking to the woman I love. Dear—"

But the maid had sunk into a chair, and burst into tears.

Then Jimmy Michal did what he had sworn he never would do. He went down on his knees to plead his cause.

An hour later when Mrs. Pemberton burst into the room, they were standing suspiciously far apart, and one of Elizabeth's cheeks was redder than it had any business to be.

Doctor Michal went up to Mrs. Pemberton and took her hands in his.

"Aunt Lucie, Miss Bethuen has promised to be my wife," he said.

YOUTH AND AGE

By Sarah Martyn Wright

AH! Youth is fair and Youth is sweet!
But swift she flies with wingèd feet,
And leaves our life but half complete.

Ah! Youth is fair and Youth is gay!
She charms and rules with magic sway;
Then passes on, like summer day.

And Age, with beauty all her own,
Comes silently, Youth's path a-down,
And sits a queen upon her throne.

She touches with her fingers fair
Our lips, our eyes, our brow, our hair,
And leaves her gentle impress there.

And what glad Youth with flying feet
Was fain to leave with footsteps fleet,
Age finishes with patience sweet,
And Youth and Age make life complete.



WHAT THE HOME STANDS FOR

Julia Sherman Upton, Hurdsville, N. D.

Quotations that I judge to be of great value have recently come into my reading, and it occurred to me that these might fit well in the columns of your Home Department, and bear to your readers a precious, helping sentiment.

The first is as follows: "Strength of character may be acquired at work, but beauty of character is learned at home. There the affections are trained—that love especially which is to abide when tongues have ceased, and knowledge fails. There the gentle life reaches us, the true heaven life. In one word, the family circle is the supreme conductor of Christianity.

Tenderness, humbleness, courtesy, self-forgetfulness, faith, sympathy—these ornaments of a meek and quiet spirit are learned at the fireside in commonplace houses scattered over the country, or in city streets."

Henry Drummond.

Another is found in the closing sentences of an address given by our President on the recent occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Michigan Agricultural College. I would be greatly pleased if all that our brilliant, truth-loving President said on that occasion could be put before your readers. We ought every one of us to know just

what he did say there. It all honors labor and the foundation principles to which we as a great nation owe our prosperity, but for present use we must take the few closing sentences. He says: "Nothing outside of home can take the place of home. The school is an invaluable adjunct to the home, but it is a wretched substitute for it. The family relation is the most fundamental, the most important of all relations. No leader in church or state, in science or art or industry, however great his achievement, does work which compares in importance with that of the fathers and the mothers 'who are the first of sovereigns and the most divine of priests.'"

What a summing up is this; and if it is true, as we must concede it is, what more excellent work for humanity can be done than that which will help to hold in the thousands and tens of thousands of homes under the flag of this United States such standards as these beautiful words unfold?

* * *

THE MORAL OF A PAIR OF STOCKINGS

Mrs. F. D. Surgeon, Mason City, Iowa

The following was written by a distinguished literary lady to a learned judge, on the eve of his marriage:

DEAR COUSIN:—Herewith you will receive

a pair of stockings knit by my own hands; and be assured, dear coz, that my friendship for you is as warm as the material, active as the finger work, and generous as the donation.

But I consider the present as peculiarly appropriate on the occasion of your marriage.

You will remark, in the first place, that there are two individuals united in one pair, who are to walk side by side, guarding against coldness, and giving comfort as long as they last. The thread of their texture is mixed; and so alas! is the thread of life.

In these, however, the white is made to predominate, expressing my desire and confidence that thus it will be with the color of your existence. No black is used, for I believe you will be wholly free from the black passions of wrath and jealousy. The darkest color here is blue, which is excellent when we do not make it too blue.

Other appropriate thoughts arise in my mind regarding these stockings. The most indifferent subjects, when viewed by the mind in a substantial frame, may furnish instructive influence, as saith the poet:

"The iron dogs, the fuel and tongs,
The bellows that have leather lungs,
The firewood, ashes and smoke,
Do all to righteousness provoke."

But to the subject. You will perceive that the top of these things (by which I suppose courtship to be represented) are seamed, and by no means of seaming are drawn into a snarl, but after comes a time when the whole is made plain, and continues so until the final toeing off. By this I wish to take occasion to congratulate you that you are now through with seeming and have come to plain reality. Again, as the whole of these comely stockings were not all made at once, but by the addition of one little stitch to another, put in with skill and discretion, until the whole presents the fair and equal piece of work which you see, so life does not consist of one great action, but millions of little ones combined; and so it may be with our lives—no stitch dropped when duties are to be performed, no widening made when bad principles are to be reprobated, or economy is to be preserved, neither seeming nor narrowing where truth and generosity are in question.

Thus every stitch of life made right and set in the right place—none either too large or too small, too light or too loose—may you keep on your smooth and even course, mak-

ing existence one fair and consistent piece, until together having passed the heel you come to the very toe of life, and here in the final narrowing off and dropping off the coil of this emblematic pair of companions and comforting associates, nothing appears but white, the token of innocence and peace, of purity and light. May you, like these stockings—the final stitch being dropped, and the work completed—go together from the place where you were formed, to a happier state of existence, a present from earth to heaven.

Hoping that these stockings and admonitions may meet a civil reception, I remain in true-blue friendship, seemingly without seaming, yours from top to toe. L.

* * *

THE CONVALESCENT CHILD

Leora Curry Smith

A THOUSAND birds are singing,
With voices clear and sweet.
A thousand happy, grateful thoughts
Attend my flying feet.
A thousand years of grateful love
Would be too few to give
To Him who spared my loved one:
My precious child will live.

Fearful my faint and aching heart,
Without a ray of light—
But now—the earth is ringing
With voices in the night.
O listen, happy angels,
And bear my words of love
To the One who spared my darling:
The reigning King of Love.

Oh, Thou who spared my first-born,
My good—my gentle one,
With joyful tears I bless Thee
For all that Thou hast done.
To the One in heaven above us,
Who every blessing gives,
I kneel in adoration.
Thank God, my child still lives!

*

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN

EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

WATERPROOF DRESSING

By *M. A. P., Fulton, Mo.*

Get at the drug store ten cents' worth of rubber shavings; cover with linseed oil; let stand until dissolved; thin with neat's-foot oil; add lampblack to color; stir until smooth, and you have the best waterproof dressing known for leather. Linseed oil is not properly a solvent of rubber, but will reduce it to a glutinous condition in a few days; this may be hurried by occasionally kneading it with a paddle or old knife. This has been well tested.

BAKED POTATOES

By *G. W. B., Erie, Pa.*

If before baking potatoes you will pour boiling water over them and let them stand for a moment before putting into the oven, they will be smooth, light brown and full when they go to the table; not dark and shrunken.

A DAINTY IDEA

By *Mrs. H. K. Bradbury, Van Buren, Me.*

When washing your white shirt-waists, put a bit of orris root in *scalding water*, and pour over them the last thing. Let stand a while, and the result when dry will be a dainty fragrance that will appeal to you at once.

DULL SCISSORS

By *Winnifred L. McMaster, Creston, Ia.*

If, when you are ready to do some special work, you find your scissors dull, open them around the neck of a small bottle and work them hard five or six times. You will find that they are sharpened quite a little, and will cut very much better.

A TARNISHED LIGHT FIXTURE

By *R. R. L., Plano, Ill.*

An electric light fixture which had seemingly become so tarnished that its original color could not be restored was renovated by the use of whiting made into a paste with a little vinegar.

TO KEEP MOLD FROM CANNED FRUITS

By *Clara Stiles, Center Strafford, N. H.*

Cut a piece of paper the size of the top of jar; wet in alcohol, and lay over fruit, then close jar as usual. There will be no mold on top, as there often is.

WHEN A ROOM IS DAMP

By *L. B. T., Paris, Ky.*

When the musty odor due to dampness is perceptible in a room, place some charcoal in a dish or hang it up in a little bag of net or cheese-cloth. This will purify the air and absorb odors.

CARROTS FOR DYSPEPSIA

By *Mrs. Wenzor, Monticello, Minn.*

For many years I was troubled with dyspepsia which no medicine helped. Someone advised me to eat a raw carrot every morning before breakfast. Before many days I was completely cured and have since seen many others relieved.

A REMEDY FOR INSOMNIA

By *Mrs. Steele Bailey, Stanford, Ky.*

This is vouched for:—Cut a slice of bread, butter it generously, and sprinkle liberally with cayenne pepper. Eat just before retiring. The sufferer will soon be asleep. The heat from the pepper causes the flow of blood to the stomach—anything to draw the blood from the head.

MARGUERITES

By *Mrs. F. Van Buskirk, Stockton, Mo.*

Boil two cups of granulated sugar in enough water to dissolve well. When the syrup threads pour it over the well-beaten whites of two eggs, and beat until smooth; then stir in one cup of chopped nut-meats; spread on crackers and place in hot oven until glazed over top.

FOR EARACHE

By *Mrs. E. M. A., Columbus City, Ia.*

A little black pepper sprinkled on a small piece of anti-septic cotton, the cotton drawn up around the pepper, then dipped into warm oil and inserted in the ear gives quick relief when suffering with earache.

NEW IDEA IN DRAWN WORK

By *Mrs. F. S. Pomroy, Alma Center, Wis.*

If a piece of white toilet soap is rubbed on the wrong side of a piece of cloth where threads are to be drawn for fancy-work, the threads may be pulled with half the trouble.

WHEN THE CREAM HAS "TURNED"

By *Myrtle Tibbets, W. Concord, Minn.*

If cream is a trifle sour it will not taste nor curdle in tea or coffee if stirred in cup with one or two teaspoonsfuls of sugar before pouring the beverage.

TO CLEAN A COPPER BOILER

By *Mrs. A. C. Winn, Tomales, Cal.*

While the boiler is warm rub a flannel cloth dipped in coal oil over it, and then rub with a dry flannel cloth; it will look like new.

TAKES OUT SHOE POLISH STAIN

By *Mrs. E. N. High, Norwood, Ohio*

After using numerous other things to take the stain of shoe polish from a skirt, I found that chloroform cleaned it very nicely.

FRYING FISH SUCCESSFULLY

By *Elizabeth Collins, Barton, Fla.*

Fry fish with skin side next the pan, to prevent the pieces from curling up and breaking.

COOKING BEANS

By Olive Johnston, No. Jackson, O.

This recipe is from an old scrap-book made years ago. It was originally taken from the "Rural New Yorker," a paper printed years ago.

If, my dear Rural, you ever should wish
For breakfast or dinner a tempting dish
Of the beans, so famous in Boston town,
You must read the rules I here lay down:
When the sun has set in golden light,
And round you fall the shades of night,
A large deep dish you first prepare,
A quart of beans select with care,
And pick them over until you find
Not a speck or a mote is left behind.
A lot of cold water on them pour
'Till every bean is covered o'er,
And they seem to your poetic eye
Like pearls in the depth of the sea to lie;
Here, if you please, you may let them stay
'Till just after breakfast the very next day,
When a parboiling process must be gone through;
(I mean for the beans, and not for you);
Then, if in your pantry there still should be
That bean pot so famous in history,
With all due deference bring it out;
And if there's a skimmer lying about,
Skin half of the beans from the boiling pan
Into the bean pot as fast as you can;
Then turn to Biddy and calmly tell her
To take a huge knife and go the cellar;
For you must have, like Shylock of old,
"A pound of flesh," ere you beans grow cold;
But very unlike that ancient Jew,
Nothing but pork will do for you.
Then tell once more your maiden fair,
In the choice of the piece to take great care;
For a streak of fat and a streak of lean
Will give the right flavor to every bean!
This you must wash and rinse and score,
Put into the pot, and round it pour
The rest, till the view presented seems
Like an island of pork in an ocean of beans;
Pour on boiling water enough to cover
The tops of the beans completely over;
Shove into the oven and bake until done,
And the triumph of Yankee cookery's won!

TO STOP NOSEBLEED

By Estelle Sanders, Columbia, Ala.

Feel all along the under side of the jaw-bone (the right side, if the right nostril is bleeding, and vice versa) until you locate the pulse. Press this very firmly with the finger until the bleeding stops, which will usually be not longer than two or three minutes. This very simple remedy will check the flow of blood into that side of the head until the blood in the rupture can coagulate, and will almost invariably have the desired effect.

BRIGHTENS COLORS IN A CARPET

By G. Patterson, Vesta, Minn.

To sweep a carpet without raising a dust, and at the same time brighten the colors, add kerosene to water and dampen the broom with it.

DUST-CLOTHS

By Pearl Rosskopf, Heno, Ohio

Old stockings split open and sewed together make nice dust-cloths, as they do not leave any white lint.

THE HOME

THE CELLAR WALL
By Mrs. J. McWhinney, Mansfield, S. D.

To make a dressing for a cellar wall, take one gallon of unslacked lime, and slack with hot water; thin with skimmed sweet milk to the consistency of cream; add two tablespoonfuls of salt to the mixture and apply to the wall with a whitewash brush. Let it dry thoroughly, and apply a second coat. It will harden and be almost as solid as cement. I treated my cellar wall this way five years ago, and it has not crumbled except where there was some hard substance thrown against it.

MINCEMEAT WITHOUT APPLES

To make mincemeat without apples, use table beets for a substitute. Boil the beets as for pickles, chopping fine, and using the same proportions as with apples. No one can tell the difference when made into pies.

GINGER BEER

By John Pound, Dover, N. H.

Twenty quarts of water, five pounds of sugar, three ounces of white ginger root and a pennyworth of licorice (I put in a piece of licorice candy about two or three inches long); boil them well together. When this mixture is cold, put a little new yeast upon it, (but not too much) put into a barrel for a week or ten days, and then bottle it, putting a lump of sugar into every bottle. In four weeks it is drinkable. I drank mine a few days after making. It is superior to the ginger ale which you get at the stores. This recipe was copied from an ancient book, printed in England in the eighteenth century.

FOR CHAPPED HANDS

By A. C. Jensen, Boise, Idaho

Persons afflicted with chapped hands should keep a cigar box, or other small box, divided into two sections, near the wash-bowl, filled with graham flour and corn meal. Use a little corn meal in washing (with or without soap); this will remove the rough chapped skin. After drying the hands with a towel, rub well with a handful of the graham flour, which will wholly absorb the moisture, removing the cause of further cracking of the skin.

RENOVATING FEATHERS

By Mrs. Henry Kuel, McOn City, Ia.

Have a large sack made of two flour bags or some thin material; empty the feathers into this and place over a boiler of hot water. Let steam well, turning often. When steam comes through in clouds, shake and hang on line to air and dry, and you will find your feathers as nice and downy as new ones, and you are sure of your own, besides.

CORN CURE

By H. H. Cooper, Woodland, Mich.

Purchase five cents' worth of salicylic acid (powder) and stir in lard about size of a tablespoonful. Put this on corn every night, and in about a week you can pull the corn out, and it will never return.

WILL REMOVE IRON-RUST INSTANTLY

By Sallie J. Parks, Sandhill, Tenn.

To take out iron-rust *instantly*, apply ammonia.

CURE FOR CHILLS

Common salt worn in the shoes is a cure for chills.

TO PRESERVE A HUSBAND

By *One of the Wives*

Select with care; the very young and green varieties take longer to prepare, but are often excellent when done; those too crusty take a long time to cook tender. One neither hard nor yet very soft will give best satisfaction.

Do not keep in a pickle, nor in hot water, for even a little while, as this toughens the fibre, retards the cooking and often spoils the result. Never prick to test for tenderness; this leaves a mark, and they are never so smooth afterward.

Even the poorer varieties may be made sweet and tender by the following method:—Wrap in a mantle of charity and keep warm over a steady fire of loving domestic devotion; garnish with patience, well sweetened with smiles, and flavored with kisses to taste. Serve with peaches and cream. When thus prepared, they will keep for years.

OLIVE OIL FOR PIE CRUST

By *Mrs. C. W. Tilden, Los Angeles, Cal.*

The healthiest pie is made without lard, olive oil being used in its place. Two tablespoonsfuls of the oil makes lovely crisp crust for one pie.

IF TROUBLED WITH NEURALGIA

Here is a neuralgia cure so simple that it is surely worth trying. It is a remedy used in India, and is said to bring relief in less than five minutes:—If the left side of the face is affected, submerge the right hand in hot water—as hot as can be borne—and if the right side, the left hand. The explanation is this: Two nerves having the greatest number of tactile nerve endings are the fifth and median nerves. As the fibres of these two nerves cross, an impulse conveyed to the right hand will affect the left side, and vice versa.

TO LAUNDER PONGEE SILK

By *Mrs. Harvey L. Moore, Garland, Utah*

To launder pongee silk and keep it from spotting, wash follows:—Make good suds with any good soap, wash gently with the hand, and then rinse in luke-warm water. Press, no wring, the water out; then when nearly dry iron with a moderately hot iron, and the silk will look like new, while if dampened in the usual way after the silk has dried, it turns very spotted after being ironed.

NEW USE FOR CLOVES

Two or three cloves sprinkled on the stove make an excellent and agreeable deodorizer for kitchen fumes.

TO RENOVATE OLD BLACK LACE

By *Mrs. R. N. Pollard, Cumner, Va.*

If of good quality, pin on pillow, every point in place; dampen every thread, and leave to dry. If directions are followed, lace should be like new.

FOR COLD FEET

By *A. B. G., Fairfield, Me.*

A five-minute foot bath in hot water every night will insure warm feet for the winter, and incidentally prevent the appearance of corns.

MAKES CLOTHES-PINS LAST

By *Mrs. Fred Tanbert, Aberdeen, So. Dak.*

If new clothes-pins are put into hot water they will not break so quickly in using.

WHAT EXPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT

By *Percy Fielding, Ithaca, N. Y.*

Raisins kept for any length of time will harden and are unfit for cakes, puddings, etc., in that condition. Place them in a hot oven for a few minutes and they will soften.

In using molasses in cold weather, one finds great difficulty in measuring it. Place a cup in hot oven, and when it is hotter than the hand can touch, pour the molasses into the cup, and it will run easily.

However well greased, juicy pies invariably cause the crust when cold to adhere so tenaciously to the plate that it is next to impossible to remove the pie without breaking. Placed in warm oven before serving removes the difficulty and does not over-heat the pie.

IN TIME OF ILLNESS

By *Mame Buxton, Redondo, Cal.*

When using cloths dipped in hot water to allay pain, one is apt to burn the hands wringing out the cloths. A better way is to lay the cloths in a steamer placed over a dish of boiling water. They will be kept hot, ready for application, and require no wringing.

To cool a fever, bathe the patient's face with cold water and fan for a few moments. The rapid evaporation gives the face a delicious sense of coldness. While almost burning up with fever one hot day, this was tried, and it brought wonderful relief and quieted the patient when every other method failed.

SEWING HELPS

By *Rose Acheson, Des Moines, Ia.*

To gather sleeves and other parts of garments, stitch with the machine near the edge, using a coarse thread, No. 40, below and a loose upper thread; then draw up to the proper size. If a finer thread is used below it sometimes breaks.

A great deal of time may be saved if, when you open a paper pattern, you will write the number and size on each part.

WORN CARPETS

By *Mrs. Geo. A. Clark, W. Deerfield, Mass.*

When taking up somewhat worn ingrain carpets, I buy a supply of darning cotton of the colors in the carpet, and with this I darn the worn or thin places, making the carpet neat and more durable.

When sweeping, I place a large well-dampened newspaper in the center of the floor, and sweep toward it. It catches much of the dust that would otherwise fly to the part of the room already swept.

A BLOOD PURIFIER

By *Willie A. Wallace, Savannah, Ga.*

Take one pound of dry sulphur and half a pound of cream of tartar; mix in half-gallon of water. Take one wine-glass full twice a day, shaking well before taking. It will remove all pimples from the face and eradicate all impurities from the blood. Try this a few weeks and see the result.

SHADOWS ON THE SHADES

By *Bertie Norrell, Augusta, Ga.*

To divert the shadows from the shades at night, place the lights near the windows, between the windows and the occupants of the room. The shadows will fall toward the interior of the room.

SALTED PECANS

By Mrs. E. Polke, Houston, Texas

Salted pecans are even more delicious than salted almonds. They are seldom prepared at home because the nuts are difficult to remove from the shells without breaking the meats. This difficulty is entirely overcome by pouring boiling water over the nuts, letting them cool with the water. Crack by striking small ends of nuts; salt them as you would almonds.

SEWING MACHINE OIL STAINS

The yellow oil stains left by the sewing machine can easily be removed in the wash if they are rubbed over with a little liquid ammonia.

STORING CELERY

By Mrs. Rufus Lease, Dunkirk, Ohio

Let stand until moderately freezing weather is at hand, then when the ground is damp enough to adhere in generous quantities to roots, dig it up and place the bunches closely side by side in boxes (or half-barrels) deep enough to allow plenty of room for celery to stand upright. Cover with old carpet or anything to exclude light; sprinkle occasionally to keep quite moist, keep in cool place, but do not let it freeze, and you will have white, crisp, tender celery until spring.

SWEET WINTER BUTTER

By H. A. Hover, Boyceville, Wis.

So few cows are milking in winter that butter is often hard to churn and bitter in flavor. I strain all my milk into a large enameled pan, set on stove, bring to a boiling point, turn into cans or jars and set in cupboard where it is moderately cool. The cream will be sweet, and butter will come with ten minutes' work. Never set in cold water after scalding. Try this way.

FAST-HOLDING SHOE BUTTONS

By Mrs. E. H. Scott, Vulcan, Mich.

To keep the buttons securely on shoes, cut small slits in the leather large enough to allow the eyes of the buttons to go through. Run a shoe string through the eyes and pull buttons back into place; then fasten string securely at each end.

FROST-NIPPED TOMATOES

By Kate B. Page, Catanduanes, P. I.

If frost catches green tomatoes on the vine, remove the large sound ones, wrap each in newspaper, pack in a wooden box, cover with paper, nail lid on, place in a cold dark cellar, and you can have ripe tomatoes for the Christmas dinner.

RENDERING LARD

By U. B. Brown, Morgantown, W. Va.

Instead of cutting your lard fat into bits, just grind it through your meat-chopper, as for sausage. It renders quicker and makes more and nicer lard. Try it.

WINE STAINS ON LINEN

By Nannie Samuelson, Ceresco, Neb.

Wine stains on linen should be covered with salt, wet, and rinsed out before the regular washing process.

THE HOME

TO MAKE PALMS HEALTHY

By R. B., Indian Territory

My palms looked brown and lifeless until a friend suggested that I wash the leaves in tepid water, using a soft sponge to rub them off. They now look green and healthful and the leaves are smooth and shiny. I wash them usually about twice a week.

KEEP THE MIRRORS FROM THE SUN

Always have the dressing-table or bureau in that part of the room where the direct rays of the sun will not fall upon the mirror, as the heat melts the quick-silver and in a short time the glass is ruined.

PLACE CARDS

A friend of mine who has quite a reputation for originality had place cards at a recent dinner, which were rhymes in the limerick style, each being a "take-off" of that especial person's pet hobby. The reading aloud of these caused much merriment, and there was not the usual constraint that generally precedes the first course or two.

RAW ONIONS

By Mrs. C., Ohio

To those who are fond of raw onions, the following mode of preparing makes them delicious—slice thin onions such as are put in cellar for winter use, place in a dish, pour boiling water on them, draining off immediately; repeat three times if onions are very strong; then pour cold water on them once, drain off and put onions in cold dish, and set in a cool place. They will be sweet and crisp.

KEEPING POTATOES IN WINTER

By Mrs. J. M. Merrill, Grant, Mich.

Put a quantity of powdered charcoal in the bottom of the potato bin or barrel; it will preserve their flavor and prevent the sprouts from shooting out as early as they otherwise would.

ROAST WILD DUCK

By Mrs. C. H. Fisher, Scranton, Pa.

To remove the fishy taste from wild duck, after drawing the duck and removing the skin, insert a peeled raw potato. Put in steamer and steam until nearly done. Remove the potato, fill with force-meat and roast in oven as usual.

TO REMOVE OBSTACLE FROM NOSE

By Belle Williams, Gazelle, Cal.

Place the thumb against the *free* nostril, putting the hand firmly over the mouth, and give a sharp rap on the back of the patient, thus forcibly expelling the breath.

A NICE FLOOR WAX

By Mrs. N. B. Collins, Prairieville, Ala.

Two-thirds melted wax and one-third turpentine makes a fine floor polish—just as good as that you get at the stores.

TO RID A SAFE OF ANTS

By M. S., Washington, D. C.

Do not let the safe touch the wall. Chalk mark around the legs, and the ants will not crawl over it.

HAPPY HABITERS ARE BUILDERS

By the Editor

THE realization that it is the falling leaves, the dropping of seed-vessels and fruitage, the closing harvest days, that ensure another seed-time and another harvest, other leaves and another year of bloom and fruit — this it is that thrills the mind with the sweet promise of everlastingness. The bountiful harvests of America have been garnered, and we once more grasp the fact, as Balzac says: "What you put into the soil, you get out of it."

* * * *

In a few hours spent in the woods in this glorious autumn-time, I seemed to realize more clearly the responsibility of the Happy Habiters in the harvest days; for we cannot deny that in every happy thought and habit created seed is sown that is bearing fruit. Have you ever been dissatisfied with work undertaken and carried on in the spirit of happiness? True, there are people who seem to be happy in making other people unhappy, and if they reap the fruitage of such seed, what marvel is it? "As a man soweth, so shall he reap," is as true now as in the days of old. Yet it may be that even creating unhappiness and discomfort among one's fellows is not done with evil intent, though the consequences are as unpleasant as if it were.

I recall the old days when candles were commonly used, and we sometimes went to stay with grandmother, a lady of the old school, who abhorred modern ways, and declared with Solomon, "Behold, this only have I found; God made man upright, but they sought out many inventions."

I remember the old low-ceilinged room, with its strange silhouettes and ancient steel engravings on the walls; how the candle-light flickered on the pictures, and the black-a-vized ladies and gentlemen in them seemed to open their lips and move their eyelashes, while we wondered what they might have looked like if we could have seen them face to face, instead of always in profile. A pair of heavy silver candle-sticks always stood on the glossy dark surface of the old table of Spanish mahogany that reflected faithfully the dancing light of the candles and the glory of the candle-sticks that were grandmother's pride; but sometimes the light grew dim with what we called "letters" on the wick of the candles, and then we vied with each other for the privilege of using the great silver snuffers that lay all ready on a tiny tray of their own. Carefully instructed, and with the best of intentions, we tried to snuff the candles as we had seen grandmother do, but it frequently happened

that we cut the wick too deep and left the room in darkness that resulted in a dropped stitch in grandmother's knitting, and the losing of "the place" in the solid history or theological work that we were reading aloud to her.

The candles had to be snuffed in order to get the best results from them, but even in those youthful days we understood that everything depended on the way it was done. If you did it just right, they burned brighter than ever.

How many of our great reformers are snuffing the candles and leaving the world brighter and better because they know just how to use those ponderous snuffers, public opinion. How many times the snuffers are wielded to keep in check the evils that accumulate. The snuffers are all right—there is a little box in them that holds the burnt, unsightly pieces of wick and keeps them from soiling anything on which they might chance to fall—and the candle is all right; it is all in the way you use them. This is why I am at variance with people who want to make the world better by snuffing the candles *out*, instead of snuffing them *brighter*.

* * * * *

AT the peril of being classed with the "nature fakirs," I am going to tell you a story about a fly. I was riding on a train to Cobalt; tired of reading, even a little bit tired of Joe Chapple, and a little tired of the monotonous scenery without, when, on the window-sill, I observed a big fly—the old-fashioned, blue-bottle variety—and he seemed a sociable sort of a chap, as he sat there rubbing his feet fore and aft and ducking his head. It seems absurd, I know, but it occurred to me that he was lonesome. He brought back visions of childhood, when we watched some one of his ancestors crawl along the window-pane and listened to the ditty:

"Baby bye, here's a fly;
Can't we catch him, you and I?
Up he crawls, on the walls,
Yet he never, never falls."

I was sorry that I did not understand his language, because I felt sure that he had something to communicate as he sat there pluming himself, setting his wings in order, and making his toilet with the utmost care. I did not see his "sabre tooth," but he may have had one. He must have been a tame fly, because I did not scare him one bit. He was as chatty and friendly as a squirrel. It seemed to me that he had the happy habit; not a snarl on his face, and I don't sympathize so much now with civilized mortals who spend thousands of dollars in exterminating the flies and keeping them out of society generally. I feel rather like the good old German who, when the agent came to sell him some fly screens, protested, "Vat for I fight mit de flies. Dey haf as moch right to live as I."

That fly performed a service for me. Just when I was in danger of losing for the moment that pleasant chain of happy habit thoughts which I vigorously try to maintain, that innocent big Canadian fly seemed to turn the tide of thought; and why not? Did not a spider inspire Bruce — Robert Bruce — with courage, just as his fortunes were at the lowest ebb? Did not Frederick the Great escape poisoning simply because a fly fell into his soup? — that soup that was intended for the conqueror?

* * * * *

IF the human race could be all Happy Habiter, or even moderately rational, there would be little bitterness, and no more of the absolutely needless sacrifice of the nobler and uplifting emotions of mankind. Today we offer human sacrifices just as truly as did the Aztecs, and our shafts of sarcasm and persecution cut as deep as any sacrificial knife of old, beneath which the human blood gushed out and stained the great stone slab on which the victim lay bound.

True, those who suffered in the old days were not all helpless victims — some went to the stake cheerfully content to die for their convictions. They are now made victims for personal revenge and public honors, which could never be attained except by slaying those in power, over whose prostrate forms the ambitious grasp the tinsel of the glory they covet, but which they, too, some day will find only a broken bauble.

It has been said that the way to appeal to an Englishman is through his stomach; let it not be said with equal truth that the way to appeal to an American is through his purse. Too many great questions today are considered on the basis of whether or not "there is money in it;" but all manhood cannot be bought with gold, or the nation's sense of justice dulled by pecuniary gain.

Ruskin was one who loved his fellow-man. This great man said: "The sum of enjoyment depends not on the *quantity* of things tasted, but on the vivacity and and patience of taste."

My point remains the same as at the start — no victim will trace his sorrows to the hands or the lips of a Happy Habiter, and the more I think of it, the more I desire to enlarge our ranks until the whole world belongs to "our noble order of Happy Habiter."



REUNION of NATIONAL READERS

By the Editor

YOU all want to hear about it? It was a complete success—far beyond even the most sanguine dreams of the editor. Yes, we arrived two days beforehand, for there were preparations to make, and no one of the thousands of subscribers at the Reunion of the National Magazine Readers, at Jamestown Exposition, September 14, was ever more thrilled with the joys of anticipation than was I when landing on the deep water pier and greeting many new faces of the friends whom I knew well by letter, but now met face to face. Captain John Smith never had more real pleasure in founding the first English settlement.

Across the bay from Old Point Comfort, and down the river on the Norfolk & Washington boats, the people came, each one bringing new groups of National Magazine readers, people who had planned to spend this day with us. As the vessels docked, representatives of the National were on hand, and these visitors were readily distinguished by dainty red, white and blue badges.

* * *

There seemed to be no end of the details to be arranged. New suggestions for the schedule every fifteen minutes; and as often as I crossed out items that had been attended to, others came clamoring for attention. First there was the White House Coffee to be arranged for, and Mr. and Mrs. Greely came nobly to our aid. The great problem then was to get real sweet cream, and it was insisted that the dairy farm would be leased for one day if necessary. For when Messrs. Dwinnell & Wright, the famous coffee men, do anything it must be right.

Otto Miller, of the Swiss Alps had to be seen for a brigade of his best-trained waiters; for it was determined that everything must be of the very best. Then there were decorations to consider.

Manager Campbell was busy operating his shredded wheat plant in the Pure Food building, and with what joy we received his announcement that we should have "peaches

and cream" with the shredded wheat he would provide.

Not far away at the Jello exhibit, Manager Lukken struggled with the proposition of obtaining real cream for our ice cream; and farther on in the handsome Heinz booth, Colonel Foster and his good wife and efficient corps of assistants were all ready with their "57 varieties," including the product which has made Boston famous, for Heinz Baked Beans have long since made that New England dish known the wide world over. They were to be served piping hot and to supplant salad.

In the busy Lipton booth, Mr. Goodier was selecting his finest teas for us, for Sir Thomas' best was considered none too good for the readers of the National. The handsome silver cup, for the yacht race, that he had given to the exposition, had that day arrived. Mr. Goodier and his helpers proved invaluable allies.

All this looks simple, doesn't it? But did you ever have a church social at your house? If so, you know just how it all happened—thought we had everything, and horrors!—we had forgotten Underwood's Deviled Ham. True to the home instincts of the National, the lunch was to reflect credit to the Home Department battalion.

Right at the outset let me say that it appeared as though everybody on the grounds was interested in making the day a success. The kindness, the courtesy, shown on every side by exhibitors and exposition officials can never be over-appreciated. They all wore the "National" colors that day.

Well, next we wanted music—national in character; so Captain Phinney and his famous band were appealed to; Director of Music Whidditt also gave his aid. It was a delight to see the cheerful and energetic way in which everybody took hold and helped.

* * *

Promptly at one o'clock the doors of the Auditorium rooms were thrown wide, and there was the great table laden with flowers,

and four immense punch bowls, in which iced tea and fruit punch were soon to be served. Then the waiters began to circulate, and how they ever sailed around that room so rapidly remains a puzzle to me. The beans were piping hot; the pickles were crisp and delicious; the shredded wheat and peaches and cream were fit for a king; the Jello ice cream was perfect; the tea and coffee were of the sort that you hope to get, but very seldom find,—and we proceeded to enjoy ourselves.

The formalities were brief. No introductions necessary. Everybody good-natured.



STEPHEN W. BOLLES
DIRECTOR OF PUBLICITY, JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

After lunch the room was cleared, and everybody passed out into the Auditorium—out one door and in at another—no time lost—although it had taken about two hours to serve that dainty luncheon to a thousand subscribers.

This was certainly a notable occasion; for when before in the history of American periodicals have the subscribers, readers, advertisers, editors and publishers of a magazine, representing twenty-two states, met face to

face and broken bread together? Few of us had ever met before, yet we felt in a few minutes that we were old friends, enjoying the occasion in the true reunion spirit.

* * *

Long before half past two o'clock, the hour announced for the exercises, the audience began to gather in the Auditorium, and at a signal the strains of the national hymns were heard, whereat the audience arose, and Mr. William Wall Whidditt followed with a short and very interesting discourse on the history of various national airs as they were being played. In twenty minutes he had given more instructive and inspiring information than we could have derived from a month's reading of musical literature. During the rendition of Dixie, the Southern people rose to their feet. When the magic chords of "The Star Spangled Banner" were struck, President Tucker took the platform to welcome the editor of the National Magazine as he advanced from the opposite direction.

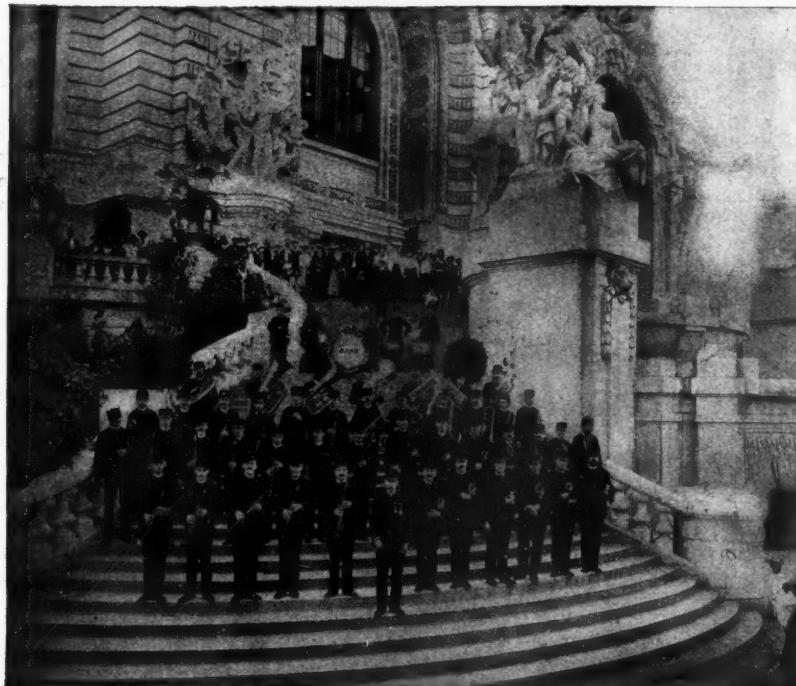
There had not been a moment to think of what I ought to say, or whether I ought to say anything; but dumb indeed must be the tongue that could not respond to such an audience!

Yes, I trembled a bit; and for the moment my mind was a vacuum, but after that hearty welcome from President Tucker and his splendid tribute to the readers of the National, it was at once apparent that neither I nor anyone else need worry, for the great audience had taken control of the exercises. As I looked out upon the sea of faces below, and in the circular balconies, it suggested a gathering at a great hearthstone, where one looks squarely into the faces of old and tried friends. There was nowhere to be found a scowling or discontented face, not a frown was to be seen. It is not often an editor gets a chance to bathe in the sunshine of his readers' smiles, and I tell you, if it is not the fountain of perpetual youth, it is an unforgettable remembrance and inspiration.

As the afternoon sun began to gleam through the windows, it was suggested by President Tucker that the next number on the program was peculiarly appropriate. Doubtless to many present Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Lost Chord" always excites the most tender and sweet associations; recalling "angel faces" forever passed from earth.

It is to me a song that seems to speak the language of heaven; a greeting from the host celestial to the host terrestrial. Now, as the band, the eight trombones and the pipe organ played the matchless chords of that grand refrain, and the melody rang and filled the hall, floating to the very clouds and thrilling every auditor, it seemed to me that such a rendition must have been heard by the soul of the great composer when he recorded those wonderful notes.

which the dead president still holds in the hearts of the American people. As the graceful boy placed upon the picture a wreath of pink carnations, as if with one accord thousands of voices joined in McKinley's favorite hymn,—a splendid volume of fervent expression accompanied by the majestic chords of the pipe organ. As they took their seats, all eyes were fixed upon the portrait of the great leader whose tender heart ever pulsated with love for his fellowman. Then from the op-



PHINNEY'S BAND, WHICH FURNISHED MUSIC FOR THE REUNION OF NATIONAL READERS

The strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" floated out, played softly by the band, when Master Brown came upon the platform clad in pink and carrying a large bouquet of pink carnations, walking slowly, with bowed head to the side of the stage; as the music proceeded, he gently drew from the easel the Stars and Stripes that covered the portrait of William McKinley. The great audience arose as one man and the deep silence of that supreme moment declared more unmistakably than any spoken tribute the place

posite side of the platform Mrs. Blanche Armstrong Wienshenck sang "Lead, Kindly Light," and the audience listened in breathless silence as the strong sweet voice poured out in liquid melody:

"And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which we have loved long since, and lost a while."

The sunlight flashed across the portrait, and it seemed as though I could see the lips move; and the voice of the singer trembled as she sang the last verse without accompaniment. It was a moment never to be forgotten.

In the impressive hush that followed, Director of Publicity Bolles was introduced. He referred touchingly to the days of the Buffalo Exposition, when he stood with the correspondents of the various newspapers, awaiting the dreaded news of a nation's bereavement, six years ago that day.

Mr. Bolles has been identified with former expositions and has become well known to many readers of the National, who now proceeded to give him a vigorous ovation, recognizing him at once as an old friend.

* * *

After a little recess for conversation everybody was ready for a jest or a bit of fun.



MASTER BROWN, WHO UNVEILED THE PICTURE

All wore the Happy Habit smile, and were ready for a quip or jest. A "voice from the past" was announced, and in stentorian tones it was asserted that "soon would be heard famous words which had echoed down the corridors of time and through the pages of history." The "echo" came in the shape of a Columbia phonograph, that repeated in an oratorical voice the words of Patrick Henry's famous speech, concluding with those never-to-be-forgotten words, "Give me liberty or give me death."

The applause must have been vigorous in Patrick Henry's day, and now the air fairly

rang with this twentieth century appreciation of that time-honored speech. The patriotism was touched with comedy for me, because I could not forget the sport that we had in making the record right there on the grounds, in the haste of preparation—I had the audacity to pass off my own voice as that of Patrick Henry, and we gathered together folk from all quarters to provide the applause at the right moment, and do the cheering, whistling and stamping, to make it seem like a real audience and a real speaker. What a happy time we had; it seemed wanton destruction to bring such exercises to a close.

You cannot imagine my feeling of regret as

I arose to announce the last number on the program, realizing that it was indeed the last time that we all would look into each other's faces and have such a happy time together; but the memory of that occasion will linger as long as life shall last.

* * *

With a wave of the hand, Captain Phinney drew forth a flood of music, and the various state songs were given: the "Suwanee River" being claimed by subscribers from Florida; "Maryland, My Maryland" was also sung, and by a strange coincidence, on that very day the composer, Colonel Randall, was present at the exposition. "Old Kentucky Home," with variations, was rendered, "Illinois" was sung, and "On the Banks of the Wabash;" but few selections were more popular than "Old Black Joe," which was improvised on the great pipe organ by Director Whidditt, bringing in the sweet chimes of the bells, fading away in the pathetic refrain. One almost seemed to see them carrying Old Black Joe out of the church, as the bells tolled their grief for his departure. Then national airs were rendered, in which the audience joined, showing the great homogeneity of the gathering, for some sang with hearty good will "The Wearing of the Green;" the "Marseillaise" found sturdy supporters, as did the "Watch on the Rhine" and "Scots Wha Hae." A moment's pause, and then came the announcement:

"We will sing a verse of 'Should auld Ac-



NATIONAL MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION BOOTH, WHERE THOUSANDS OF NEW SUBSCRIBERS HAVE ADDED THEIR NAMES TO THE LIST

quaintance Be Forgot.' Sing, even if you can't remember the words, and join hands in spirit at least, for this last reunion together."

No sooner were the words spoken, than I noticed that quite a number of young men who happened to be sitting between young ladies seized the opportunity and clasped fair

hands, despite the mild, rebuking looks bestowed upon them. Would you believe it, they just hung right on to those pretty little hands until the singing was all over, and perhaps later.

The last echo of the refrain died away down Raleigh Square, and over Hampton Roads, and was caught up by the breezes

that from North, South, East and West seemed to whisper the sweet message that verily old acquaintance ne'er will be forgot.

During the exercises the Washington correspondents and at least a hundred newspaper men arrived, and it may be not amiss at this time to give the record as "twas writ" by those sages:

TRIBUTE PAID TO WILLIAM MCKINLEY

Interesting Incident Yesterday at Celebration of Chappel Day at Jamestown Exposition

Six years ago yesterday the soul of William McKinley, the martyred President of the United States, who was



FREDERICK PHINNEY

DIRECTOR OF THE FAMOUS BAND WHICH BEARS HIS NAME

struck down by an assassin's bullet at the Buffalo Exposition, passed into eternity. Yesterday, the anniversary of his death, a beautiful tribute was paid to the memory of the immortal Ohioan at the Jamestown Exposition.

It was the reunion of the National Magazine Readers, the name of which publication Mr. McKinley selected, and eight hundred people with bowed heads and wet eyes did honor to the dead president, as Phinney's band softly played "Nearer, My God to Thee," his favorite sacred music, while a large portrait of Mr. McKinley was unveiled in full view of the audience.

As the Stars and Stripes, which draped the picture, was pulled aside, the whole audience arose as one man and remained standing until the band finished the sacred hymn. It was a silent, deep-hearted tribute to the man. Every head was bowed, and the only human utterance that broke upon the soft music was the singing of a few ladies. Mrs. Blanche Armstrong Weinschenk then sang "Lead Kindly Light." The tribute to McKinley was the feature of the reunion. It has been customary for the National Magazine "family" to honor the memory of the immortal

President, but it was never more touchingly done than it was yesterday beneath a Southern sky.

The reunion was a very successful one, over a thousand readers of the magazine being at the exposition to take part in the ceremonies. From 1 to 2:30 o'clock Joe Mitchell Chapple, the editor of the National, was host at a dainty luncheon in the Auditorium, served by the Swiss Alps. The refreshments served were all supplied by advertisers of the National. Over a thousand people were entertained at this luncheon.

—*Norfolk Daily Ledger Despatch*

PAID TRIBUTE TO MCKINLEY'S MEMORY

National Magazine Readers Hold Reunion at the Exposition—Entertained by Joe Mitchell Chapple

One of the most impressive ceremonies of the whole exposition was the observance of the anniversary yesterday by the National Magazine readers of the death of the late President McKinley, who was slain six years ago by an assassin.

The immortal Ohioan had given the present name to the great periodical and was almost the father of it.

Several thousand people were present to do honor to the dead statesman, and stood with bowed heads as Phinney's band softly played "Nearer, My God, to Thee," his favorite hymn. During the music a large picture of the honored dead was unveiled in full view of the big audience. As the Stars and Stripes were pulled aside, the whole audience rose to a man, and remained until the end of the music.

When the silent tribute had been paid to the memory of President McKinley, Joe Mitchell Chapple presented Mrs. Blanche Armstrong Weinschenk, who sang beautifully "Lead Kindly Light."

The honor shown to the late president was the real feature of the reunion of the National Magazine Readers. Nearly all day, however, the crowds were entertained by the editor and his corps of assistants in some manner or other.

From one o'clock until two-thirty in the afternoon Mr. Chapple was host at a dainty luncheon served in one of the convention rooms of the Auditorium. When the readers themselves had been served, the doors were thrown open and the exposition visitors generally were invited to participate in the luncheon. Over one thousand people were entertained.

Following the luncheon the reunion was held in the Auditorium, and Joe Mitchell Chapple presided. He announced that Leslie M. Shaw, former secretary of the United States treasury was expected to be present as the orator of the day, but that Mr. Shaw had wired him at the last minute that it would be impossible for him to reach Norfolk in time.

The address of welcome was delivered by President Harry St. George Tucker, who paid an especial tribute to the youthful editor, saying that in the very infancy of the exposition he had thrown open the columns of his magazine to the exploitation of the great enterprise.

Mr. Tucker said that Mr. Chapple's magazine was the first to raise the flag of the Jamestown Exposition, and that when the history of the fair is written that the name of the editor will stand high among those who have contributed to the success of the exposition.

Mr. Chapple then presented Mr. Stephen W. Bolles, director of advertising of the exposition. The exploiter of the fair joined in the tribute to the lamented McKinley. He said that he was standing within a few feet of McKinley when he was shot, and concluded by declaring that the late president had torn down the wall between the North and the South.

—*Virginia Daily Pilot*

Right after the exercises, at the invitation of Sir Thomas Lipton's representatives, everybody went back to the scene of the luncheon, to partake of afternoon tea at "a past four"—say it quickly.

Everyone wore badges with a dainty bit of red, white and blue, but we were told that there was no need of them, for the National Magazine readers were known by "the happy habit smile."

There was a sheaf of telegrams of regret from thousands of subscribers from all parts of the world, who wired in the genial spirit of "Let's Talk It Over."

teacher from Oregon, three years a reader of the National. As I made acquaintance with one after another, the distinction seemed to be how long a time they had been on our sub-



MRS. BLANCHE ARMSTRONG WIENSHENCK,
SOLOIST AT JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

So I walked about among the jolly crowd assembled. There was a good elderly lady from Florida, ten years a subscriber, she said; the gentleman from Connecticut, five years on the subscription list; the school

scription list. It was like a pioneers' picnic."

Everybody felt that the reunion had been a great success, and it was interesting to hear the varying opinions expressed, and how many places the subscribers had come from.

One lady said she was from Old Point Comfort; another told of a scrap book compiled from the magazine, in order to preserve her favorite selections. A young man said to me, "No letter is looked forward to more eagerly than the National every month." A lady who was with him said, "It seems as though I were hearing direct from all the contributors to the Home Department." Yet another said, "I wish I could have my magazine earlier, and two copies every month instead of one, because everyone wants the National first."

The way they came pouring in to that reception and telling me who they were, made me think that, after a while, I should have the pleasure of shaking hands with the entire 269,000 subscribers. One hand was not enough, so the gracious lady at my side began to use two; and what a jolly, merry crowd they were. That reception was certainly an inspiring overture to the spontaneous success of the simple exercises.

We all scattered to the Canoe Trail or the War Path, to see the Merrimac and Monitor, Ranch 101 and all the other sights.

* * *

How fitting it was that National Magazine Day should witness the dedication of the famous Government Pier. "Was it not fortunate," said one to another, "that the two events should occur on the same day?" As we looked into the skies at those great rockets with their tentacles of light, first with flashing fire and then with smoke, standing out like flaming bas reliefs against the night, the great basin was one mass of shooting fireflies, and from the vast concourse of people who surrounded it there was a chorus of "Oh's" and "Ah's," at each glory—a "National Day" indeed, with fireworks and all.

The only thing I can think of that we ought to have had, and failed to provide for was a photograph of the great gathering. This was on my mind over and over again, and half a dozen times I set out to see about it—but when I met a delightful subscriber and stopped to shake hands it simply put everything else out of my mind, and I forgot my errand, but, photograph or no photograph, so long as memory lasts there is an unfading picture of that gathering in each mind and heart.

Readers may be pleased to know that that sweet-faced little boy who unveiled the picture of President McKinley at the reunion of the National Magazine Readers exercises, was Master Brown, who every day in the Liberal Arts Building has interested large audiences by telling the story of the Buster Brown shoes, while his dog Tige sits up, cap on head, looking at Buster as he talks. This has been one of the most pleasing advertising features of the exposition, and no one who sees him doubts that Master Buster is a very bright boy. The hearty and affectionate interest which he took in the exercises commemorating the death of McKinley, on September 14, was charming. The Brown Shoe Company of St. Louis are certainly to be congratulated upon having so fascinating a representative as Master Brown.

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One of the most popular soloists of the exposition is Blanch Armstrong Wienschenck, a vocalist of rare ability, whose voice is especially pleasing in concert selections, while equal to dramatic and operatic work. She is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music and has been a favorite in St. Louis and other large cities in which she has appeared. She studied in Paris for three years, and finished with Fidele Koenig, the same leader under whom Susanne Adams studied. Since her return to America Mrs. Wienschenck has devoted much time to oratorio and church work. She has sung at almost all the state receptions at the exposition, and has appeared frequently as soloist in the Auditorium. Mrs. Wienschenck has a very pleasing stage presence, and is mistress of intricacies of musical phrase and coloratura. She promises to rank as one of the most popular vocalists in the country. Never will anyone present at the exercises on September 14 forget the effective and feeling manner in which she rendered the favorite songs of the late president.

* * *

The rendition of the "Powhatan Guard", the official march of the exposition, under direction of the composer Mr. William Wall Whiddit, was a rare treat. Mr. Whiddit is director of music at the exposition, and has given conscientious effort that has been warmly appreciated.

FEW World Fairs have drawn to their close so auspiciously as the Jamestown Exposition promises to do. After the dedication of the government pier, on September 14, a steady increase in the attendance was apparent from day to day, and none who came went away disappointed, for it is now emphatically—a completed exposition.

On every side there are flowers—not artificial blossoms all carefully arranged, or rare specimens preserved under glass; but a rich luxuriance of the treasures of homely, old-time gardens: peonies, black-eyed susans, sweet williams, holly-hocks, golden-rod, and many other old favorites—"dear familiar flower faces"—that make the exposition a perfect arbor of floral beauty. Deep-centered in his warrior soul there was hidden a tender home-loving sentiment that urged General Fitz-Hugh Lee to insist that the Virginia creeper be lavishly planted, and the wonderful floral enclosure which now surrounds the exposition grounds is a feature which has made a lasting impression on every visitor.

"Isn't the hedge beautiful?" is heard on every side.

Every season and month brought new beauty—in June the hedge was a wealth of green, bestrewn with rambler roses and honeysuckle; and now in autumn it is a blaze of glory with its rich reds, yellows, greens and browns, a lovely tribute to the forethought of the projector.

* * *

In no exposition has more attention been paid to state days, and state and civic pride and patriotism have been notably awakened on these occasions. The states which participated in the exposition and erected buildings, vied with each other in making every visitor from their commonwealth welcome at the state rendezvous.

A very noticeable feature of this exposition is that the usual admixture, of colonial, Corinthian, Queen Anne and other composite styles in architecture is conspicuously absent. Every building means something; historic lines have been followed and there is a general harmony in the groups of structures, which has been lacking in other expositions; and over all hangs an atmosphere of colonial romance and historical association. Here is Pennsylvania's old Independence Hall;

home-memories of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, in the Maryland state building; an air of political activity is connected with the replica of the residence of the first governor of Ohio; and a thrill of patriotism comes over one as he enters the model of the old State House of Massachusetts. In the Virginian building one has visions of the magnificent hospitality of the old Southern regime at Westover, Brandon and Claremont on the James. Every state building recalls some enthralling association in the history and development of the nation.

While there are no art galleries at the Jamestown Exposition, the History building contains a notable collection; for there were gathered from thirteen colonies an exhibit never equalled, and such as will probably never again be assembled. It is an education to have seen the T. F. Ryan collection and other important exhibits brought together from all parts of the world.

* * *

The splendid collection in the anthropological exhibit was a veritable encyclopedia of the history of American tribes and races; and the government representation from the Smithsonian Institute and National Museum was the most complete and carefully arranged ever exhibited.

The illuminations, and especially that splendid feature the nocturnal sunburst, will live forever in the recollection of all who saw that glorious electric display which originated at Buffalo under the direction of Mr. Rustin, and was here perfected by Mr. Dixon, the assistant director general of the Jamestown Exposition.

There was not a dull or idle hour at the exposition; for each day had its special feature, whether it was Fulton Day, with Dr. Mark Twain, alias Samuel Clemens presiding, to aid in doing honor to the inventor of the first steamboat; or the naval parade, which gave an illustration of the triumphs of steam navigation since the days of Fulton. The Auditorium has been constantly thronged with visitors interested in various events. The Lee Parade Ground has always presented an attractive scene, where a series of concerts by Phinney's famous band always drew a large concourse of listeners, whether held in Raleigh's Court or in the large Auditorium.

THE INCONSISTENT TOM JOHNSON

By W. C. Jenkins

THE question of a three-cent street railway fare, which the country in its general belief saw, as it thought, conclusively disposed of several years ago, when Detroit, Indianapolis and a number of large cities repudiated the proposition, has again been brought forward by the pertinacity of Mayor Tom Johnson of Cleveland. A municipal campaign is in progress in that city, with three-cent fare as the leading issue, and as Mayor Johnson is an advocate of the low-fare proposition, and is seeking the suffrage of the people of Cleveland, it is necessary for the general public to regard the matter seriously. Whether or not a street railway can keep up its equipment, pay interest on its bonds, and dividends on its stock on a three-cent fare basis, is an interesting question. Street railway men throughout the country have answered that question with a decided negative, while Mr. Johnson asserts it can be done.

Mayor Johnson's position before the people is open to criticism, for the reason that his past attitude on this question is strangely inconsistent with his present pretensions. A dozen years ago, when the conditions were highly advantageous for introducing a three-cent fare system, the country saw no more energetic or strenuous opponent of the measure than Tom L. Johnson. In those days labor was cheaper; car bodies, which now cost \$1800, could be purchased for less than a thousand dollars; rails were lighter and the price lower, but, notwithstanding, Johnson said a three-cent fare was not only impracticable but impossible, while today he is voicing sentiments exactly opposite.

Since the days of Abraham, a certain class of politicians have sought political preferment through channels too deep for the average citizen to fathom. The surface was made to appear that reduction in taxation, innovations of a beneficial character, or some public advantage could be obtained if certain men were elected to office, and today there is nothing more captivating than a three-cent fare proposal, no matter how im-

possible such a proposition may be. The late Hazen S. Pingree of Detroit was the first office-seeker who saw the political value of such an issue. Johnson was in Detroit as president of the Citizens Railway Company during the height of Pingree's popularity through his advocacy of cheap fares, and at that time he not only opposed the plan, but denounced the Detroit mayor in the most bitter terms. It was in Detroit, however, that Johnson learned how easily people swallowed sugar-coated pills of this character, and being in possession of expert knowledge of street railway equipments and municipal functions, he was later enabled to secure certain street railway franchises in Buffalo and Cleveland, and to build up a political machine in the latter city, the discipline of which is only equalled by the German army or the Mormon church.

Who cares for yesterday when tomorrow is ahead? A charge of inconsistency does not, as a rule, elevate men in the minds of their fellow-citizens, but Johnson is one of the few who points to this feature of a life's history with pride. The great future contained inviting possibilities for the man who could carry along Pingree's political hobbies, and in this work Johnson has manifestly not figured as a round peg in a square hole. Moreover, he has great advantages over Pingree, inasmuch as the latter knew practically nothing about street railway construction and management, while Johnson has had an almost continuous identity with corporations of this nature since the days when veterinary surgeons were among the chief functionaries of street railway systems.

When Johnson received the call to liberate the people from their bondage, he did not put his theories into practice by reducing fares on systems in which he is interested, and which held perpetual five-cent franchises, he being the ruling spirit in the Lehigh Valley Traction Company of Allentown, Pennsylvania, and of the New Jersey & Pennsylvania Traction Company of Trenton, New Jersey, where uniform fares of five

THE INCONSISTENT TOM JOHNSON

cents, with no tickets, is the prevailing rate. When he was charged with this fact, he quickly but shamelessly answered, "In one case I am working for myself and associates, while in the other I am working for the people." Johnson began his battle in Cleveland, where the Democratic party was prosperous, and where important street railway franchises were on the eve of expiration. Let us gaze at the corporation record of Cleveland's Low Fare Mayor.

It is a remarkable record of disturbance. It is a record that is punctuated by avarice and insincerity. He has been a franchise-seeker in Brooklyn, Detroit, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Buffalo, St. Louis, Allentown, Pennsylvania, and Trenton, New Jersey, and in not a single case has he raised his voice for cheap fares except when there was personal advantage, either political or financial, in sight. In the cities above mentioned he has been a factor of more or less prominence until his schemes bore financial fruit; then he folded his tent and, like the Arabs, stole quietly away. He is in Cleveland now, but there is no assurance of any permanent residence in that city.

In the early '90's he acquired what, in the days of horse cars, was known as the Deacon Richardson lines of Brooklyn. After gaining control and securing the co-operation of influential politicians, Johnson installed electric motive power, and immediately secured franchises in the rapidly growing suburban territory of Brooklyn, with the apparent object of being an important factor in street railway affairs in that city. When he found himself holding trump cards, Johnson sold out to the corporation now known as the Brooklyn Transit Company. He cleaned up a small fortune, but history does not record an effort on his part to give the people of Brooklyn three-cent fare privileges.

Johnson in his early days was a railroad man in Indianapolis and other cities of the Middle West. He went to Cleveland and established a street car line of his own, and by consolidation and re-consolidation he finally became the chairman of the board of directors of the Cleveland Electric Railway Company. When Johnson became the controlling figure of this company, the rate of fare in vogue was six tickets for twenty-five cents. He promptly raised the fare to five cents. When the company was organ-

ized he promptly injected several million dollars of water. Later he sold out his interest, including the water, and today we have the strange spectacle of a man trying to make valueless the stock that he himself sold to innocent investors.

In 1894 Johnson was president of the Citizens Street Railway Company of Detroit. At that time an application for a street railway franchise was made by Cleveland financiers, the condition being that eight tickets should be sold for twenty-five cents from 6 A. M. to 8 P. M., and six tickets for a quarter during the balance of the twenty-four hours. The proposed franchise provided that the new corporation should be exempt from any expense to keep the streets in repair. Johnson opposed the measure most strenuously, but Pingree, who was an earnest advocate of low fares, carried the proposition through the council. About fifty miles of track were built, and in the course of time the system was purchased by Johnson and his associates. The Citizens Street Railway Company had been selling six tickets for a quarter, but immediately after acquiring the new system, Johnson boosted the rates to a straight five-cent fare. At that time Johnson and Pingree met one day in the Cadillac Hotel. Johnson said, "What are you doing for your country today, Pingree?" Mayor Pingree answered, "I am raising h—." Johnson replied, "I am raising street car rates."

Pingree was attracting considerable attention by his advocacy of low fares, while Johnson was incurring the enmity of the people of Detroit by his zealous opposition. Johnson was not slow to observe, however, that Pingree was fast ascending the ladder of fame, and he conceived a plan by which the mayor's popularity might be utilized, and at the same time the coffers of the Citizens Street Railway Company greatly enriched. His proposition was bold and in fact audacious, but it required trained eyes to see the fine Italian hand of this master of corporate affairs figuring in the deal. Pingree's vision was obscured, and he blindly walked into the trap laid by Johnson. The proposition, in effect, was a scheme to municipalize the street railway systems of Detroit. Both Pingree and Johnson advocated the plan, which, of course, meant that the city should acquire control of the street railways. Bonds aggre-

THE INCONSISTENT TOM JOHNSON

gating \$17,500,000 were to be issued and turned over to the corporations for their interests in the street railways. It was at that time that we find Johnson first advocating three-cent fares. He argued that under the management of the Street Railway Commission passengers could be carried for three cents, but he was strangely silent as to the number of millions of dollars he and his associates would clean up in the proposed deal. Back of the scheme was a security franchise or contract running to the bond-holders, which provided that the properties should revert to the original owners if the Commission found itself unable to pay the interest on the bonds, and that five-cent fares or six tickets for a quarter could be charged on all the lines for a period of forty-five years. Johnson, it is apparent, had cast his lines to windward, and would gain immense financial advantage no matter whether the scheme was a success or not. In one event he would have sold out to the city with immense profit; in the other he would have acquired a forty-five year franchise on all city lines, with the low fare feature eliminated; but a violent opposition arose, and the proposition was rejected, partly because of its unconstitutionality, and partly because the people were opposed to the measure.

Tom Johnson sold out his street railway interests in Detroit to his associates, and moved to Cleveland. At that time he and his brother, A. L. Johnson, now deceased, were exerting an effort to secure rights to build a street railway from London to Brighton, England. For some reason the scheme did not meet the approval of English people who were interested, and the Johnsons returned to the United States, where they believed the gullibility on the part of the people was more manifest.

At one time Johnson secured control of a street railway in Indianapolis, which he run for several years. When the opportunity came for consolidation, Johnson pursued his well-known tactics and finally sold out. He did not give the people of Indianapolis anything less than five-cent rides, and his record in that city is one of corporation avarice. When later he appeared in Indianapolis with an application for a franchise, which in effect meant that he proposed to be a competitor of the men to whom he had sold out his

street railway property, the people of that city refused to grant the ordinance, declaring that they already had "too much Johnson."

Our energetic promoter had disposed of his street railway interests in Detroit, Indianapolis and Buffalo, and concluded to adopt the Pingree tactics and seek political preference, and so he began a campaign in Cleveland which has been to all intent and purposes an exact counterpart of the disturbing conditions created by Pingree in Detroit several years ago. Aside from a small number of streets covered by the franchise given the Cleveland parties in 1894, with its exemption from paving expense, the citizens of Detroit are today paying the same rate of fare as they did twenty years ago. It is true, important franchises are nearing completion in Detroit, and the matter was made a political issue in the last campaign. Mayor Codd, who was a candidate for re-election, submitted a proposition which was accepted by the Detroit United Railway, and which would have given Detroit the low rate of fare of six tickets for a quarter during the day, and ten tickets for a quarter during the rush hours of the morning and evening. The opposition, led by the present mayor of Detroit, promised the people a straight three-cent fare, with universal transfers within three months. Johnson went to Detroit and urged the people to stand for three-cent fares. He commanded the opposition to Mayor Codd, and pronounced its plan feasible; but three, six and twelve months have rolled along, and the people of Detroit are still waiting for the promised three-cent fares, much as the people of Cleveland have been waiting for the past five years.

Those who patronize the street railway lines of Buffalo, and who are familiar with history, have a constant reminder that they are paying more or less tribute as a consequence of Johnson's appearance in that city during the year 1895. The relationship between the Buffalo Street Railway Company and the municipality was most harmonious prior to Johnson's visit, but when this expert in franchise grabbing appeared upon the scene with a four-cent proposition and various promises to members of the common council, he was given a respectful hearing. His affable manner, combined with a thorough knowledge of how things are done,

THE INCONSISTENT TOM JOHNSON

gave him an advantage over the unsophisticated members of the Buffalo common council, many of whom knew no more of franchise matters than they did about the cause of the Trojan war. His plan virtually meant that several of the existing street car lines were to be paralleled, and while under the hypnotic influence of Johnson, the council granted a forty-year franchise. The State Railroad Commission, however, had not been "convinced," and that body without ceremony, but with laudable promptness, knocked the foundation from under Johnson's structure by refusing to approve the measure, on the ground that such a franchise was not only unnecessary, but impracticable and impossible of fulfillment. Baffled, but not defeated, Johnson drew from his coat-sleeve other cards. He had lost a battle, but not the war, and so he decided to appeal to the state legislature, with the request that the act of the Buffalo council be approved. The members of the committee to whom the matter was referred were hypnotized by Johnson, as had been the members of the council, and the franchise became a part of the laws of the State of New York. Whether Johnson ever intended to build a system in Buffalo or not, the people of that city never knew; at any rate, he sold out to his associates and left the field before a mile of track was built. But he had succeeded in cleaning up a nice sum of money, and also in creating conditions of no advantage to the people of Buffalo that will live long after Johnson's street car fights are ended. The system for which the franchise was granted to Johnson was subsequently built, but its earnings did not enable the company to pay interest on the bonds. The Buffalo Street Railroad Company in order to get rid of a menacing nuisance later purchased the property, but quickly discovered that they had acquired nothing more than a gold brick. The rates were raised from four to five cents, council granting permission in return for certain transfer concessions. The only advantage the old company realized from the purchase of the Johnson system was the opportunity to add another million dollars to capitalization, and on this additional capitalization the people of Buffalo have been, and will be for many years, paying interest.

St. Louis, too, has been visited by Johnson. After some interesting experiences with

members of the city council, he secured a franchise to operate on certain streets. He became no permanent fixture in St. Louis; his visit there was simply to acquire franchise rights and then sell out. In that city he also cleaned up a nice sum of money.

It is really difficult to understand Mayor Johnson's position on street railway rates. In the days when the expenses of operation were far lower than the present, Mayor Pingree of Detroit tendered to Johnson a franchise on the basis of eight tickets for a quarter, and which was to be as free from taxation as possible, and also devoid of street paving expenses, but the wily promoter flatly refused to accept the ordinance, saying most emphatically "no corporation can exist with such rates." Today, when the expense of operation has greatly increased, Mr. Johnson asserts that a three-cent fare is practicable.

There is no question but that a three-cent fare is a splendid issue upon which to run a campaign, but Mr. Johnson knows very well that a railroad cannot be run on any such a proposition, unless his view shall be accepted that the government shall pay a considerable part of the cost. No practical railroad man in the country will assert that street railroads can be run on any such basis, many experts claiming that five cents is too low, in view of the greatly increased cost of maintenance and the continued necessity of adopting improved facilities and additional comforts for the passengers. Johnson has asserted that a street railroad system can be constructed for \$50,000 per mile, and that every dollar in excess of that amount is water pure and simple. He has built thirteen miles of track in Cleveland, and when it became necessary to make a showing to stockholders, the fact was discovered that the cost of the system had been in excess of \$70,000 per mile, and this, too, when his equipment is to some extent second-hand and purchased from corporations that had considered it obsolete. His power house machinery is largely second-hand, and his plant is in a building belonging to the city, on which a nominal rental is paid. The contest in Cleveland which is attracting attention throughout the United States began when Johnson entered the field of politics. Realizing that certain franchises would, within a few years expire, The Cleveland Electric Railway Company in 1903

THE INCONSISTENT TOM JOHNSON

offered to abandon all its franchises and accept a new grant for twenty years on the basis of seven tickets for a quarter, with universal transfers. The average life of its franchises at that time was about twelve years. The Cleveland Electric Railway Company is entitled to continue operation on a five-cent fare basis until all its franchises expire, which means that unless there is a settlement of the franchise question in the near future, for over six years, or until 1914, a vast majority of the people of Cleveland and adjoining territory must continue to pay five-cent fare. For at least fifteen years after 1914 the company will be in possession of practically all franchises which are now outside of the city, as well as some within the city. Therefore, unless there is a settlement, it means that the street railway question will remain in politics, hampering or preventing the proper solution of problems which involve the future growth and prosperity of Cleveland.

For six years Mayor Tom Johnson has been advocating three-cent fares in Cleveland. Contrary to his previous utterances, he has told the people that such a system as The Cleveland Electric Railway Company could be operated at a profit with three-cent fares, and that capital was eagerly waiting to pour into Cleveland and build lines on this basis. In his first campaign for mayor, Johnson advocated a settlement of the franchise question on the basis of three-cent fare and universal transfers over the entire Cleveland Electric's system. During the campaign he declared that certain franchises of the company had already expired, and that he could use those expired franchises as a club to force the company to accept a new grant, on the basis of a three-cent fare and universal transfers. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I know that some of the company's grants have already expired." Six months after election, Johnson was asked why he had not carried out his pre-election promises, and he replied, "Before I was elected a very able attorney told me that two important franchises had expired. After further investigation, subsequent to my election, he told me that only one had expired, and that applied to a single track on a street where the company had two tracks." In 1903 Johnson was again a candidate for re-election, and here is one of his promises to the people: "In 1904 a bunch of valuable fran-

chises will expire, and then you will hear something drop." Not a single franchise of The Cleveland Electric Railway Company expired in 1904, and this Mr. Johnson discovered after he had been elected to office the second time. Having wholly abandoned his original proposition to compel The Cleveland Electric Railway Company to accept a blanket three-cent fare franchise, Mr. Johnson's next move was to organize The Forest City Railway Company, in which he testified in court that he was financially interested. With the aid of a willing council, he granted certain franchises to his company, and later conceived a plan, fashioned after the holding company scheme suggested by himself in Detroit, the Cleveland proposition being unquestionably a subterfuge for municipal ownership, but admittedly a device to evade certain statutory injunctions in the state of Ohio. With the aid of men associated with the mayor politically, or dependent in some manner upon the dominant faction in Cleveland, and which is controlled by the executive, Mr. Johnson organized a holding company, under the title of The Municipal Traction Company, and this company took over and is operating The Forest City Railway Company's lines. There are five directors in this company, three of whom owe their positions on the board to a close identity with Mayor Johnson, so that he is complete master of the company's policy.

About two years ago Mr. Johnson conceived an idea that The Cleveland Electric Company should lease its property to his holding company, but when a proposition was made to the directors, it was declined, because Johnson had refused to agree to an insertion of a clause in the lease which would limit the fare to three-cents, also because of the apparent irresponsibility of Johnson's holding company, and for several other reasons which were publicly set forth at the time. The mayor and his associates then began a bitter war upon The Cleveland Electric Railway Company, and the battles are still in progress. It is evident that Mr. Johnson's purpose is to force the company to surrender its existing franchises, and lease its lines to his holding company. Mayor Johnson has refused to accept The Cleveland Electric Company's proposition of a twenty-year renewal franchise on the basis of seven tickets for a quarter with universal transfers, and the com-

THE INCONSISTENT TOM JOHNSON

pany's suggestion that the proposition be submitted to a vote of the people did not receive any support from the mayor.

Early in January of this year Mayor Johnson renewed his holding proposition to The Cleveland Electric Railway Company, and a series of meetings between the presidents of the two corporations were held, which, however, were fruitless, but they brought out the fact that if an agreement was effected Mayor Johnson's holding company would not operate The Cleveland Electric system on the basis of three-cent fares with universal transfers, an innovation for which the mayor had contended so long, but that it would charge three-cent fares within the present city limits, and five-cent fares outside of the city. It also developed that the mayor had found it impossible to attract outside capital to build three-cent lines in Cleveland, thus proving the falsity of his original statement on this subject.

Following this, the company submitted a formal proposition to the mayor and city council, agreeing to throw open its books and submit to an independent expert commission the question as to what is the lowest possible rate of fare at which the company could operate its system and give good service. It also indicated its willingness to accept a renewal of its franchises on any basis that might be agreed upon by this proposed commission; but Johnson ignored this suggestion of the company, clearly indicating that he would oppose any settlement which would not give to his holding company complete control of the Cleveland Electric Railway Company's system.

Summed up briefly, the situation in Cleveland is this: The Electric Railway Company offers an immediate settlement of the question on the basis of a twenty-year franchise at the rate of seven tickets for a quarter. The corporation agrees to spend from \$8,- to \$10,000,000 in the building of subway terminals and general extensions and betterment of service. Mayor Johnson proposes that the city shall grant to The Forest City Railway Company existing franchises of The Cleveland Electric Company as they from time to time expire, the same to be operated by his holding company. This plan, of course, is conditioned on whether Mayor Johnson can induce the people to invest in three-cent fare stock.

The law in Ohio is peculiar as related to street railways. A city council may give a street railway franchise for a period not longer than twenty-five years, and this only with the consent of a majority of property owners along the proposed route. Johnson failed in his efforts to induce legitimate capital to invest in his street railway promotions, so it became necessary for him to raise money by peddling fractional shares of stock on the streets, by inducing those with whom he is affiliated politically to take shares; city employes who owed their public positions to Johnson were also expected to buy this stock. By this means enough money was raised to build a short line, on which a three-cent fare is charged, but which is being operated at a loss, as evidenced by statements recently furnished the Cleveland Stock Exchange. It also appears from recent court testimony that Mr. Johnson himself advanced many thousands of dollars toward the support of the company.

When William Allen White wrote his timely article "What's the Matter with Kansas," that state was practically without a financial friend outside of its own borders. Agitators and so-called reformers had driven capital to other localities. The effect of Pingree's merciless attacks on corporations is well remembered by the moneyed men of Detroit. It is also remembered by men who were seeking to obtain capital to build up industries in that city. Cleveland is face to face with a serious condition, and the business interests are already beginning to feel the evil effects of Johnson's war for political purposes.

The people of Cleveland want the matter settled. They are tired of seeing an important problem being made a football for every politician to take a kick at. Manufacturers, bankers and a large majority of the merchants admit that the seven for a quarter proposition made by the railroad company would insure cheaper fares than is given by any other street railroad corporation for similar service and length of haul, and should be accepted. No street railway of recognized standing in the United States is being operated on a three-cent fare basis with transfers, and no one but the professional politician is asking that they should be. As a rule, the men who would tear down great industries had no part in creat-

THE INCONSISTENT TOM JOHNSON

ing them. Johnson was never able to successfully finance and manage a street railway on this low fare basis, notwithstanding his success in misleading a large number of voters into a belief that it can be accomplished.

It is the opinion of a great many people in Cleveland that Johnson's real purpose is to again be the chief owner of The Cleveland Electric Company when he is through with politics, but, judging from the expressions made by a great many representative citizens to the writer, the eyes of the people have been opened and the result of the pending election will all depend upon whether a majority of the voters can see through Mayor Johnson's game.

The only answer I was able to obtain from the mayor's supporters in Cleveland to the direct question, "Can a street railway company keep up its equipment, pay interest on its bonds and dividends on its stocks on a three-cent fare basis?" was, "Johnson says it can be done."

A brief summary of Johnson's record as a corporation man is as follows: In Cleveland, Indianapolis, Detroit, Trenton, New Jersey, and Allentown, Pennsylvania, Johnson has emphatically insisted that five-cent fares should be paid by those who ride on his lines. In Buffalo, he obtained a franchise for a system which he never operated on a four-cent basis. Since he has been a politician he has operated for political effect a small system in Cleveland on a three-cent basis. As a business man Johnson wants five-cent fare; as a politician he tells the people three cents is sufficient.

The Cleveland Electric Railway Company was organized in April, 1893 by a consolidation of the interests of four existing railway companies, the oldest of which being established in 1858. The Broadway & Newburg Street Railway Company was incorporated in December, 1872, by Samuel Andrews and five other citizens of Cleveland. Samuel Andrews, who died three years ago, was the father of Horace E. Andrews, now president of The Cleveland Electric Railway Company. For years the expenses of this company exceeded its income, and Mr. Joseph Stanley, father of John J. Stanley, now vice president and general manager of the Cleveland Electric Railway Company, was compelled to advance money from his pocket to meet the monthly pay-roll. No dividends were paid until 1889—sixteen years after the organization of the company. The Brooklyn

Street Railroad Company was incorporated in the summer of 1869. The road was operated under a lease until 1879, when Tom L. Johnson came to Cleveland and bought most of the stock of the company at a low figure. Johnson became very active, and succeeded in obtaining some valuable franchises from the city council.

The South Side Railroad Company was incorporated in 1872, the Superior Street Railroad Company was built and opened for traffic in 1874. In 1887 this entire line, together with systems it had acquired, was taken up, the tracks and all other material sold for old iron, and a new track for a cable railroad took its place. In 1889 The Cleveland City Cable Company was organized. In June, 1893, this company and the Woodland Avenue & West Side Railroad Company consolidated under the name of The Cleveland City Railway Company, with M. A. Hanna as president.

For the ten ensuing years after 1893 The Cleveland Electric Railway Company and The Cleveland City Railway Company continued to operate as two separate systems, the Cleveland Electric operating seventeen lines and the Cleveland City six lines. Transfers were not exchanged between the two companies. In 1903 The Cleveland Electric Railway Company, through its present president, Horace E. Andrews, purchased the property and lines of The Cleveland City Railway Company. The combined capitalization of the two companies was not swelled one cent as a result of the consolidation. Today the company operates approximately 240 miles of street railroad, extending not only over the entire city, but into adjoining suburbs and pleasure resorts, in most cases at least three miles beyond the city limits. The rate of fare is five cents cash or eleven tickets for fifty cents and practically universal transfers. The capitalization of the company is \$23,400,000. The bonded debt is \$8,000,000 and floating debt of about \$1,300,000. The highest dividend paid by this or the other companies before consolidation was five per cent, and this was paid only one year, namely, in 1906. No dividends were paid for many years by any of the companies.

In 1894 Tom L. Johnson became chairman of the executive board of The Cleveland Electric Railway Company. For some years prior to that time, the company had been volun-

THE INCONSISTENT TOM JOHNSON

tarily giving a three-cent fare for school children. It had also started to sell six tickets for a quarter. As soon as Johnson was in control, he immediately revoked the sale of three-cent tickets to school children, and raised the general rate to five cents and eleven tickets for fifty cents.

It was in 1900 that the cable lines, though still in excellent condition, were abandoned, and electricity installed as the motive power. In making this change The Cleveland City Railway Company was compelled to throw about \$3,000,000 worth of property into the junk heap.

Two of the franchises of The Cleveland Electric Railway Company expired on March 22, 1905. In April of the present year the company tore up its tracks and took all the equipment from the streets covered by these franchises, being forced to do so because the city administration under Tom L. Johnson would not consider the offer of the company to accept a new grant in those streets on the basis of seven tickets for a quarter and transfers to all other city lines, and also because Mayor Johnson's council had granted a franchise in those streets to The Forest City Railway Company. This company has not been permitted to begin work under its franchise, for the reason that it was found that the corporation had really been financed by Mayor Johnson, he having guaranteed its stock, its purchase of supplies and other items. The matter is now in the courts.

Mayor Johnson in 1903 attempted to arrange for the building and operation of a municipal electric lighting plant, which was intended not only to furnish electricity for street lighting, but also to sell current for commercial purposes to consumers generally.

This was an interesting incident in Mayor Johnson's career as mayor of Cleveland. The mayor knew that Detroit and Chicago had municipal accessories of this nature, and why not Cleveland? The city was not suffering from any oppressive action or excessive rates on the part of the existing electrical company, nor was there any demand whatsoever by the public for the city to go further into debt for the purpose of inaugurating such an enterprise, but Johnson wanted a municipal lighting plant, and that settled it. His political machinery was set in motion, and the people found themselves face to face with the necessity of voting on the subject. A committee was appointed by the

Chamber of Commerce to investigate what the proposition really meant, and their report was emphatically and unreservedly in opposition to the Johnson scheme. It should be borne in mind that the Chamber of Commerce represents the business interests of Cleveland, but this Johnson cared nothing about, as he had drawn a Democratic platform previous to the expression of the Chamber of Commerce, which, among other things, declared, "Our pledge to the people is that we will build and operate a municipal lighting plant." The precise question that was submitted to the voters of Cleveland on November 3, 1903, was whether they would authorize a bond issue of \$400,000 for constructing an electric lighting plant. The referendum on this project was secured by its opponents after its advocates had exhausted the means at their command, both legal and political, for committing the city to the project without a direct expression of the will of the people. The verdict was against the mayor's municipal fad by a vote of 30,432 in the negative to 24,193 in the affirmative.

After this expression by the voters, the city administration necessarily abandoned for a time its efforts to install a municipal lighting plant.

Prior to the election of 1905, some of its adherents thought that they had discovered a way to accomplish the mayor's desires. In an adjoining village there was in existence a small municipal lighting plant, for the installation of which some \$30,000 of bonds had been issued by the village. A movement was set on foot to annex this village to Cleveland, and at an election in the fall of 1905 the proposition to annex was submitted to the voters of both the village and the city, and carried, and with the annexation of the village this small municipal lighting plant came into the city of Cleveland. After this decision on the part of the voters, it was necessary for certain details of annexation to be perfected, and for the carrying out of this purpose a commission was appointed by each of the two municipal corporations. It is interesting to note that Mayor Johnson attempted in the fixing of these terms of annexation to insert a clause obligating the City of Cleveland to operate and maintain this municipally acquired plant for a period of at least ten years. The council of the City of Cleveland, which was then a tie between the Republicans and Democrats, opposed this par-

THE INCONSISTENT TOM JOHNSON

ticular provision, however, and, after a number of interesting aldermanic debates on the proposition, it was defeated, and the village plant came in without any such binding proposition. Immediately after the acquirement of this plant, Mayor Johnson's administration set out to make it the nucleus for a proposition to force upon the citizens of the City of Cleveland, against their will as expressed in their vote of 1903, a municipal electric lighting plant to enter into competition with the existing company.

This proceeding is rather characteristic of Mr. Johnson. When he thinks the will of the people is along the lines that fall in with his plans, there exists a mandate which must be obeyed, but where their expression is against his desires, it is a mandate to be ignored.

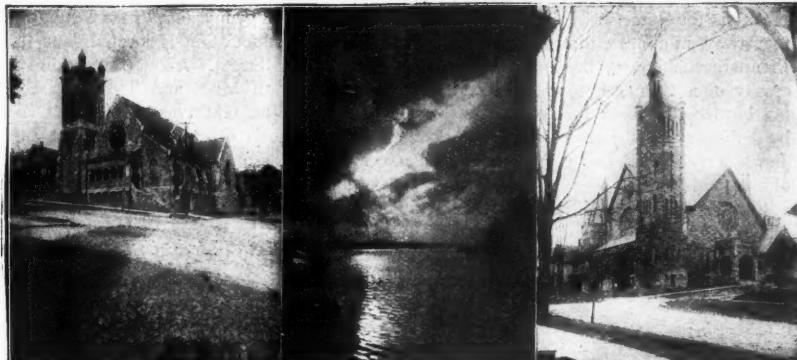
When the appropriation ordinances for 1906 were submitted to the council, it was found that these ordinances provided moneys not alone to operate the newly-acquired plant, but a very considerable sum for its extension and enlargement. As a consequence, the amount appropriated for the year 1906, over and above the amount necessary to operate the plant, was \$80,000, and this in view of the refusal of the taxpayers to authorize a bond issue for the purpose as indicated in the election of 1903. The only way, therefore, in which the city could raise money for the extension and enlargement of the plant was to divert funds raised from taxes for other purposes. Accordingly, there was taken from the general tax fund for the year 1906, \$80,000; this amount being in addition to nearly \$20,000 appropriated for operating the plant. The result of this action on the part of Mayor Johnson's administration is that the small village power plant has been abandoned. The new plant which was built with diverted tax funds has been in operation for several months, and additions are being built to it. Of the \$30,000 bonds issued by the village to build the plant, two-thirds of this amount, on account of its abandonment, has been wiped out of existence. Since the acquisition of this plant in the fall of 1905, there has been appropriated from the general tax funds of the city, in round numbers, \$153,000. As against this \$153,000, there has been operated from this municipal plant a certain number of street lights, the value of which, according to an official report on the municipal light plant for 1906, is \$9,306. For the year 1907, no figures have as

yet been published, but on the same basis the value of the service rendered would not exceed \$20,000. The result, therefore, of the acquisition of this plant to the City of Cleveland is, that there has been taken from the pockets of the taxpayers of the city \$153,000, less probably \$30,000 for street lights furnished, which amount they would have paid to the general electric lighting company. The taxpayer is therefore out of pocket approximately \$120,000. It may be said that they have an asset in the plant, but so far as the taxpayer is concerned, it is money out of his pocket, and if it had not been used for a municipal plant service, it might have been used for some of the things the City of Cleveland badly needs and has to do without for lack of funds to meet the necessary expenditures.

In addition to this, the City of Cleveland acquired a garbage plant from an existing company, and has spent upon this plant a large amount of money, and no matter what results may eventually follow, if the money had not been spent in this way, it would have been available for other purposes. The money thus available for the electric lighting plant and the garbage plant would have gone a long way toward rebuilding one of the viaducts for which the city administration attempted to have the people authorize an issuance of bonds a short time since, and which not only failed to receive the necessary two-thirds majority, but more votes were cast against the proposition than for it, although it is one of the essential means of communication between the east and west sides of the City of Cleveland.

In view of the bitter attacks made upon The Cleveland Electric Railway Company by Mayor Johnson and his political henchmen, the question naturally forces itself upon us: Does it pay a corporation to be honest? Horace E. Andrews, president of The Cleveland Electric Railway Company, is undoubtedly one of the most honorable public service men in the country. When it becomes necessary for him to protect the interests of his company, he fights openly and honestly. He will not tolerate anything that is not legitimate, and he asks for his corporation nothing that is not granted similar corporations in other cities. The equipment and service of the street railway company are first-class in every respect, and in the pending contest nothing is asked but a fair and honest consideration of the question at issue.

Photos by Geo. H. Monroe



ST. LUKE'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK AS A CONVENTION AND MANUFACTURING CITY

By Attorney Ernest Cawcroft

PRIMARILY, Jamestown is an industrial center, teeming with more factories than a majority of New York State cities twice its size. Incidentally, it is a convention city, and the depot of one of the most famous summer resort regions in the interior of the United States. Located at the southern end of Chautauqua Lake, which for twenty-five miles on either side is lined with cottages and camps, hotels and groves, bathing beaches and broad promenades, Jamestown is seventeen miles from the world-famed Chautauqua Assembly, with its summer institutions for teachers, its splendid musical and choral programs, its addresses by leaders of contemporary thought in Europe and America; one mile from Celeron, long known as the Coney Island of the interior; five miles from Lakewood, whose magnificent Country Club attracts men of wealth from many communities; thirty miles from the well-known Chautauqua grape belt, whose vineyards and orchards furnish millions of dollars' worth of grapes, fruits and wines each year; thirty-two miles from the quaint, picturesque Barcelona harbor, whose fish dinners on the shores of Lake Erie at the sunset hour ap-

peal strongly to the romanticist and the epicurean. Twenty miles away to the south are the Allegheny River and Mountains, the former a favorite haunt of the trout fisherman, and the latter a rendezvous for knights of the gun. Excellent transportation facilities and unusual advantages in the way of climate combine with the factors already mentioned to make Jamestown the summer mecca of more than a quarter of a million people, from North, South, East and West.

Along with these tourists have come, from time to time, many conventions worth while, and the men who have placed Jamestown foremost among all the cities in the manufacture of art metals and third in the manufacture of furniture, along with those engaged in textiles and many other lines of production or sale, have given a ready, hearty welcome to the city's guests.

The city has been a most convenient convention place for nearly all the fraternal orders, and especially during the past season.

The business section of the city is built up with substantial blocks offering the tenants every modern convenience necessary to carry on a successful business.

JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK

Just away from the business section a few blocks is the Jamestown Club; a little further away, in another direction, is the James Prendergast Library, built not by the generosity of a Carnegie, maintained not by a tax burden, but both built and endowed by a distinguished Jamestown—Honorable James Prendergast, one of the pioneer men of this region.

Beautiful St. Luke Church was also the gift of a member of the Prendergast family.

The Elks, Masons, Sons of St. George and I. O. O. F. each maintain excellent and well-furnished halls.

the Danish Congregational Church. The building and gymnasium of the Young Men's Christian Association is located four blocks from Main Street. About three miles from the corner of Main and Third, on Second Street, is the Gustavus Adolphus Orphanage. Samuels Opera House is just east of Main, on Second Street.

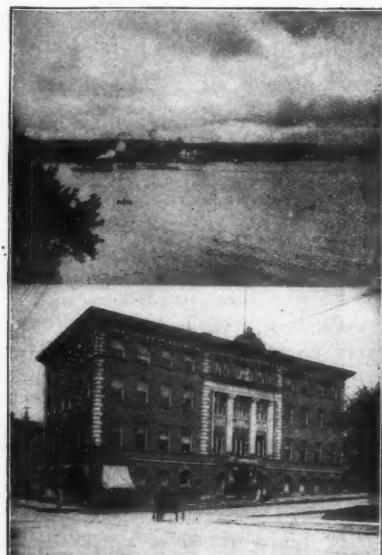
Below the railroad tracks, as an enlargement of Main Street, is Brooklyn Square, the terminus of the Warren & Jamestown Traction line. All the trolley lines within the city, except those of the Warren line, start from the depot on West Third Street, just west of Main. Passing through Brooklyn Square, Main Street leads past the well-equipped armory of the Fenton Guards, a branch of the New York State militia, and the stately residence once owned and occupied by Honorable Reuben E. Fenton, war governor of this state, afterward United States senator, member of the United States Monetary Commission, a distinguished citizen of the republic. Where Main Street begins its ascent of the hill, Allen Street runs to the left, one of the most beautiful residence streets in the city. On this street is the W. C. A. Hospital, and just beyond this is the new South Side grammer school.

Manufacturing Jamestown is mainly in the valley along the banks of the Chadarokin River, the outlet of Chautauqua Lake. "Industry," the Pittsburgh magazine devoted to industrial investigation, thus sums up Jamestown's commercial situation:

The city is on the main line of the Erie Railroad, which is fast becoming the leading freight route between New York and Chicago. Jamestown is also the western terminus of the Buffalo & Southwestern division of the Erie, which runs into Buffalo, seventy miles away. Jamestown is the southern terminus of the Jamestown, Chautauqua & Lake Erie Railroad, which runs north to Mayville, twenty-three miles away, connecting there with the Pennsylvania line between Buffalo and Pittsburgh, and to Westfield, thirty miles away, connecting there with the Lake Shore, the Nickle Plate and the other great trunk roads running along the shores of Lake Erie. Adjoining the city on the east is Falconer, a thriving manufacturing suburb, and an important freight point on the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh, which is part of the Lake Shore sys-

Birdseye
View of
Celonon
Chautauqua
Lake

Y. M. C. A.
Building



Photos by Geo. H. Monroe

Ten minutes from the Sherman House by trolley brings one to the famous Lake View Rose Gardens, largest in the world.

Directly in the heart of the city is the city hall, an imposing federal building, and a little further away the high school and also the principal church district of the city. Here, in a small radius, are located the First M. E. Church, the First Baptist Church, the First Congregational Church, the First Lutheran Church, the Unitarian Church, the Swedish M. E. Church, the Swedish Zion Church, the Swedish Mission Church, the Immanuel Lutheran Church, the Christian Science Church, the Swedish Baptist Church, and

JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK

tem, which also connects with the Pennsylvania system at Warren, thirty miles to the south, and thence to Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and Erie. It seems certain that at a very early date the Lake Shore will build a spur up from Falconer, through the valley constituting the manufacturing district, which will be a great boon to local manufacturers. Application has been made for this franchise. The valley is now traversed by the Erie, and a part of the way by the Jamestown, Chautauqua & Lake Erie. The former has been liberal in building switches, spurs and terminal facilities. Jamestown is also a terminus of two large interurban trolley systems, the Chautauquan Traction Company, and the Warren & Jamestown Traction Company. Low freight rates and fairness of treatment enforced by assured permanent competition have always been factors in Jamestown's commercial prosperity, and, while there have been occasional grievances over the rates or demurrage, the railroads have, on the whole, been most favorable to Jamestown.

A municipal water plant, purchased by the city a few years ago for \$600,000, and which obtains an unlimited supply of water from a subterranean river at a depth of over two thousand feet, furnishes water to manufacturers at a specially low rate. Some manufacturers near the Chadakoin River obtain water for flushing or rinsing purposes by gravity from that stream. Jamestown's water rate was, at last investigation, the lowest in any city of twenty-five thousand in this state. A municipal lighting plant and a private plant supply electricity for commercial lighting at prices made very low by the spirited competition. The nearness of the city to the Pennsylvania gas fields leads to extensive use of gas for light, heat and power, including the use of gas engines. The rate is approximately twenty-five cents per thousand feet. Many concerns use electricity generated by gas engines, which is very cheap power and light. The nearness of Jamestown to the Niagara Falls power plants has led to the formulation of plans for the introduction of electric power from the great cataract into Jamestown, which would give even cheaper power than is now available. Several conferences of the power companies with the municipal authorities have already been held, at the instance of the former.



Pier House
Chautauqua, N. Y.



Up Main Street, from Third



Jamestown Club



Swedish
Lutheran
Church and
Parsonage



Prendergast
Library



City Hall
and Fire
Department
Building

Photos by Geo. H. Monroe

JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK

Jamestown has direct transportation with the Pennsylvania and Ohio coal fields, and competition between coal-carrying roads. The coal for local factories is purchased collectively through the Manufacturers' Association, which is able to get a very advantageous rate for so large quantities. It is a notable example of collective buying in such quantities as to make real competition possible. Water power is used to some extent by concerns immediately on the banks of the outlet, but is found less advantageous than the cheap, reliable power afforded by other agencies.

It is the fifteenth city in New York State in population. In 1870 its population was 5,337. The population at the present writing is approximately 27,500. The area is 5,410 acres, or 8.45 square miles. The revised charter adds about 100 acres of lake front property to the city area. The assessed valuation of the city is regarded as very low, the total for 1906 being \$13,364,632. The valuation for 1907 is increased approximately \$600,000, which has about the average ratio. The actual ratio of increase has undoubtedly been considerably greater. In 1900 the total capital invested in local factories was \$8,552,740. The value of the annual product was \$8,219,922. The total capital now invested is approximately \$14,000,000, and the total value of the annual product is estimated by the Manufacturers' Association to be approximately \$15,000,000. Why Jamestown's industries multiply and grow larger is eloquently and accurately indicated by the excess of the annual product over the total amount invested. Capital placed in Jamestown's industries reaps a profitable return. In how many cities does every invested dollar produce, in the course of twelve months, more than a dollar of output? Over a million dollars of paid-in capital stock was represented in new manufacturing corporations formed in Jamestown last November.

Local banks center their interests in manufacturing, for the most part, and pursue a liberal policy in this regard. The National Chautauqua County Bank, the Union Trust Company, the Bank of Jamestown, the First National Bank and the Farmers and Mechanics Bank have a combined capital stock of \$703,300, with an aggregate surplus of \$462,000, which makes an aggregate banking capital of \$1,165,300. The total deposits

of the five banks are \$6,410,000. A prominent member of the American Bankers' Association, after an inspection of local banking conditions and methods, declared that in Jamestown one dollar is made to do the work of seven, and that money is more active here than in any other city of its size in the country. The banks are very loyal and attentive to manufacturing interests. More money is needed in Jamestown, and investors could place it through the banks or through the Chamber of Commerce on advantageous terms.

The Jamestown municipal government administration is economical, conservative, yet progressive. The tax rate ranges from twenty to twenty-four dollars on a thousand of assessed valuation, and that valuation is very low, as already shown, inasmuch as the total assessed valuation of the city is less than the estimated total of capital involved in manufacturing alone. In case charter amendments now pending in the legislature are enacted, the tax rate is regarded as certain to fall at least two or three dollars per thousand. Under the present charter, and likewise under the new one, the common council cannot make an expenditure of more than \$5,000 except for certain current expenditures of administration and such improvements as streets, sewer extensions, fire department, etc., without submitting such appropriation to vote of the taxpayers at a special election. This is an effective check on municipal extravagance or malappropriation of funds. Paving, sidewalks, curbs, gutters, etc., in Jamestown are built by assessment on the abutting owners, and these betterments have been generally constructed already through the main districts of the city, so that the continuation of these improvements in other portions of the city will put no appreciable burden on those who own property.

In addition to these tangible attractions to capital, investors and workmen, comes a large class of advantageous features about Jamestown which go to make the general conditions of life and the desirability of Jamestown as a residence city. It is the largest city and principal market town in a district composed of Chautauqua, Cattaraugus and Allegheny counties, New York State, and Warren county, Pennsylvania, having a population of over 225,000. It is the center

JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK

of an extensive dairying and agricultural region, and an important butter market, over a million pounds of the famous Chautauqua county butter being sold on the local board of trade each year, and Chautauqua county butter being especially quoted on the New York markets. Chautauqua county is the second county in the state in its enrollment of members in the New York State Grange, and it is also the principal county in the world-famed Chautauqua grape belt, the home of Welsh grape juice and kindred products. Jamestown schools rank high in up-state New York, there being a high school and eleven branch schools, with a new grammar school completed on the south side of the city. St. Peter's and St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church has a new parochial school. The Swedish Lutheran churches conduct summer schools, and the public schools and the Young Men's Christian Association conduct flourishing evening classes, the latter organization specializing in the industrial branches. The Jamestown Business College is one of the leading commercial schools in the state. The Y. M. C. A. has a new building, with a gymnasium, swimming pool, etc., which does an important duty to young workingmen and others. The James Prendergast Free Library occupies a handsome fireproof building valued at \$150,000, and contains an art gallery and nearly 25,000 well-selected volumes.

The interests of the city are actively espoused by a well-conducted press, headed by the Jamestown Morning Post and Jamestown Evening Journal (both Republican), and including the Union Advocate (trades-union), The Vart Land (Swedish), the Weekly Herald (Democratic), the Sentinel (Prohibition),

the Country World (agricultural), the International Women's Union Label League Journal (trades-union). The Thirtieth Separate Company of the National Guard of the State of New York, named the Fenton Guards in honor of the former governor of New York, has a well-equipped armory in Jamestown. Chautauqua Lake is lined with summer resorts, big and small, ranging from Celeron, "The Coney Island of the Interior," to the quiet, shaded bungalow or farm house which takes summer boarders. A large part of Jamestown's population live by the lakeside during the summer. Seventeen miles away by boat or trolley is the world-famous Chautauqua Institution, the summer assembly founded in 1874 by Bishop Vincent and Lewis Miller, and ever since the home of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle and the whole Chautauqua movement which has been so potent for popular education. Here is conducted the great summer assembly, and the most famous summer school in the world, bringing thousands of tourists of the best sort into Jamestown and the lake region. The cultural influence of Chautauqua is manifest in the whole country. The death rate in Jamestown is the lowest in the state.

Jamestown, municipal, commercial, fraternal, extends a most hearty welcome to the stranger within its gates, whether he comes individually or as a member of a convention. Fraternal Jamestown is especially cordial, and in most of the fraternal orders, including Odd Fellowship, Elkdom, Masonry, the Pythian Kingdom, as well as the assessment orders, Jamestown is exceedingly strong. Its lodges are famous throughout their respective orders. This has been the basis of Jamestown's standing as a convention city.





WE want the Heart Songs book to be as complete and perfect in its way as the Heart Throb book has been pronounced to be by critics. It is destined to contain the real heart favorites of the people. In going over thousands of favorites and old songs received, we do not feel that all the songs that ought to appear in this book have yet been received. There are the usual time-honored and popular selections, but we want to get those which are not quite so widely known, but have the elements of heart interest in them, and that have endured the test of the years.

A number of such songs have recently come to us from readers, and lead us to believe that by holding off the publication of the book a little longer, we shall secure just what we need. In fact, it will be impossible for us to produce this volume for some time to come, as the setting of the music alone will occupy a period of four months, without any allowance for the unlooked for delays.

If you have any favorite selections now is the time to look them up in those old music books—send those old refrains that ring in your memory, and how amazing it is to find, as one strikes a few notes of an old song, that all the air and even the words come back to memory. That was the experience that we had, when, with the judges, we tried over some of the pieces a few nights since. There may be great songs, picturesque songs; but what we want is the real heart songs of the people, which take hold of the memory and live—it maybe with all their little imperfections of musical technique and form—for ever in the heart. You will find that once

that mystic chord is touched, these songs return with added force, bringing with them a flood of associations. You remember certain songs that you heard under specially touching or delightful circumstances? These are what we want—they appealed to you; they will appeal to others; and each one will have for that song his or her own associations and memories—send us those sweet songs that are bound up with your own life. There is time yet before the book is all compiled.

This volume will not be edited, but simply published, just as soon as we can get all the material we desire for it. Make one more search, and send us that old song that you have been so long intending to look up. Don't—as so many intending contributors to the Heart Throb book were—be sorry you let it slip until it was too late.

"I had just the thing that you ought to have included in the contest, but I put off sending it until too late," is what many write.

Just as soon as the judges make their decision as to the most suitable pieces for the book, the prizes for the songs will be paid, and we shall be all ready to publish such a book of heart melodies of a nation as has never before been gathered between two covers.

* * *

SINCE the old colonial days, there has always been one question paramount in interest to the people of New England—"How shall we go to New York?"

It is not a long journey now-a-days, it is true, and the opportunity for a little ocean voyage and sail down the Sound is neglected by few travelers. Recently I made a trip over the Enterprise, or New Line, leaving



BY C. ALLAN GILBERT

Old Fashioned Girls—By Our Modern Artists

By MARY JANE McCLURE

¶ If you were to attempt to picture your idea of an old-fashioned girl, how would you depict her? Would she have a curl nestling alongside the curve of her neck, tantalizingly tempting her admirers gently to lift it and kiss the soft, pinky-white flesh against which it rests? Would she be a Dolly Varden type, daintily graceful? Would she be a sedate Colonial dame in Quaker bonnet and sober dress? Would she be a Pompadour beauty? Perhaps you will be able to find your ideal amongst the collection of "Old Fashioned Girls" issued by Armour & Company in the form of a Calendar as their 1908 contribution to American art. Five prominent American artists have endeavored to picture their ideals. A. B. Wenzell, C. Allan Gilbert, Henry Hutt, Harrison Fisher and F. S. Manning have succeeded in producing a veritable chef d'Oeuvre. Considered either as a collection or singly, the pictures are pronounced by art connoisseurs to be a valuable addition to the artistic achievements of the year. The manner in which they may be obtained is mentioned below. ¶ A gulf wider than time separates the old-fashioned woman from her twentieth century sister. Our grandmothers and their grandmothers before them were taught all the intricacies of brewing and baking. There was nothing about the art culinary they did not know how to do. ¶ Extract of Beef (especially if it is Armour's) is one of the new-fashioned things that help the untrained woman of today to lighten labor and solve domestic problems. The old-fashioned woman was compelled to boil the very life out of the beef-shin in order to secure the extract of beef. The operation required more than hours—it took days—w weary days—hanging over a steaming soup pot skimming and stirring until the soul was boiled out of the woman as well as the shin. ¶ The twentieth-century woman dips a spoon into a tiny jar of Armour's Extract of Beef, stirs it about in the pot containing the other ingredients—and the soup is made. ¶ The old-fashioned woman knew nothing about the use of beef for flavoring and coloring purposes. She had recourse to black coffee or caramel when she desired to make a dark-colored gravy. The woman of today knows that Armour's Extract of Beef not only colors the gravy, but adds to the intensity of the browned-meat taste.

¶ **Old Fashioned Girl Calendar** will be sent on receipt of twenty-five cents in stamps, or in exchange for one metal cap from jar of Armour's Extract of Beef, accompanied by four cents for postage. If desired, the "Old Fashioned Girls" may be secured without calendar dates or advertising. These are printed on extra large, special paper, and are suitable for framing or portfolio purposes. The entire set will be sent, express prepaid, for one dollar, or single pictures will be furnished for twenty-five cents.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.



CARUSO

VIC



Why do Melba, Caruso,
Sembrich, Scotti, Eames,
Schumann-Heink, Plancon, Gadski and
other grand-opera stars sing exclusively
for the *Victor*?

Because these famous artists realize that the *Victor* is the only instrument that does full justice to their magnificent voices.



They want every part of every selection to be as sweet and natural when they sing in your home as when they sing on the grand-opera stage—and this can be accomplished only on the *Victor*.



The foremost musical artists and critics recognize the *Victor* as the one instrument which exactly reproduces the living human voice with all its individual quality. Their judgment establishes the *Victor* more firmly every day as the greatest of all musical instruments.

TO



The *Victor* besides bringing to you the actual voices of the leading operatic singers, entertains you with the best music and fun of every kind by the world's best talent.

Sousa and his band; Arthur Pryor's band, and many famous instrumental soloists make records only for the *Victor*.

May Irwin, with her delightful humor; the celebrated Haydn Quartet; and those ever-popular favorites Clarice Vance, Vesta Victoria, Alice Lloyd and Harry Macdonough are among the artists who make records exclusively for the *Victor*.

No matter what kind of entertainment you want, you get the best and hear it at its best only on the *Victor*.

Go to the nearest talking-machine dealer and hear the *Victor* and you will understand why this great array of talent makes records only for the *Victor*.

Write today for catalogues.

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Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

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Canadian Distributors



the new *Victor* records for the following month are placed on sale. The latest music and the best.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

Boston in the afternoon and boarding the ship at Fall River, where the good steamer Frank Jones was at the wharf. On board we found those comfortable state rooms about which one reads so often but does not always encounter in traveling.

After a night of refreshing sleep we awakened early in the morning, to enjoy the fine sail down East River, under the bridge which is one of the sights that the tourist from New England never forgets. Three handsome ships make these trips in different directions



MR. A. W. CROMWELL, AGE 95 YEARS, AND MARY ELIZA BETH FORD, AGE 2 YEARS, NORWOOD, PA.

every night over the "New Line," which is becoming the popular favorite with the traveling public. In addition to the charm of the scenery, and the restfulness of the water, there is the satisfaction of saving a little money, a consideration that never comes amiss to the thrifty New Englander.

* * *

DURING the past century, the study of genealogy has engaged the attention of the public so largely that, at the present time, one prominent Boston newspaper has a de-

partment devoted to this subject. Nor is this interest in New England alone, where the lineal descendants of many early settlers live, but is manifest throughout every State in the Union.

Many volumes have been published on this subject, but "The Ancestors of My Children," by William Copeland Clark, Bangor, Maine, is certainly among the most attractive of these biographical works. The book is handsomely illustrated and bound; and although the blood of the Copelands, or the Clarks, may not course through the veins of every reader, the volume will be eagerly perused by all for the great amount of historic information contained in its 200 pages, and the curious facts which it brings to light regarding the multiplication of population. The marginal notes, in the unique form of the sign, plus, call attention to those points especially noteworthy in the record.

The author undertakes his work with a boundless enthusiasm and painstaking care, patiently tracing the lines of the various families in the histories of many important old towns throughout the country. The evolution of the various names is given, as the dropping of the final *e* in Clark, and the men and women of each family who have won distinction are all given special mention; while glowing among the abundant leafage of this genealogical tree are the rich flowers of many a romance, such as the charming story of John Alden and Priscilla Mollins, when Captain Standish thought "the breach in his family would be happily repaired," by mating himself with Priscilla. Or the story of the wedding at Westboro, December 7, 1779, when "a great depth of snow having rendered the roads impassable, and embarking all ordinary vehicles of conveyance," the wedding guests drew the bride three miles across lots to her new home. "The wary husband followed on rackets after the sled . . . for there were mischievous rogues, even in those days."

But across these same pages trails the blood-red banner of war, and the story is told of how the young sons of the Rice family were captured and carried off, all but a child of five who was promptly tomahawked. One of these lads became chief of the Cognawaga tribe, and later returned to see the haunts of his childhood near Westboro, but though he remembered many of his

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LET'S TALK IT OVER

old neighbors, he did not desert his adopted tribe but returned to end his days in Canada. Many other interesting details are sprinkled through the pages, down to the days of 1845, when Lyman Frisbie Rice enlisted in the Union Army at the age of 17, and captured a stand of colors.

The homestead of Ichabod Clark is pictured, and is of double interest, being an example of quaint architecture and an illustration also of the old Puritan custom of dwellers in Maine, who seem to have been especially fond of affixing scripture names to their children, unless they called them by the name of some virtue which they expected the little one to strive after in later years. It has been facetiously remarked that the name "Silence," which finds a place in this book, under the photograph of a worthy lady of that name, is no longer popular among the ladies. What most impresses an outsider going over these pages, and not one in quest of his family tree, is the charming portraits of those good, old-fashioned mothers and grandmothers, with strong, grave faces, whose influence always stood for the best and truest in our national life.

The author has evidently taken great pains to verify every statement, from the initial record which shows how the original Joseph Clark came from England in 1630, and located near Dorchester, where he was given a "grant of six acres of land for their small and great lotts, at Naponset, betwixt the Indian Field and the mill," to the closing concise genealogical table. He also brings out the curious fact that "any one, in tracing, ancestrially, no farther back than to the eleventh generation preceding his own, will find, if there has been no intermingling of the lines by the marriage of parties related by consanguinity, 4094 persons from whom he is descended." 2048 of these would be grandparents nine times removed, and the remainder would be distributed through the intervening generations, "according to the rules of geometrical progression. He would have two parents, four grand and eight great grandparents, and so on, doubling at each generation, as the search extended backward or on up the lines."

The little book has nothing of the air of "blue blood," or "claims of long descent," but is simply a painstaking search into the lives of by gone generations. It is full of

the breath of true democracy, showing that no matter what the multiplication of famous ancestors may be, the boys and girls of today and of the future must still depend on the old, tried and true rules of conduct and living, which have proved themselves of the highest value ever since those early days when the pilgrims and puritans landed at Plymouth and Boston.

* * *

AT the present time no question vies in general and vital interest with that of the Republican presidential nomination for 1908. It is of paramount interest to the people, and collateral to this is the other question, whether or not Theodore Roosevelt will succeed himself?

In discussing this matter with Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., of Oregon, and Mr. Scott Bone of The Washington Herald, the other day, the senator at once, in terse, concise language, expressed the conviction that Theodore Roosevelt must and would be elected in 1908. He evinced a desire to hear directly from the people on the subject, and turned to me stating that he would make an award of one thousand dollars for the best written argument on the proposition.

The senator's assertions on the subject are as follows:

First: That the sovereign people and not Theodore Roosevelt, the individual and public servant, will decide who shall be his successor.

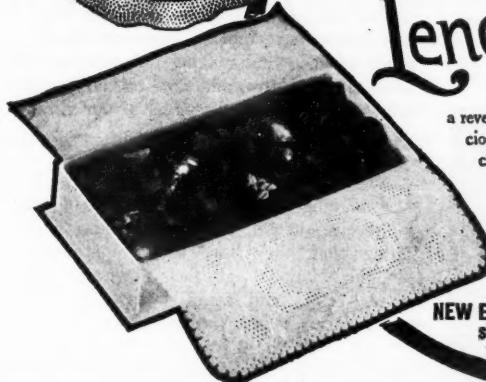
Second: That Theodore Roosevelt cannot decline a second elective term, or attempt to name his successor without making his own personal desires or egotistical opinions paramount to the combined wishes and intelligences of the Republican party and the electorate of the nation.

Third: That Roosevelt's honesty, courage, initiative, imagination, versatility and tremendous capacity for work, with heart and brain constantly attuned to the people's rights and commands, and his insistence on the enforcement rather than the avoidance of laws and the protection of the rights of men and property, have, to an unparalleled degree, gained the confidence of all people; that in the popular mind, Roosevelt, during his executiveship, has demonstrated his ability and determination to make good as the people's chief public servant, and not

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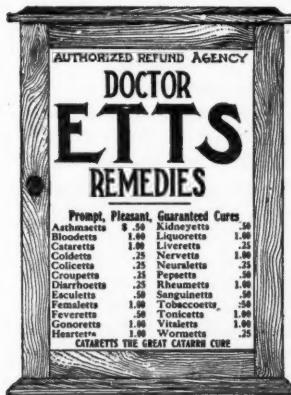
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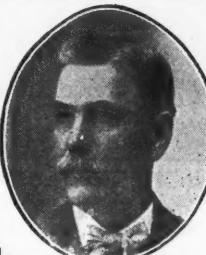
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their dictator; that this confidence, being a brain deduction and not a heart emotion, is impossible of destruction except by his betrayal; that by the selection of any other man, business contraction and restriction must exist during the period necessary for him to demonstrate to the people's satisfaction, his ability and determination to make good, and, therefore, that barring death or serious illness, President Roosevelt must and will be selected and elected for a second elective term. * * *

It is hoped that those readers of the National, who concur with the senator in his

from the people, rather than through the medium of leaders or writers. It is in accordance with President Roosevelt's own policy to go direct to the voters. The new order is well inaugurated in this campaign for information, on which the National Magazine enters in launching this unique proposition.

The names of the judges will be announced next month. They will be men of high standing, and we hope every reader of the National will be prompt in expressing his or her views. The people have the real power of molding public opinion and making the destinies of political candidates, and now the doors are thrown wide open, so let us have your views.

* * *

OF all the phases of editorial work, nothing is so sweet and inspiring as to receive letters from subscribers indicating that they have a warm welcome for the National at their own hearthstone. Time and again I have had letters telling me that father, mother or sister had found the magazine a delight and a pleasure in their last illness, and in token of affectionate regard for those who were gone, it was desired that the subscription be always continued.

Sometimes I am favored with photographs of these dear ones, and I cannot express the tender sweetness of such mementoes. I have looked with tear-blinded eyes on faces of beautiful young girls, noble men or sweet motherly features; loyal friends of the National, though I had never met them face to face. Recently, one came to my attention; the pathetic sweet face of a young girl who had so many times expressed to her family the kindly feeling she had for the magazine. On her death her family wrote us asking for its continuance always—for her sake.

These things come and go in the swift ebb and flow of every-day life, but they leave a deathless memory behind them; and if the National can only continue to grip hold of these uplifting and enduring affections that lie at the root of all family life, we feel that we are fulfilling its mission, and will far surpass anything that might be accomplished by brilliant and sensational articles, or even by faultless typography. One thing our readers seem always sure of, and that is, that, whatever else may be said of the National,



MRS. JULIA SHERMAN UPTON, HURDSFIELD, N. D.

opinions, will at once write 1,500 words on this subject and hurry it in for the inspection of the judges. The manuscripts will be received up to February 15, and the awards made on March 15. It is to the interest of all readers to send in their contributions as early as possible. This will furnish a symposium of ideas on this subject.

The readers of the National have in prospect some lively and pertinent discussions on the situation in regard to presidential nominees. On the other hand, these articles are in consonance with the spirit of the times, which is to seek information direct

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it must be put down as genuine and sincere.

Many people call at the office. The other day we had a little visit from an elderly subscriber who has been with us for over ten years. He told us that he became a subscriber by finding a few stray leaves of a National in a waste-paper basket; and they proving of interest to him, he felt that he would like the magazine each month. He sailed in early years on board a New Bedford whaler,



GRACE ROMINE

but he has a happy and comfortable home in Massachusetts. He certainly insists that he is a member of the National family, 944 Dorchester Avenue, Boston,—and I need not say how heartily he was welcomed.

* * *

THE current numbers of twenty-five leading magazines contain an interesting advertisement pertaining to the value of rubber heels for your footwear.

A study into the merits of these rubber cushions has led to the conclusion, after careful figuring, that a person who weighs 150 pounds and who walks say three miles a day, including going up and down stairs, lifting their own weight at every step, lifts, in the course of a day, 1,188,000 pounds.

This figuring has been arrived at by eminent scientists—there is no question as to its accuracy. It therefore becomes a question why it is that all do not have their boot heels equipped with cushions of new rubber? It stands to reason that the weight of the body, be it 150 pounds, more or less, coming down at each step on hard leather heels, paved with iron nails, unnecessarily jars at each step, whereas, if the same weight comes down on a cushion of new rubber the impact is less, the fatigue less, and the worry is less at night. It is claimed that much energy is thus saved by persons who use rubber cushions on their heels, that their backaches are less, their ability to travel over greater distances is more.

To this may be added the elimination of the noise nuisance. It is no longer considered in good form to create so much clatter on public walks and indoors; it is perfectly objectionable to wear hard leather heels on fine polished floors. It is surely objectionable to make a ready clatter going into church. To avoid this, some people have to walk on their tip-toes, especially when they get in late.

In hospitals and sick rooms hard leather heels have no place. On the parade grounds they are objectionable, because they distract from the clear sound of the word of command by the officers. In the counting room the noiseless tread is appreciated. No one is allowed to wear hard leather heels on board the gentleman's yacht; the huntsman has no use for hard leather heels—take any use that you can name, even down to the school room; teachers object to the clatter of hard leather heels. In apartment houses, real estate dealers have ordered that occupants shall have all their shoes equipped with O'Sullivan's heels of New Rubber, so that the noise and clatter of walking overhead may not annoy the tenants underneath.

* * *

THE "Happy Habit" book will be ready to send to your friends at Christmas. It is a handsome bound gift book, in gilt, illuminated cover, and will be mailed to any address for \$1.50. This volume will be appreciated by every subscriber of the National Magazine. To meet the demand, special prices on quantities of six or more copies will be quoted.